

AUGUST No.1

10¢

SMASH COMICS



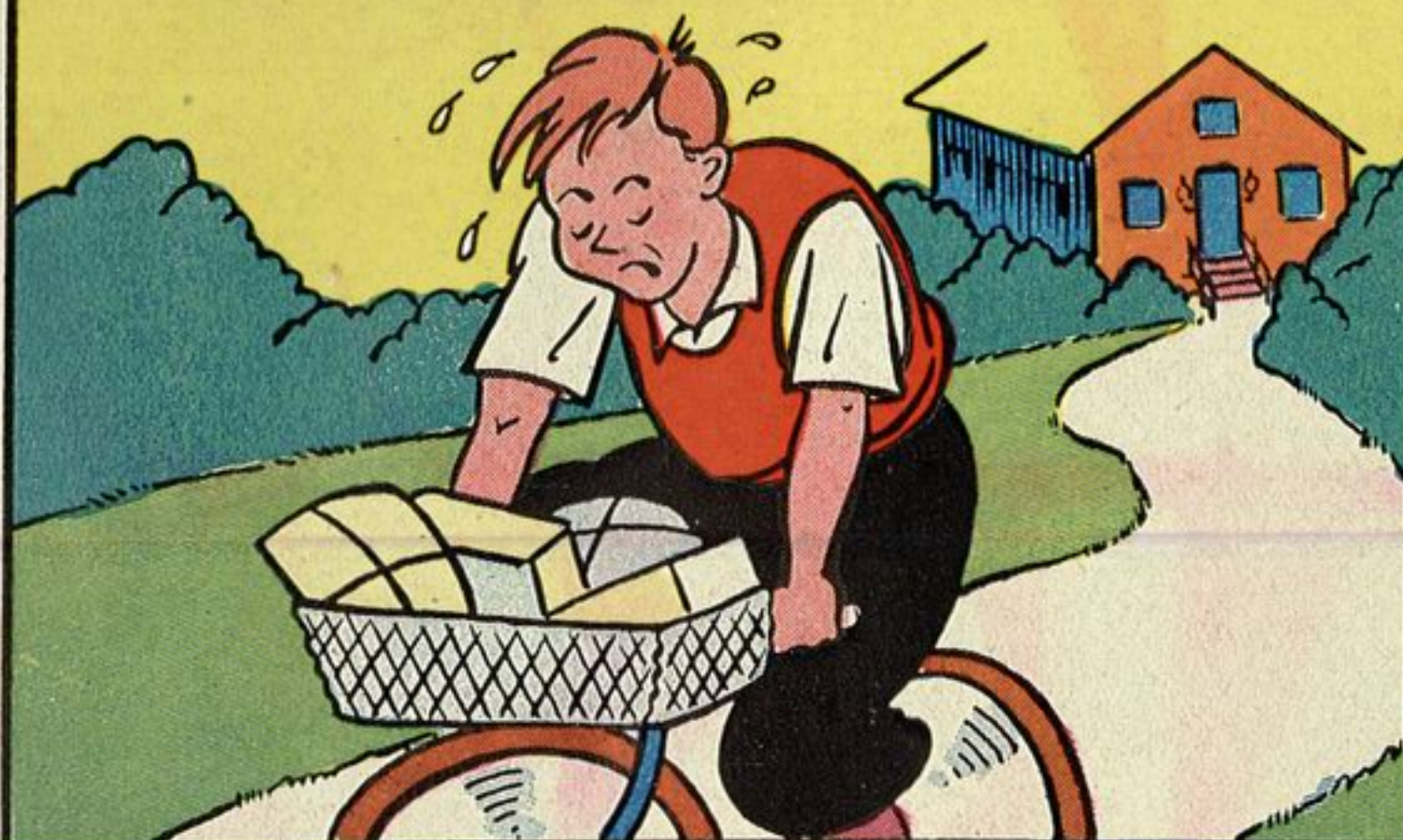
— FEATURING —
HUGH HAZZARD
AND HIS IRON MAN
PHILPOT VEEP, CAPTAIN COOK,
CHIC CARTER, HOODED JUSTICE,
CLIP CHANCE — and many others.

64 PAGES IN FULL COLOR



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



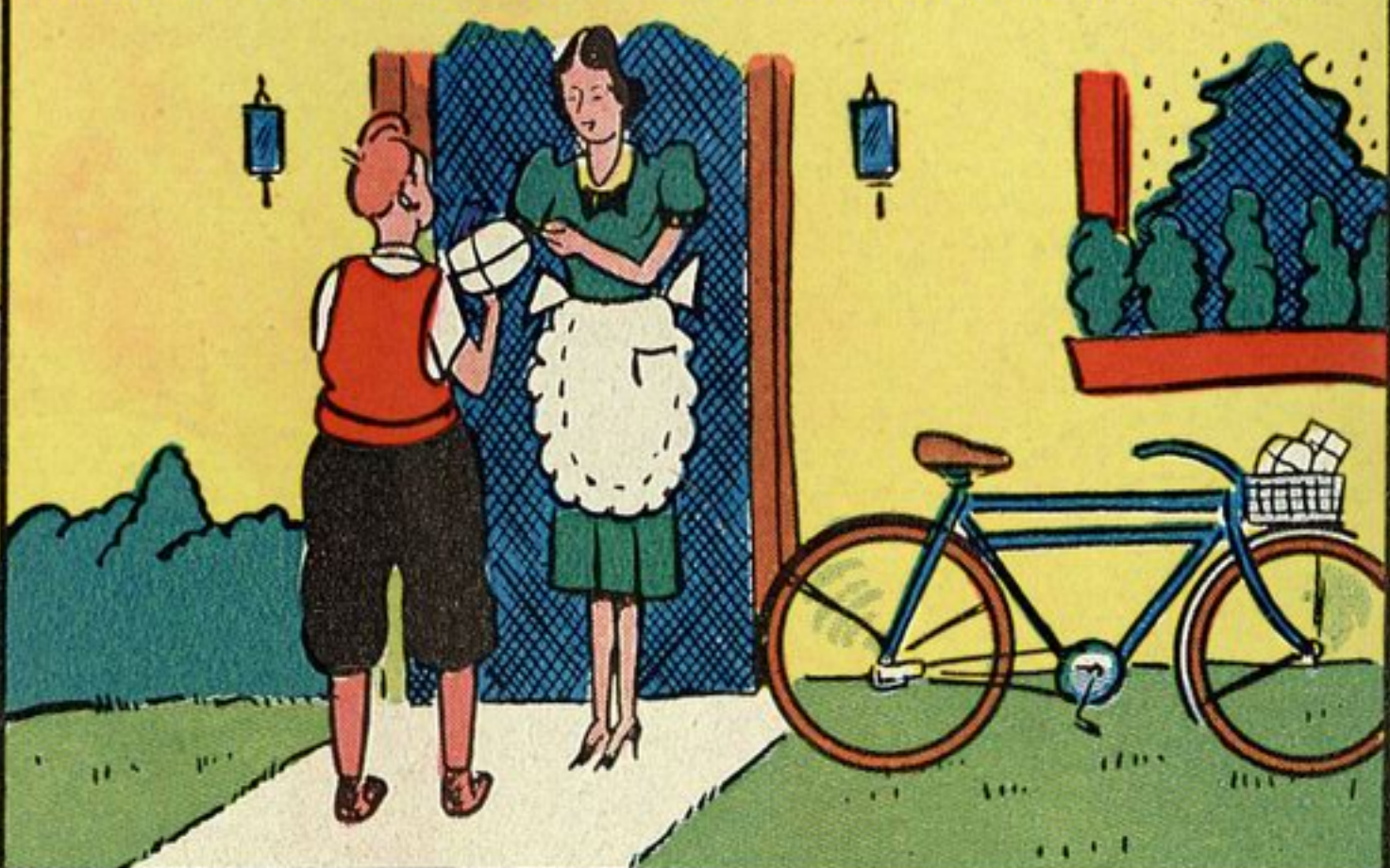
THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



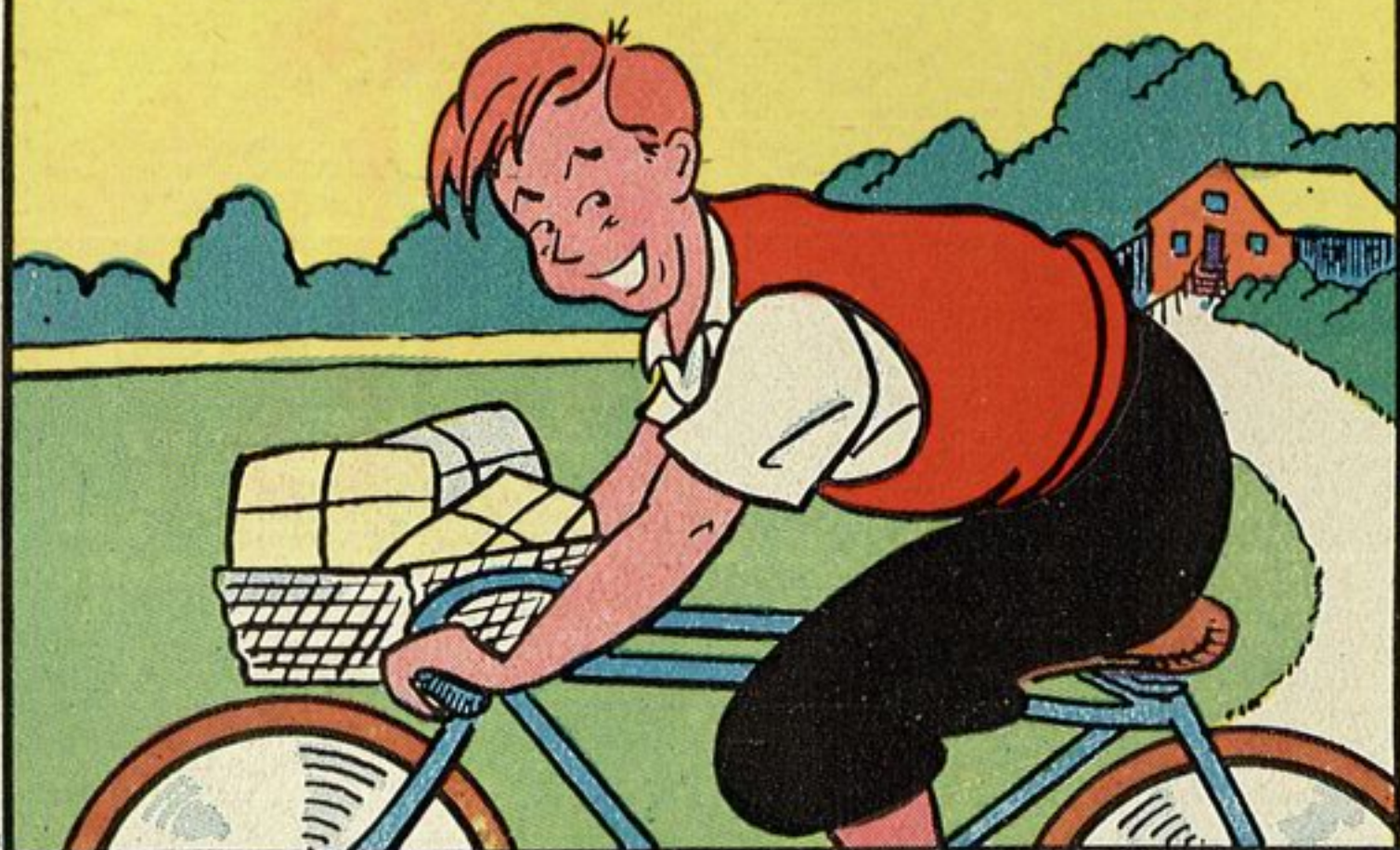
THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



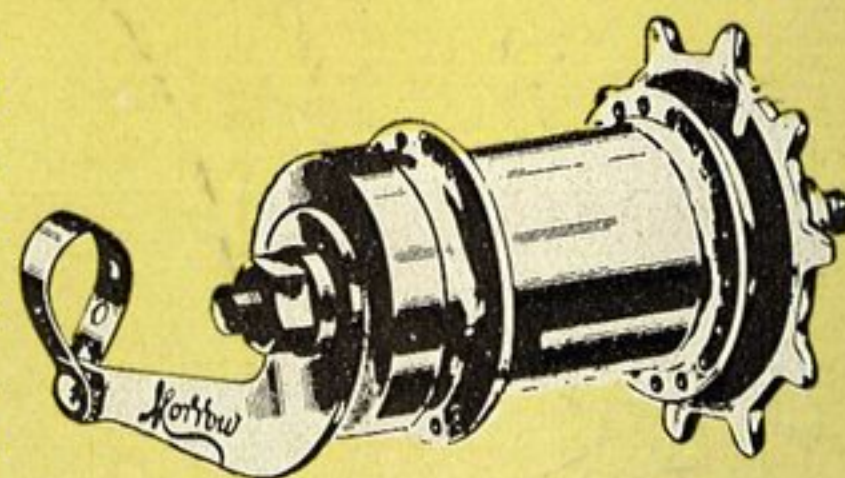
IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSLE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



Make sure your new bike
has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any

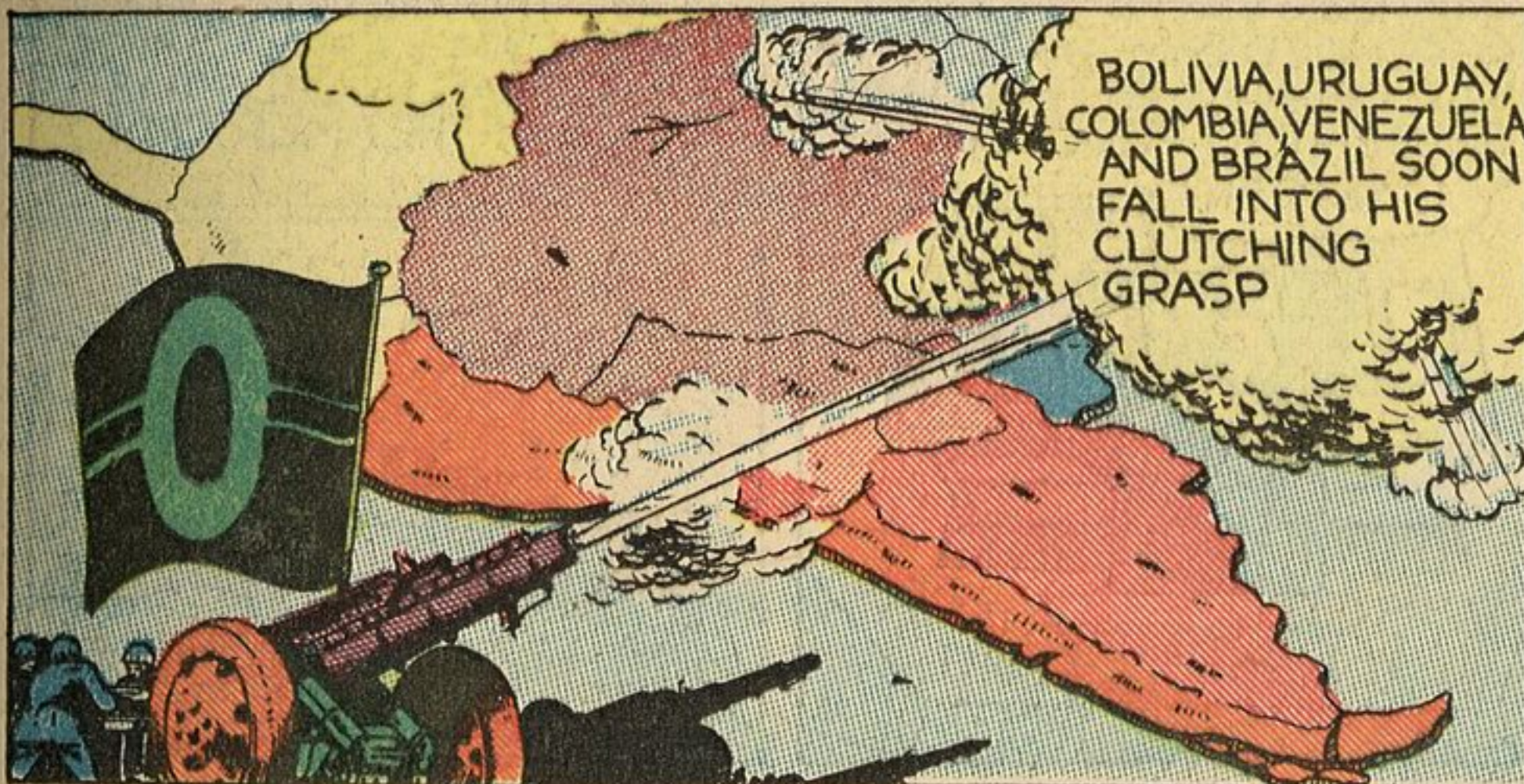
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 272, Elmira, N. Y.

BY
Will Erwin

ESPIONAGE!



BOLIVIA, URUGUAY,
COLOMBIA, VENEZUELA
AND BRAZIL SOON
FALL INTO HIS
CLUTCHING
GRASP

WITH TERRIBLE SUDDENNESS,
VLAMIR KORAN NOW STANDS
SUPREME DICTATOR OF ALL
SOUTH AMERICA



IN THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF
VLAMIR KORAN, AT BUENOS AIRES.



ATTENTION!
KORAN, THE LEADER
ARRIVES!

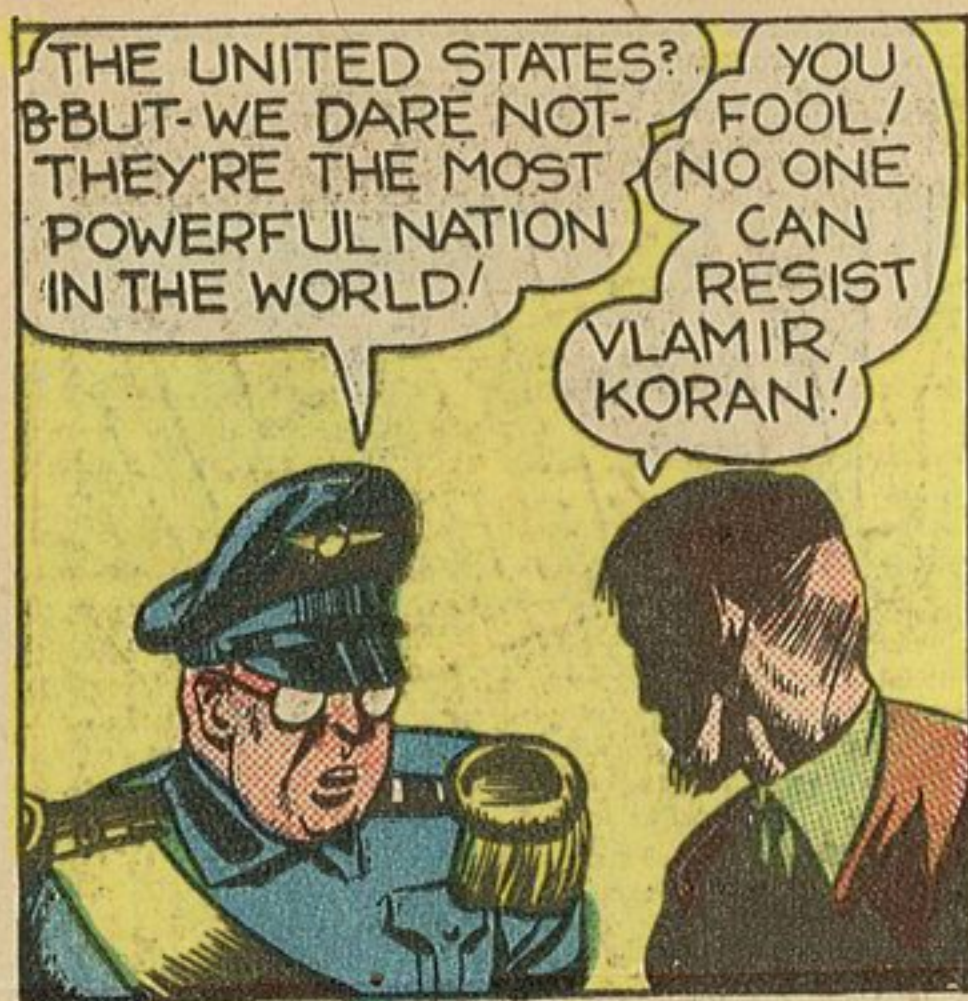


I WANT OUR AIR FLEET
MADE READY, AND TEN
NEW DESTROYERS
LAUNCHED
IMMEDIATELY!

YES, LEADER

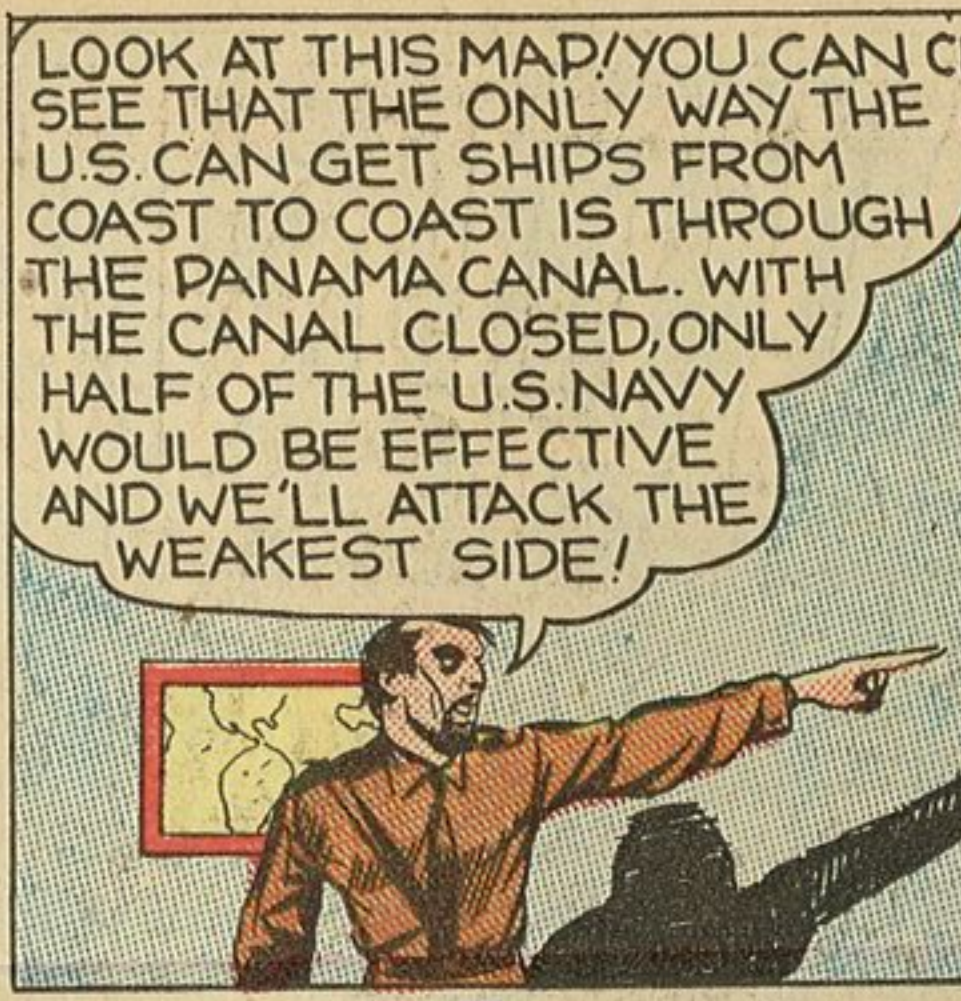


OUR NEXT STEP IS
THE UNITED
STATES!

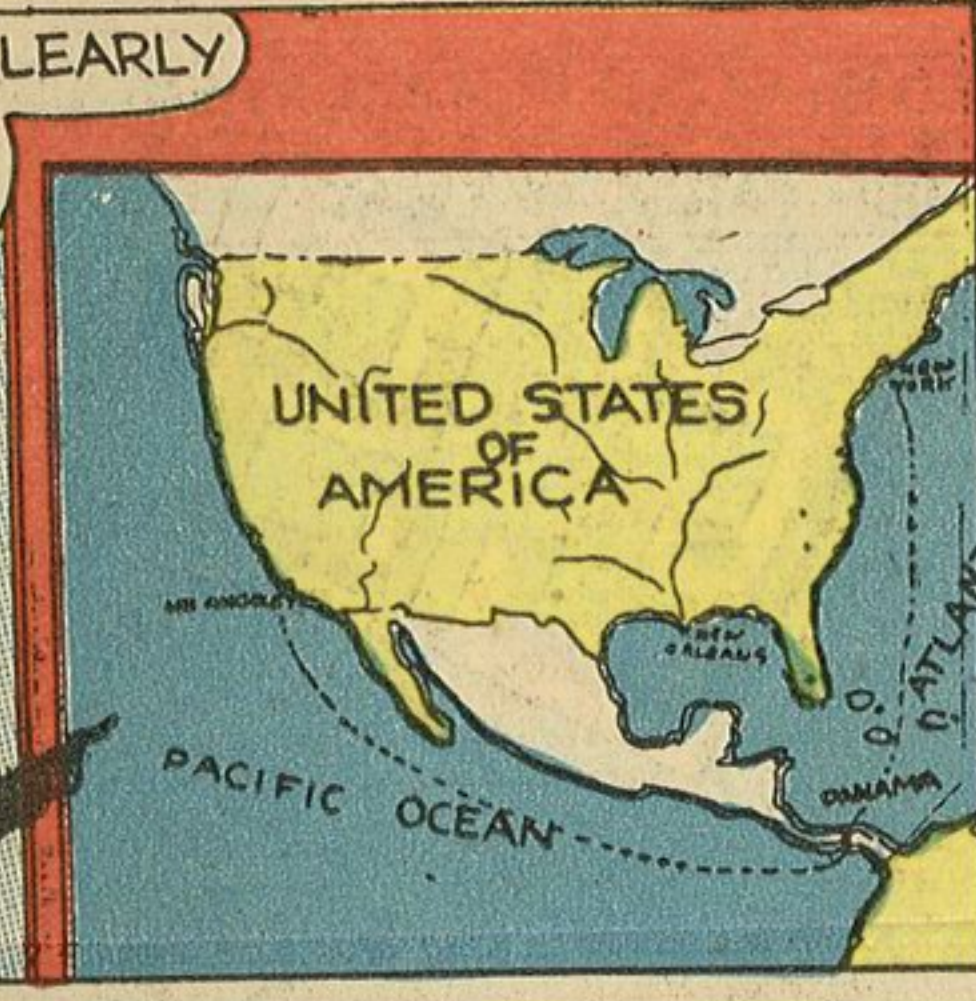


THE UNITED STATES? BUT-WE DARE NOT-
THEY'RE THE MOST
POWERFUL NATION
IN THE WORLD!

YOU
FOOL!
NO ONE
CAN
RESIST
VLAMIR
KORAN!



LOOK AT THIS MAP/YOU CAN CLEARLY
SEE THAT THE ONLY WAY THE
U.S. CAN GET SHIPS FROM
COAST TO COAST IS THROUGH
THE PANAMA CANAL. WITH
THE CANAL CLOSED, ONLY
HALF OF THE U.S. NAVY
WOULD BE EFFECTIVE
AND WE'LL ATTACK THE
WEAKEST SIDE!



I SHALL THEN BE SUPREME
MASTER OF THE WESTERN
HEMISPHERE!

A WONDER-
FUL PLAN,
LEADER.

BUT WHAT
OF THE UNITED
STATES? ALL
THIS HAS
HAPPENED
WITH SUCH
SWIFTNESS
THAT UNCLE
SAM,
OCCUPIED WITH
EUROPEAN
AFFAIRS, HAS
HAD LITTLE
CHANCE TO
STOP THIS
RISING FORCE.



IN WASHINGTON.

COL. ATWATER
OF THE
ESPIONAGE
TO SEE YOU,
MR. PRESIDENT



GLAD TO SEE YOU,
ATWATER-ANYTHING
NEW ON VLAMIR
KORAN?

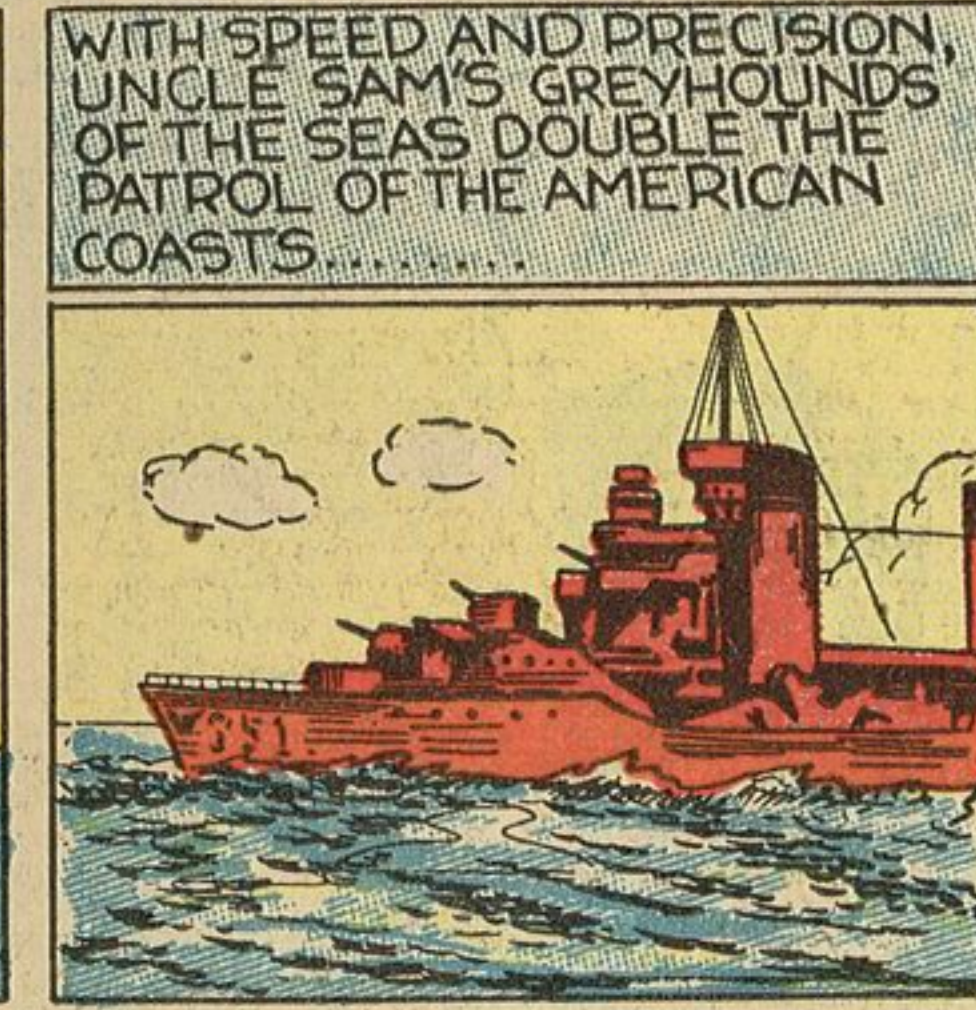


OUR AGENTS REPORT, SIR, THAT
KORAN PLANS TO GO ON TO
THE UNITED STATES! JUST
WHAT HIS NEXT MOVE WILL
BE IS A CLOSELY
GUARDED SECRET

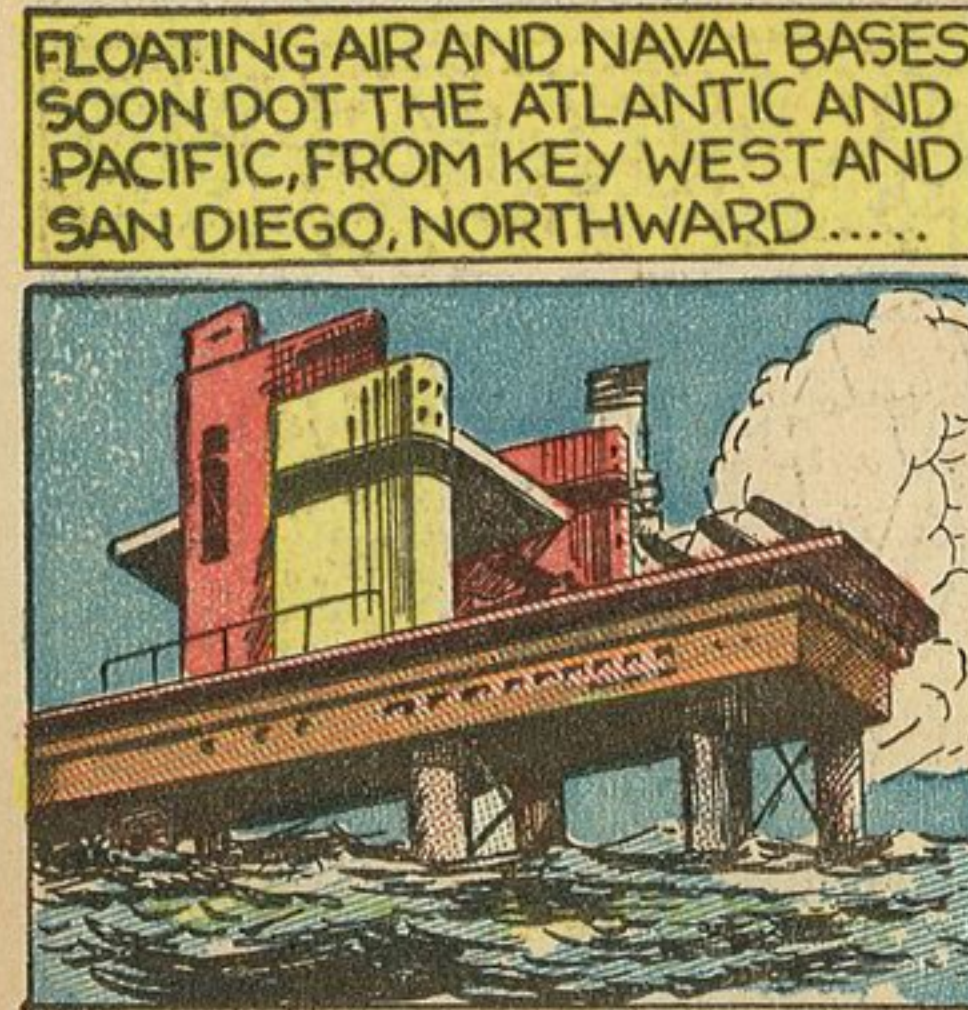
WELL,
ONE THING'S
CLEAR-



AMERICAN WATERS MUST BE
DEFENDED IMMEDIATELY. THE
WAR DEPARTMENT HAS MY
CONSENT TO PROCEED AS
IT SEES FIT!



WITH SPEED AND PRECISION,
UNCLE SAM'S GREYHOUNDS
OF THE SEAS DOUBLE THE
PATROL OF THE AMERICAN
COASTS.....



FLOATING AIR AND NAVAL BASES
SOON DOT THE ATLANTIC AND
PACIFIC, FROM KEY WEST AND
SAN DIEGO, NORTHWARD.....

AT
KORAN'S
HEAD-
QUARTERS,
SPIES
REPORT
THE U.S.
ACTIVITIES
TO HIM...

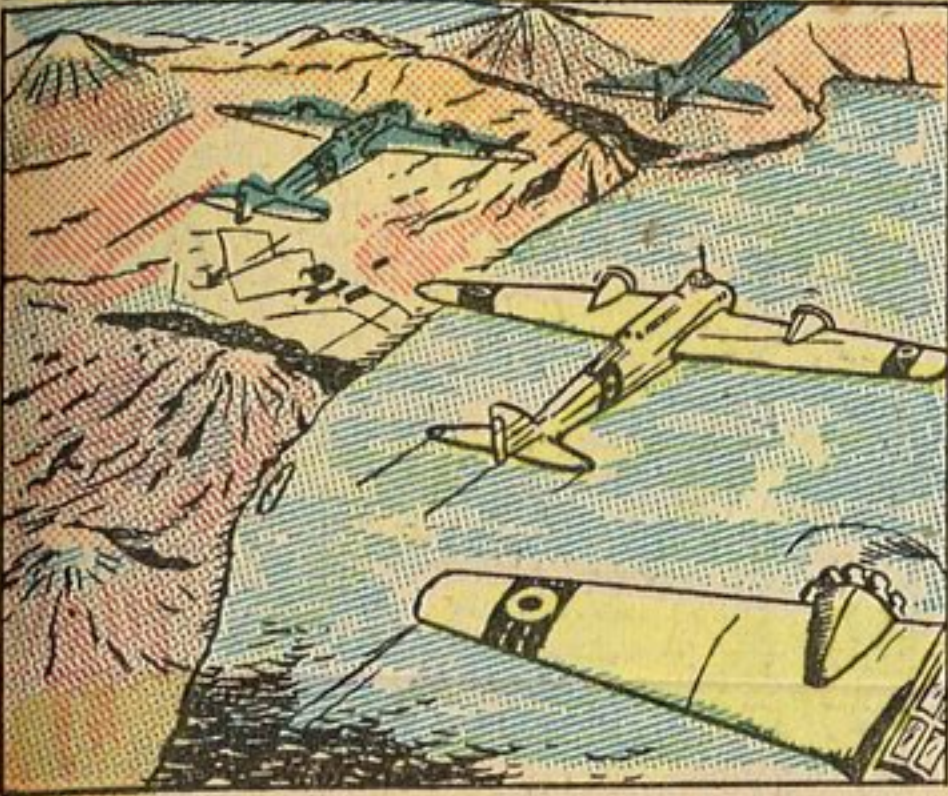


SO THE AMERICANS
ARE ARMING, EH?
WELL.. "THE LEADER"
STRIKES FIRST!



24 HOURS LATER, KORAN'S AIR
FLEET ROARS OUT OF A SECRET
BASE.....

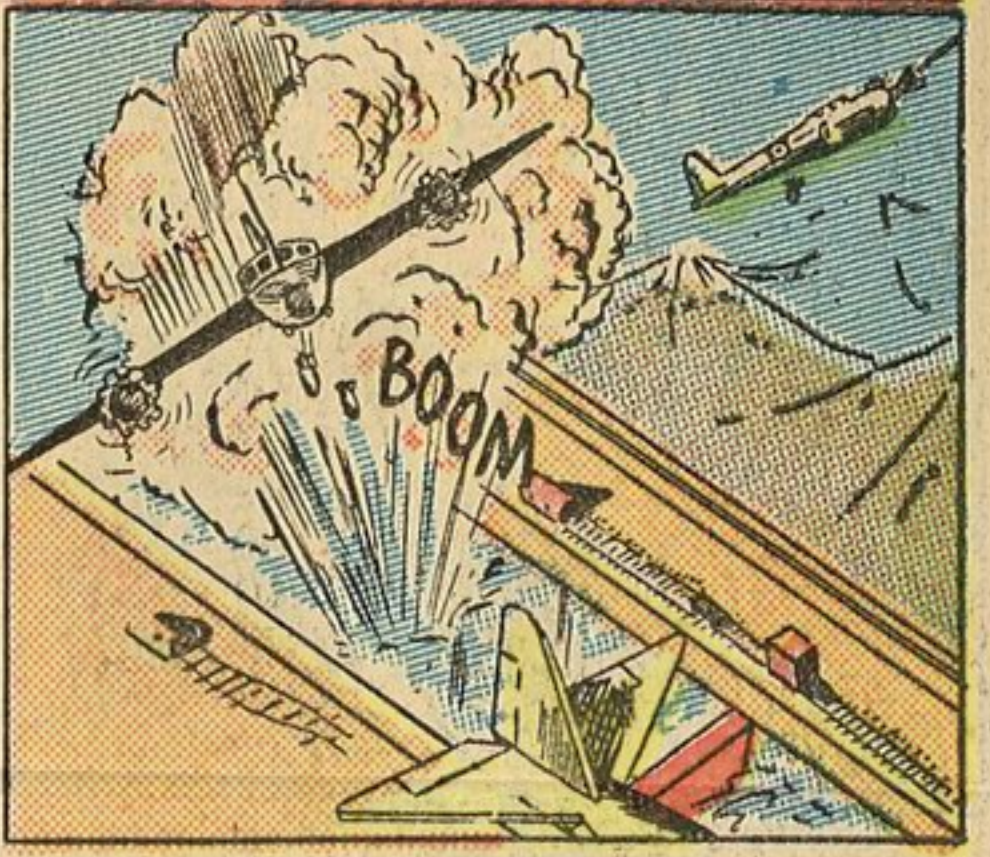
LED BY SCOUT PLANES, THEY SPEED UP THE COAST WITH THEIR CARGO OF DEATH.



OVER THE PANAMA CANAL....



AND WITH ONE SWIFT BLOW, THE LOCKS AT PANAMA ARE DEMOLISHED.



AT WASHINGTON D.C. A HURRIED CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE....

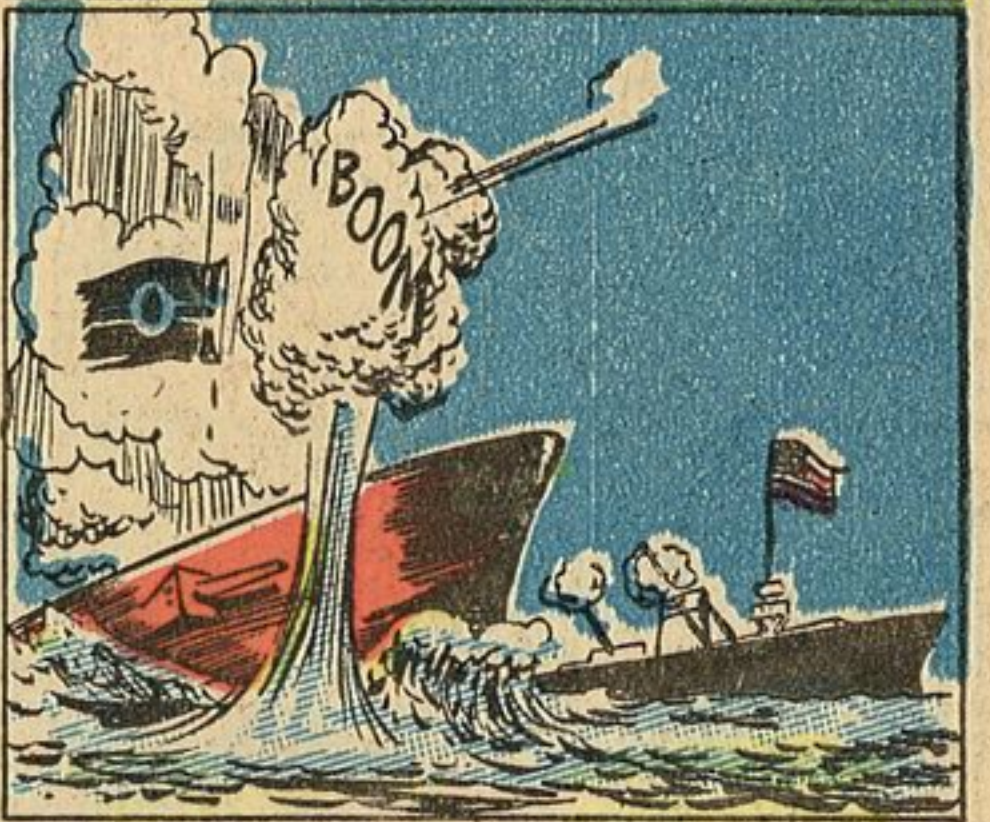
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS WAR--WE MUST FIGHT--KORAN MUST BE STOPPED! THANKS TO OUR FLOATING BASES, OUR DEFENSE SYSTEM IS STILL INTACT---



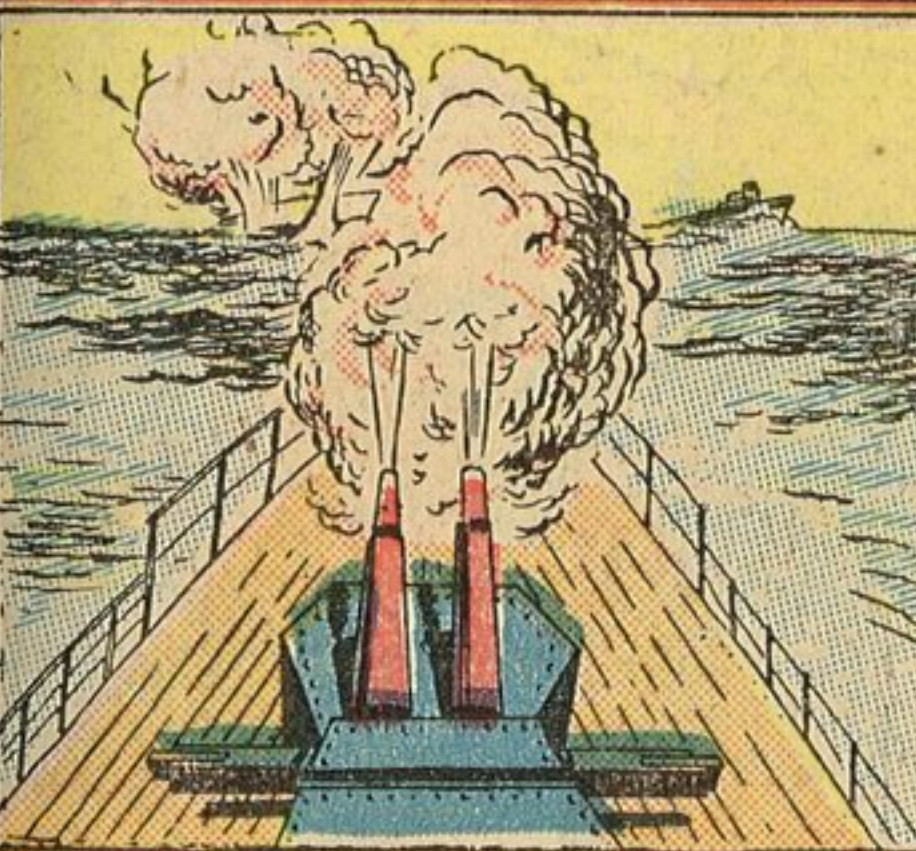
BUT WITH THEIR USUAL CUNNING, KORAN'S AGENTS CAUSE A SERIES OF WELL-TIMED BLASTS IN THE SHIPYARDS ALONG THE EAST COAST...



NEVERTHELESS, THE AMERICAN GOBS SEA PROWESS REMAINS UNDIMINISHED BY THE SABOTAGE...



KORAN'S FLEETS ARE DRIVEN BACK CONSTANTLY...



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS EVIL CAREER, VLAMIR TASTES THE BITTER DREGS OF DEFEAT....



I MUST GET THEIR POSITIONS OR I'M LOST! I'VE JUST THE PERSON FOR THE JOB, LEADER--THE FAMOUS SPY, MARA HANI!



IN A FEW HOURS, THE DEAL IS CLOSED.

YOU'RE TO STOP AT NOTHING--UNDERSTAND? WHEN I'M SUPREME DICTATOR I'LL--



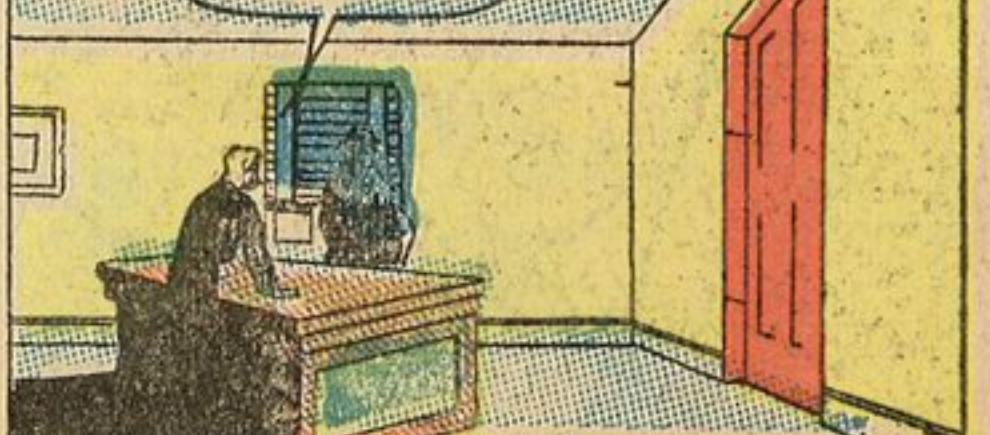
BUT THE AMERICAN ESPIONAGE IS AT WORK TOO

IN THE OFFICE OF HIS CHIEF, BLACK ACE RECEIVES NEW ORDERS..

BLACK ACE, THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF YOUR CAREER!



I WANT YOU TO TAKE THIS MESSAGE, SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT, TO EMANUEL HASANA, WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF THE DEMOCRATS IN SOUTH AMERICA SEEKING TO THROW OFF KORAN'S YOKE--IT IS A MESSAGE OF AMERICA'S SUPPORT!



SOMEWHERE, DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA A FEW PATRIOTS, UNWILLING TO LIVE UNDER KORAN'S TYRANNY, RESOLVE TO DIE IN ANY ATTEMPT FOR THE FREEDOM OF THEIR PEOPLE..



BUT, EMANUEL, WHEN I RECEIVE OUR MEN ARE READY TO FIGHT-- WHEN?

WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES THAT HE WILL SUPPORT MY CAUSE-- THEN I WILL MARCH AGAINST THE TYRANT KORAN!



A NIGHT CLUB IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

I'M SORRY, MARA DEAR, BUT I MUST RETURN TO THE DEPARTMENT-- I'VE WORK TO DO TONIGHT.



OH, JOHN DEAR, YOU WORK SO HARD.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, THEN I'LL DRIVE ON TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



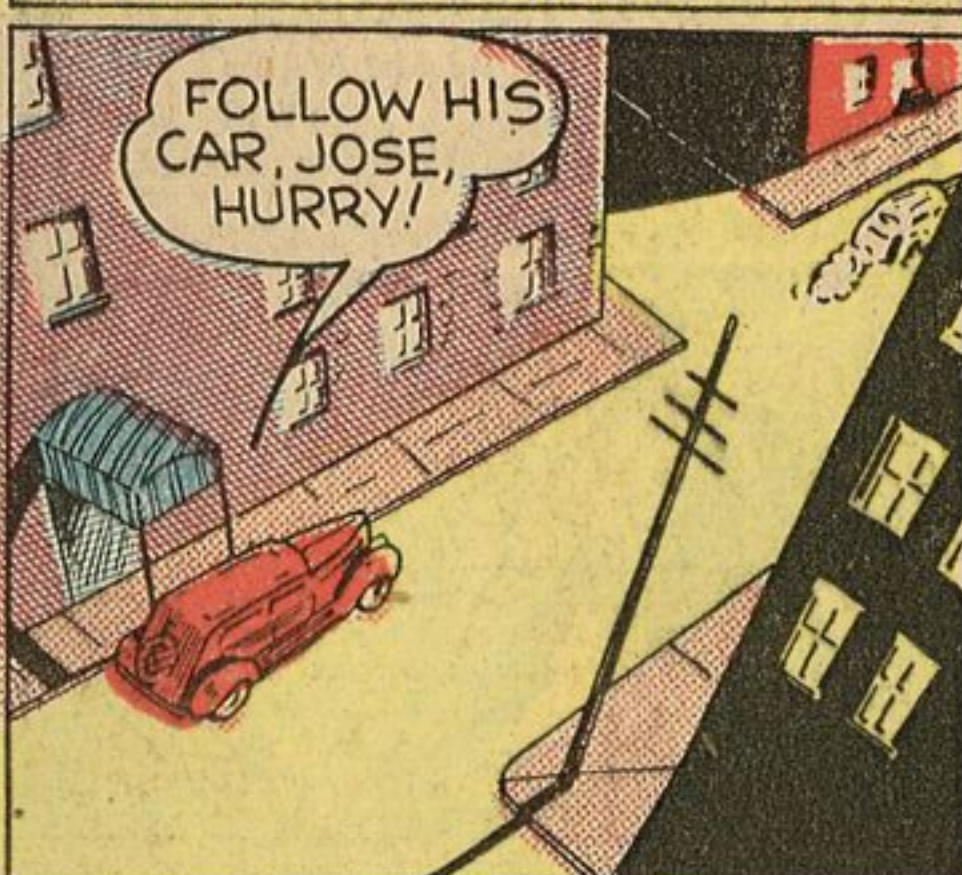
LATER, AT MARA'S HOME...

GOOD NIGHT, DARLING-- AS SOON AS THIS WAR IS OVER, WE'LL BE MARRIED...



ER?? OH--YES SURE

BUT AS HE LEAVES, THE GIRL SIGNALS A WAITING TAXI....



FOLLOW HIS CAR, JOSE, HURRY!

IN A HALF-LIT ROOM OF THE WAR OFFICE, THE YOUNG OFFICER SITS BUSILY AT WORK... A VOICE BREAKS THE SILENCE..



STAY JUST AS YOU ARE!

MARA!

MARA!!-- YOU?? NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU PRETENDED TO LOVE ME-- YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN ENEMY SPY!



FOOL! YOU FORGET I'M MARA HANI, THE GREATEST OF ALL SPIES... NOW TO GET THOSE PLANS!



MEANTIME, IN BLACK ACE'S APARTMENT, HASTY PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR HIS DEPARTURE.



I WON'T NEED MANY CLOTHES, BATU.

HELLO?-- WHAT? BAXTER MURDERED?

IN 30 MINUTES, THE BLACK ACE, AMERICA'S CRACK AGENT, BOARDS THE SOUTH BOUND STEAMER, S.S. AQUARIA



HURRY, BATU, WE HAVE WORK TO DO BEFORE THIS SHIP LEAVES!

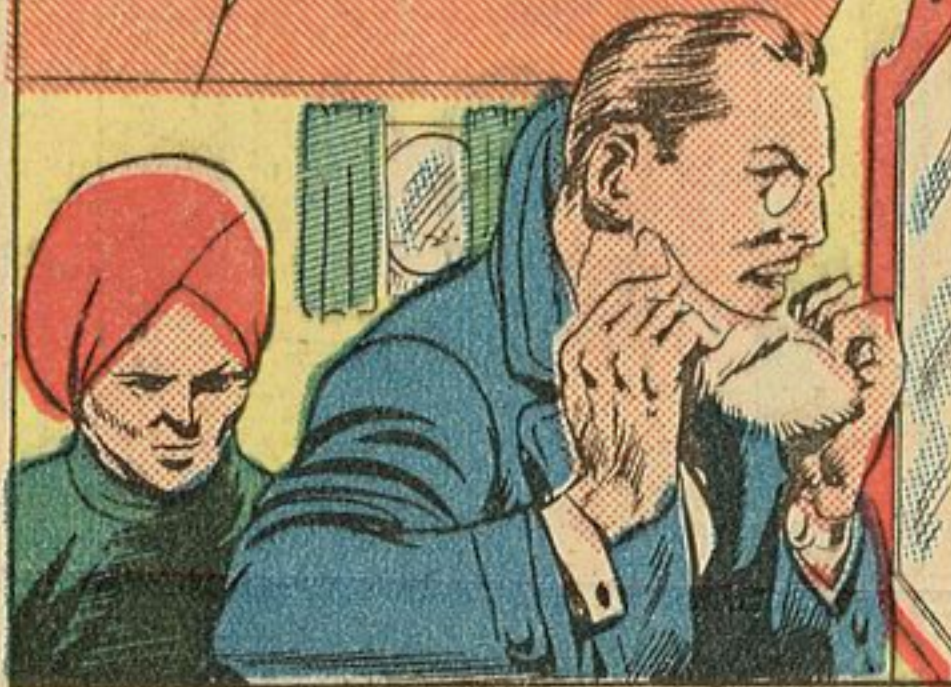
A FEW MINUTES LATER, MARA HANI ALSO BOARDS THE SAME SHIP.



HMM-- SO MARA HANI IS STILL PLAYING AT ESPIONAGE

MASTER, MYSTERIOUS LADY NOW OCCUPY ROOM 104, LOWER DECK---

GOOD... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, BATU--



ON DECK, MARA LEANS ON THE RAIL NEAR HER CABIN--SUDDENLY...



MY PAPERS!

AS THE WOMAN RUNS TO HER STATEROOM, AN OLD MAN FOLLOWS.



YOUR ROOM IS ON FIRE, MA'AM!

QUICKLY SHE ENTERS HER CABIN, AND IN A PANIC RUSHES TO PROTECT THE PAPERS SHE HAD STOLEN.



HSST--- I'LL TAKE THOSE PAPERS, IN THE NAME OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!



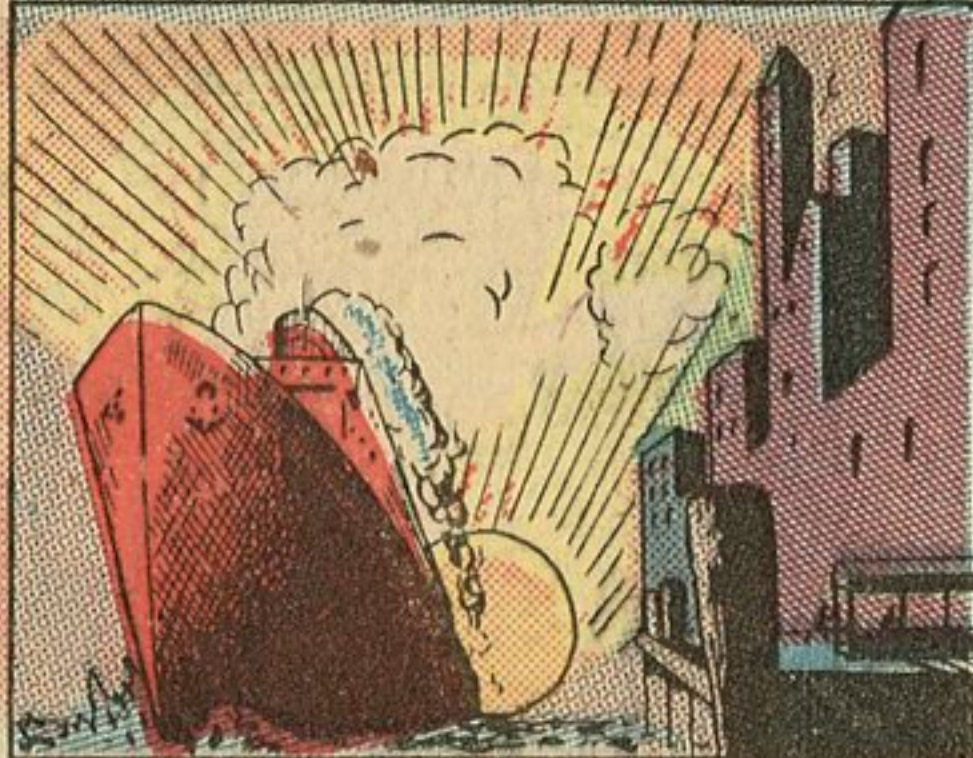
BUT HOW? WHO?

MY DEAR MARA HANI, YOU FELL FOR AN OLD SHERLOCK HOLMES TRICK-- THAT FIRE WAS A FAKE-- I KNEW YOU'D TRY TO SAVE THESE PAPERS FIRST-- SIMPLE, EH?



YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, I TELL YOU!

HERE, BATU, TAKE THIS TO MAJOR CALDER-- I'M GOING TO LOCK THIS WILD-CAT IN HER STATE-ROOM!



BATU LEAVES THE SHIP JUST AS THE GANG-PLANK IS TAKEN UP... THE PLANS ARE SAVED, BUT BLACK ACE'S MISSION IS JUST STARTING ...

AROUND KEY WEST, TO WAR-TORN PANAMA.. IN A DEN ON THE DOCKS...



---AND I ESCAPED FROM THE CABIN-- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED

KORAN WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT!

HISST-- LOOK! THAT MAN SNOOPING AROUND--- HE'S THE BLACK ACE, THE ONE WHO TRICKED ME OUT OF THOSE PAPERS!

BLACK ACE--- I'VE HEARD OF HIM.



HE MUST BE THE AGENT WHO WAS SENT BY THE UNITED STATES TO HASANA-- GET HIM!

DON'T WORRY-- HE'LL NEVER REACH HASANA ALIVE!



ALONE, BLACK ACE FORGES INTO THE JUNGLES. SOMEWHERE AHEAD, EMANUEL HASANA AWAITS HIM..



AT CALAMAR, COLOMBIA.

IN A DOORWAY.

WE'VE BEEN WAITING HERE FOR DAYS



I'M GETTIN' ILL O' THIS WAITIN'

SHUT UP!--LOOK, HERE COMES A TRAVELER-- IT'S THE BLACK ACE, I'M SURE OF IT! GET READY, BOYS!



WEARY AND FATIGUED BY HIS LONG JOURNEY THRU THE HOT JUNGLES, BLACK ACE PAUSES IN THE COOL SHADE OF A PATIO...



A CRY SUDDENLY SHATTERS THE SILENCE OF THE MIDDAY SIESTA



HELP!



HELP! THEY ARE KEELING ME! HELP!

O.K., SENORITA, I'M COMING!

BUT-- AS SOON AS ACE ENTERS



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, GRINGO!

A TRAP!

REMEMBER ME? MARA HANI! THIS TIME, I HOLD THE HIGH CARDS!

SHOOT HIM DOWN, ALFREDO!

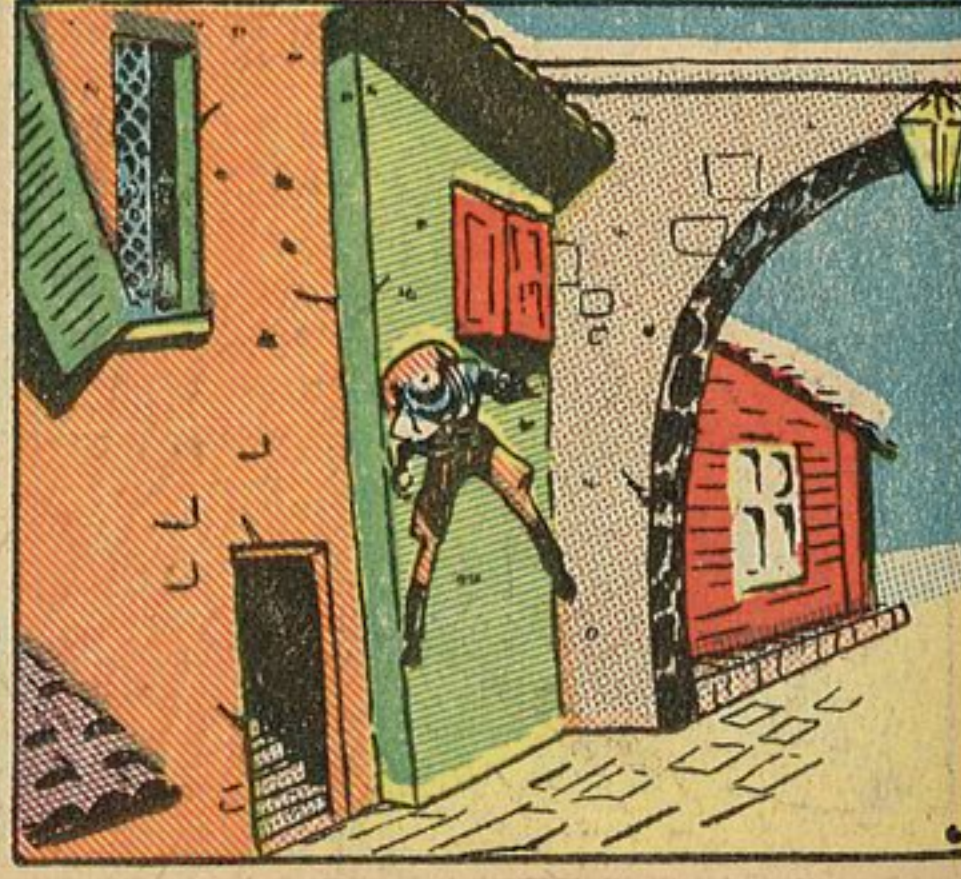


EASIER SAID, THAN DONE, PAL!



ADIOS, MARA! SORRY TO HAVE INCONVENIENCED YOU!

AN INSTANT LATER, BLACK ACE LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW AND IS OFF...





MARA HANI'S MEN FOLLOW A FEW MINUTES LATER..

WHICH WAY DID HE GO, OLD MAN!

DE ESTA MANERA, SENORS

HURRY, YOU FOOLS!



BUT AS SOON AS THE MEN LEAVE..

OFF AGAIN INTO THE JUNGLES.



CLOSE ON HIS HEELS IS THE INTREPID MARA HANI.



IN MATTO GROSSO, ON THE GUAPORE RIVER, ACE RECEIVES DIRECTIONS FROM A FELLOW SECRET AGENT..



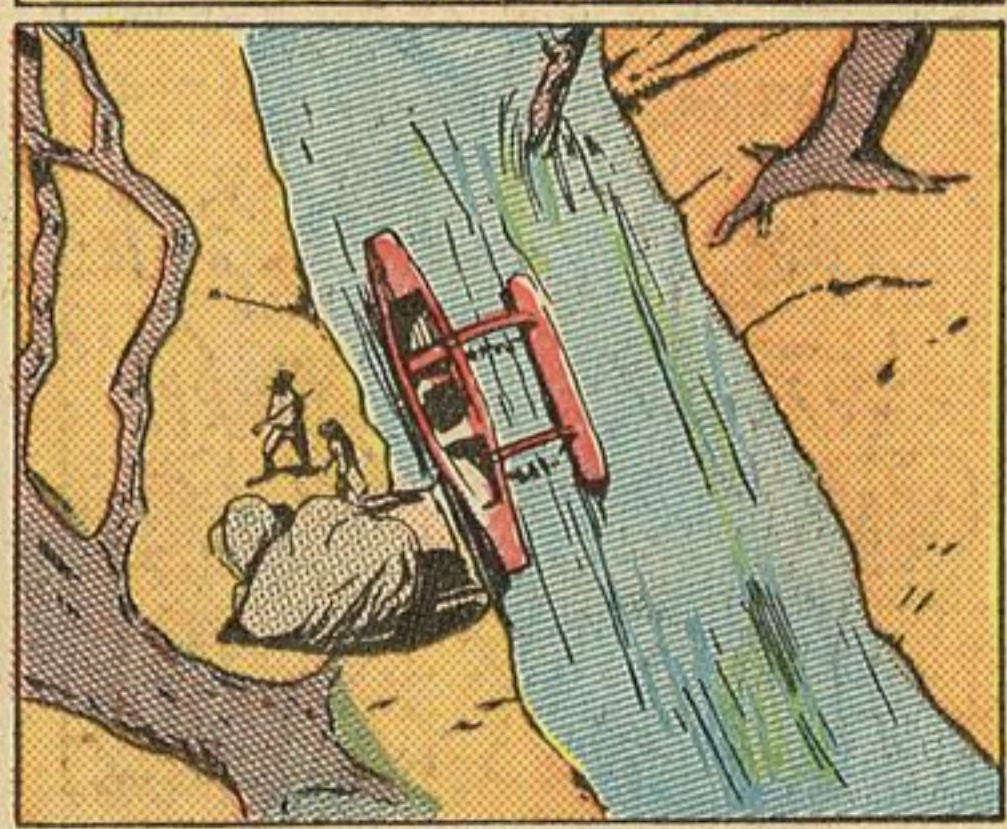
STRUGGLING THROUGH THE SLIMY, FETID GROWTH ALONG THE GUAPORE RIVER, BLACK ACE, STRUGGLES ONWARD..



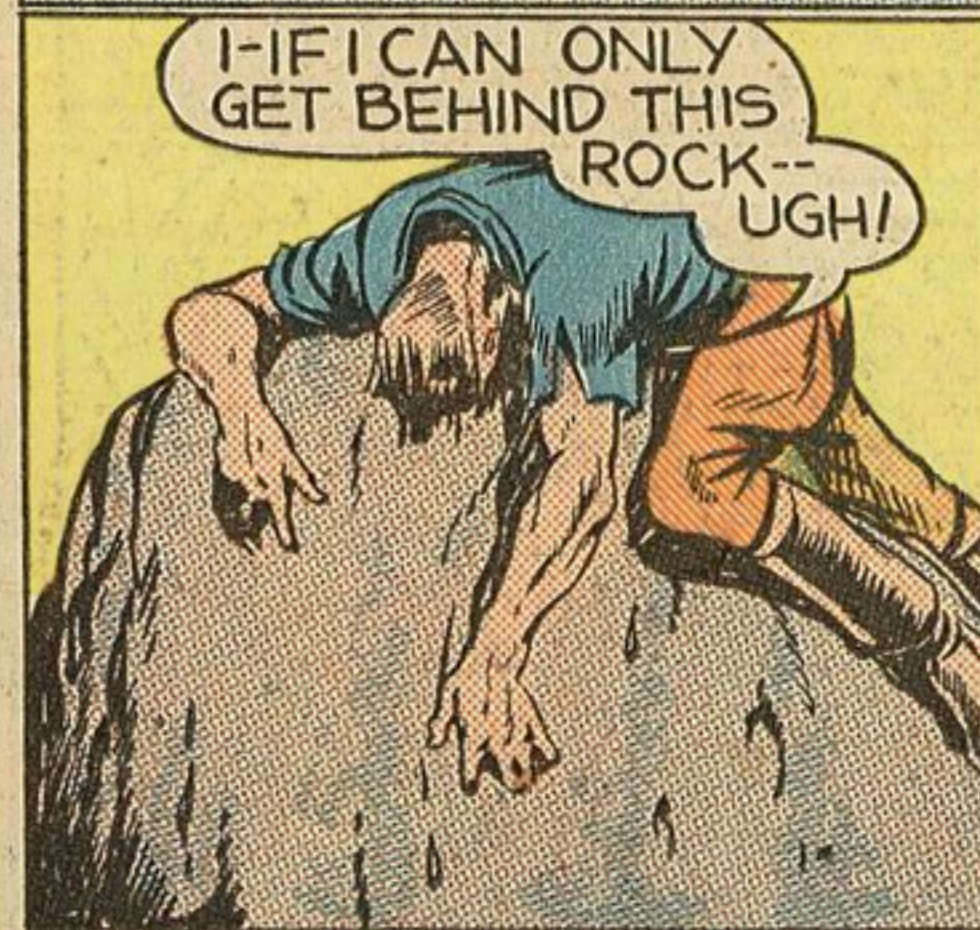
EVER ALERT, NOT DARING TO SLEEP, LEST HIS ENEMIES STEAL UP ON HIM.....



AHEAD ON THE TRAIL, HAVING COME BY CANOE, MARA HANI AND HER CUT THROATS WAIT...



LOOK! THERE HE IS!



WITH A GREAT EFFORT, ACE MAKES IT, AND PREPARES TO FIGHT TO THE LAST.....





HE'S ENTRENCHED HIMSELF BEHIND THAT ROCK--RUSH HIM! WE'RE 4 TO 1 AGAINST HIM!



BANG BANG



BAH--HE'S DEADLY WITH THE GUNS!

I'VE A PLAN, MARA--RUSH HIM WHEN I YELL!

IN HIS SHELTER, BLACK ACE AWAITS THEIR NEXT MOVE....



MY SHOULDER'S GETTING NUMB!



YEEOW!

BUT BLACK ACE IS EVER ALERT, AND THE MAN'S CRY IS NOT THE SIGNAL, BUT ONE OF PAIN.....



HA--I BURY MY KNIFE EEN YOU BEFORE I DIE!

MARA HANI STARTS FORWARD FROM HER HIDING PLACE..



WHILE HE'S BUSY FIGHTING I'LL SNEAK UP AND FINISH HIM!



THE SNARLING JAGUAR SPRINGS..



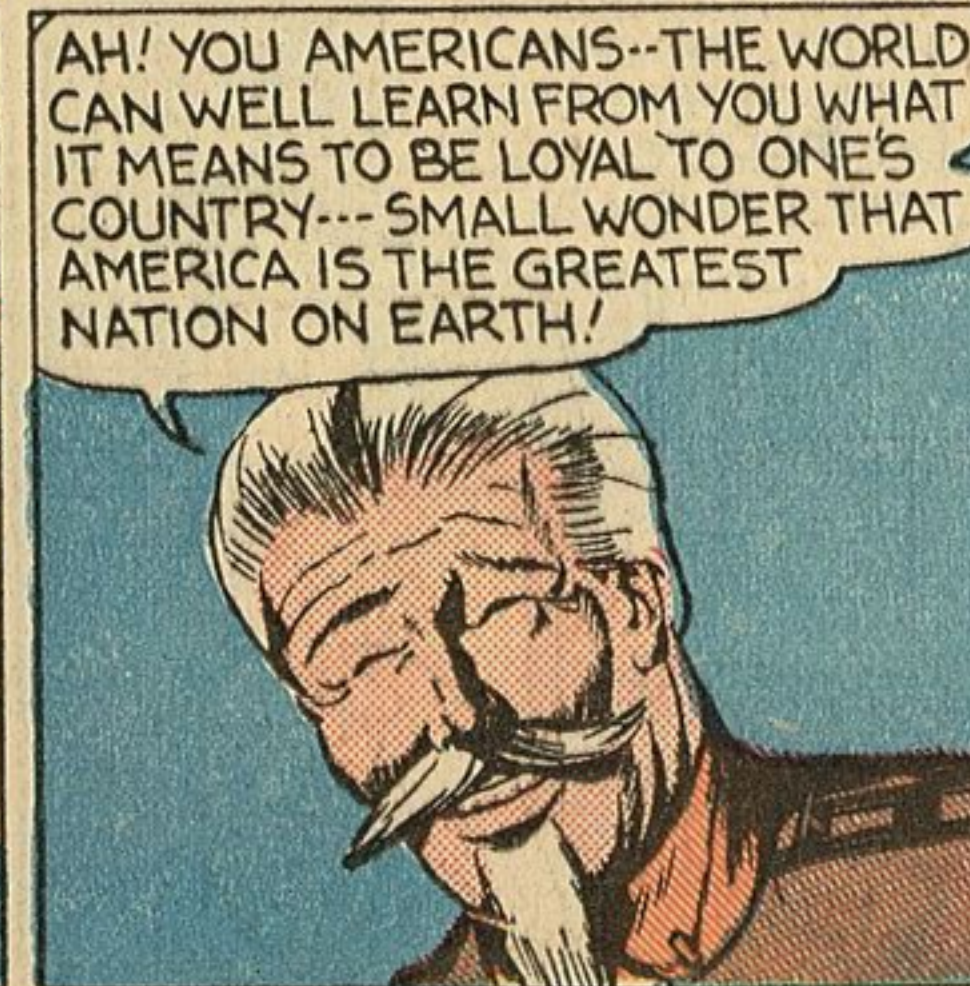
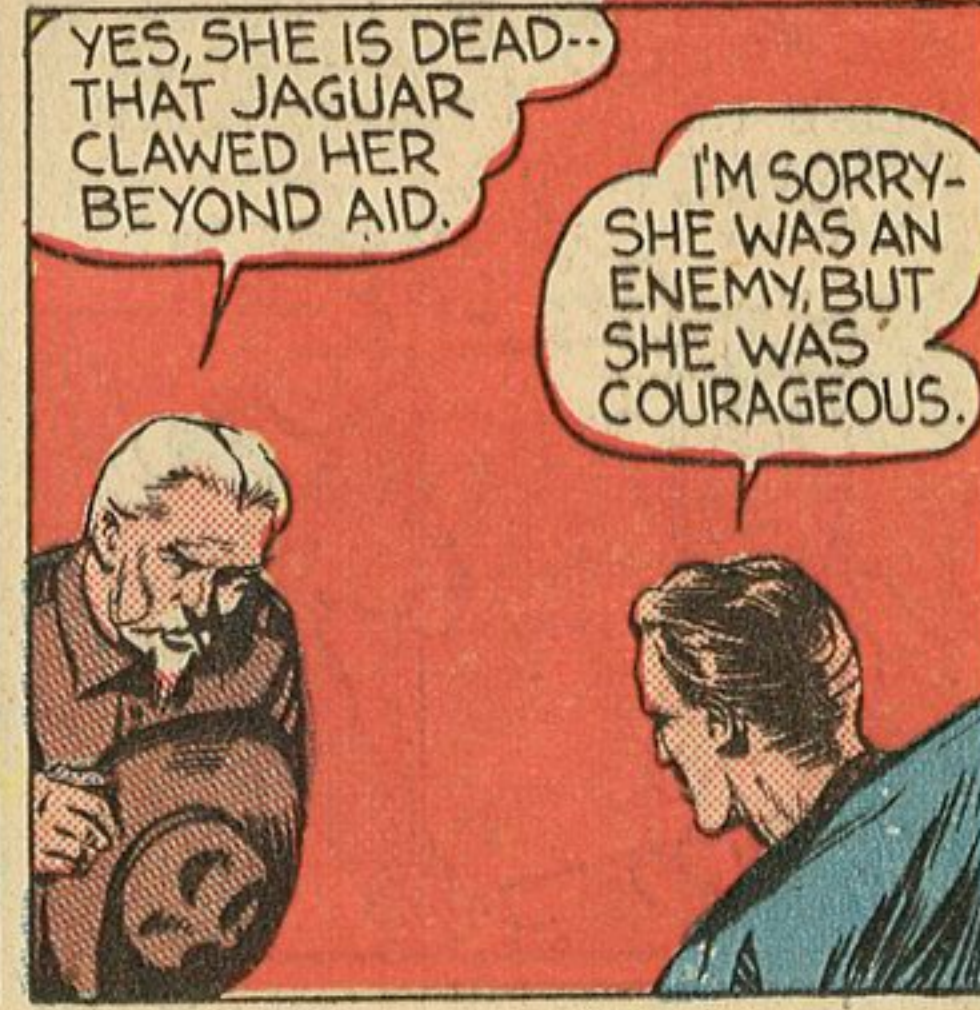
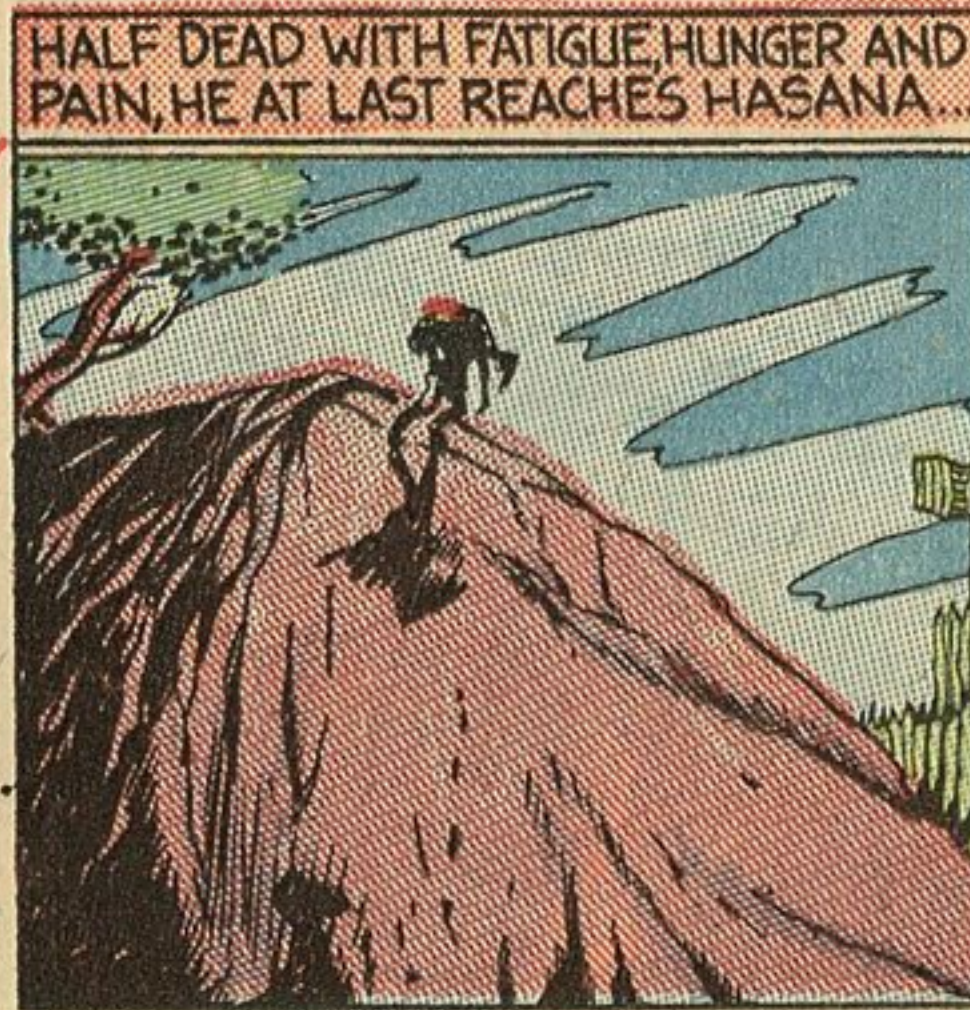
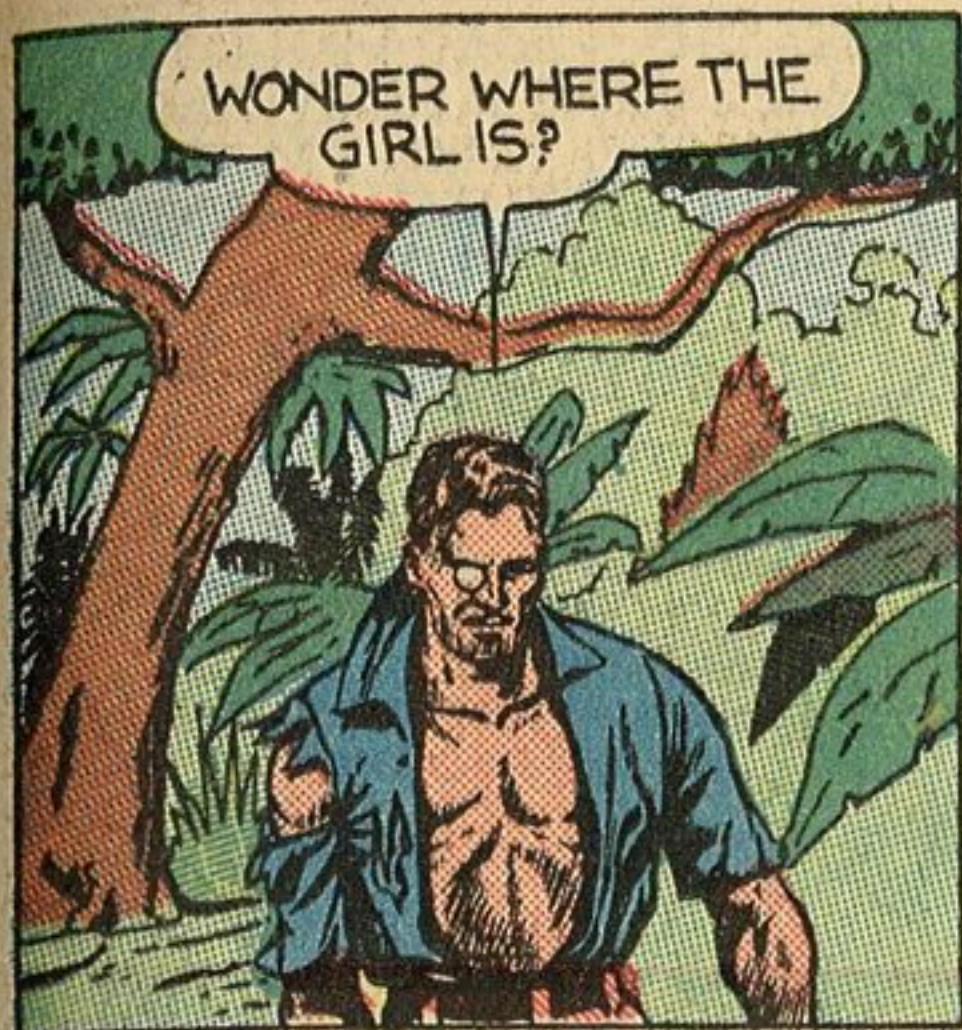
AN INSTANT LATER, THE BEAST IS UPON HER, CLAWING AND TEARING AT THE HELPLESS GIRL..

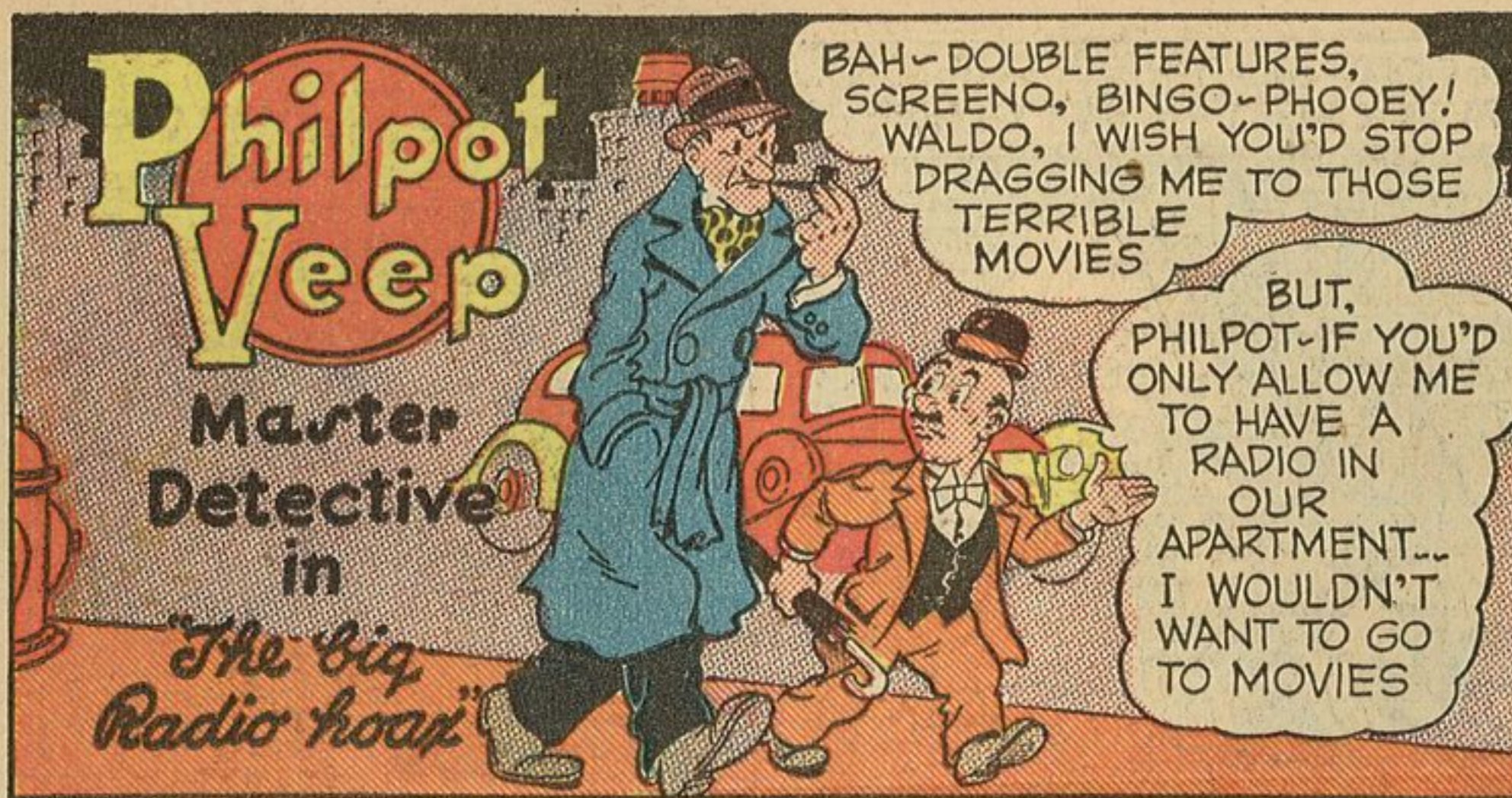


MEANWHILE, WITH WANING STRENGTH, BLACK ACE AT LAST OVERCOMES HIS ATTACKER.....



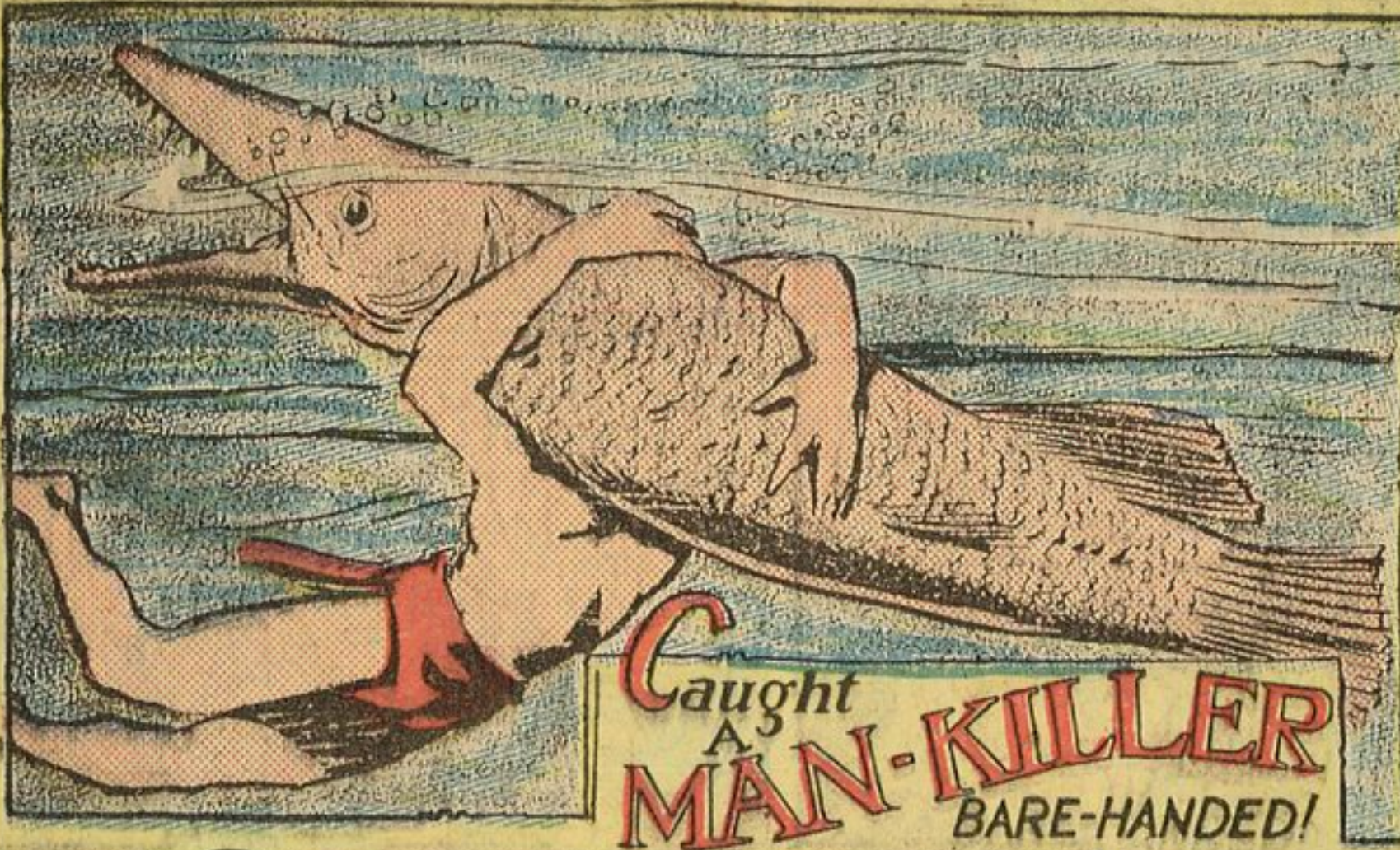
BANG







Exciting ADVENTURES by TERRY



Caught
A
MAN-KILLER
BARE-HANDED!

CLEVE BROWN- COUSHATA, LA.,
STOOD ON THE BANKS OF A MUDDY RIVER,
HIS KEEN EYES PIERCING THE SLIMY
DEPTHS.. SUDDENLY, HE TENSED AND DIVED.
THE WATER WAS LASHED TO A YELLOW
FOAM ABOVEIN A FEW MINUTES, HE
ROSE TO THE SURFACE WITH A DEADLY
9 FOOT ALLIGATOR GAR BETWEEN HIS
BARE ARMS. HE WAS UNHURT,
THOUGH THE FISH WAS
CAPABLE OF,
BITING A
MAN IN
TWO!



MRS.
OLIVER

Escape FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND!

THE SUN BLAZED DOWN WITH MADDENING WHITE
HEAT.... 12 MEN SAT NUMBLY, UNMOVING, HUDDLED
IN THE CENTER OF A LEAKY GAYUCA.... THEIR OARS
WERE SHIPPED. FOR FOUR DAYS THESE TWELVE, WHO
WERE CONVICTS ESCAPING FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND, HAD
ROWED ACROSS THE SEA TOWARD TRINIDAD. STORMS
HAD BATTERED THE TINY CRAFT SO THAT IT COULD
NO LONGER CARRY ALL OF THEM. "FOUR MUST JUMP
OVERBOARD," ANNOUNCED THE LEADER, PIERRE
GASPARD. LOTS WERE
DRAWN, AND FOUR
HALF-MAD CONVICTS
LEAPED TO
THE SHARKS
THAT FOLLOW-
ED THEM
NIGHT AND
DAY....

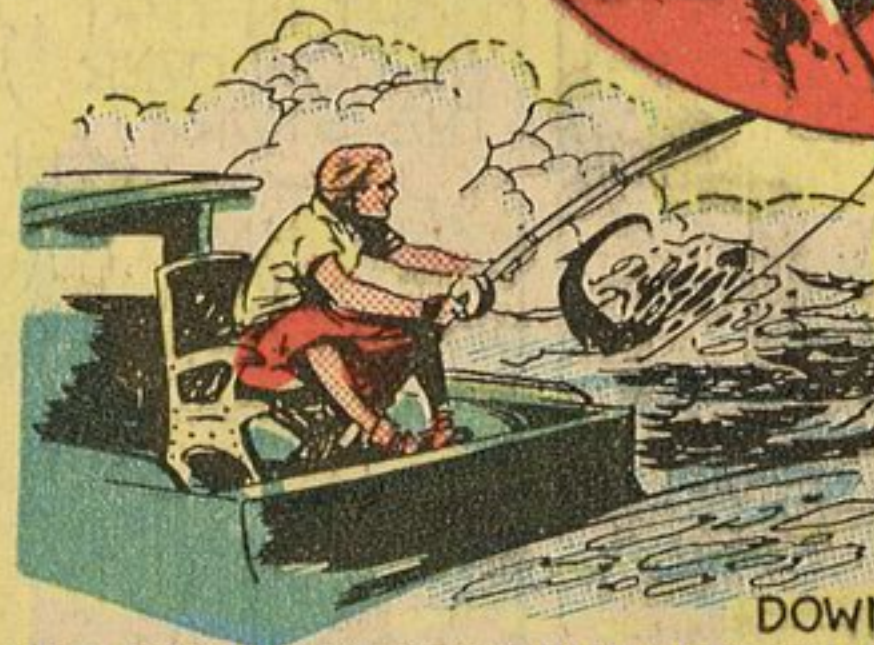


ON THE NINTH DAY, FOOD AND WATER GAVE OUT... THE MEN LAY UN-
CONSCIOUS UNDER THE RELENTLESS SUN.. THE WAVES LAPPING MON-
OTONOUSLY AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER-LOGGED CAYUCA.....
DEPUY, A FORGER, WAS ALREADY MAD.. HE HAD TRIED TO DRINK SEA
WATER... AFTER 19 DAYS OF THIS TORTURE, THEY WERE PICKED UP BY



A FISHING
BOAT, AND
HURRIED
TO TRINIDAD,
WHERE THEY
WERE PLACED
IN A HOSPITAL.
TWO MEN, OF
THE REMAINING
FIVE, WERE MAD.
ODDLY ENOUGH,
THE FRENCH

GOVERNMENT HAD DECIDED TO ABOLISH DEVIL'S ISLAND ONLY A FEW DAYS BEFORE!



GRINNEL

THE FIRST WOMAN KNOWN
TO HAVE LANDED A
SWORDFISH.. SHE HAS
OFTEN FOUGHT THE
GREYHOUND OF THE
SEAS, AND UP AND
DOWN THE ATLANTIC COAST

HER GAMENESS IS REVEALED BY THIS VIVID TALE..
ONCE, OUT AT SEA, MRS. GRINNEL "NAILED" A HUGE
450 LB SWORDFISH.. IT STRUGGLED TERRIFICALLY, FOR
IT IS SAID THAT THE SWORDFISH IS THE GAMEST OF
ALL FISH.. FOR 24 HOURS, THIS "KILLER" OF THE SOUTH-



ERN SEAS DRAGGED HER
BOAT FOR 30 MILES...
FATIGUED, AND HER
HANDS BLISTERED,
MRS. GRINNEL FINALLY
LANDED HIM... A
CATCH WORTHY OF
HER, ONE OF THE BEST
OF SPORTSWOMEN...



CHIC CARTER

ACE
REPORTER

by VERNON HENKEL



GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS JIMMY VANCE BRINGING YOU THE LATEST NEWS OF THE DAY - MAX GORMAN, KING OF THE NIGHT WORLD WAS FOUND DEAD THIS EVENING IN HIS FASHIONABLE LONG ISLAND HOME !



THE POLICE HAVE ANNOUNCED A SUICIDE VERDICT BUT A VEIL OF MYSTERY SURROUNDS HIS DEATH !



THERE YOU ARE - NEWSPAPERS AND RADIO SCREAMING THE NEWS OF GORMAN'S SUICIDE HOURS BEFORE WE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT ! THE BIGGEST MAN ON BROADWAY DIES WHILE MY ACE REPORTER SPENDS HIS TIME IN A NIGHT CLUB !



I LEARN A LOT OF THINGS IN NIGHT CLUBS, POP - FOR INSTANCE - MAX GORMAN DIDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE TONIGHT - HE WAS MURDERED !



CHIC CARTER, HEADLINE HUNTER OF THE DAILY STAR, CALMLY LIT A CIGARETTE AND FACED THE CITY EDITOR

MURDERED !
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT ?

A PRETTY GOOD HUNCH, CHIEF - THERE WAS EVERY REASON FOR IT !



THE PHONE, CHIC ! ITS A DAME - SOUNDS KINDA NERVOUS !

O. K. THANKS !



HELLO ! THIS IS GLORIA GORMAN - I MUST SEE YOU - YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL LISTEN TO ME ! I HAVE JUST UNCOVERED EVIDENCE THAT CAN PROVE MY FATHER WAS MURDERED !



WHOA ! HOLD ON -- I'LL BE RIGHT OVER - WHAT'S THE ADDRESS ?

I'M AT THE STATTON HOTEL - ROOM 319 !



IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO LEARN TOO MUCH DID IT ?

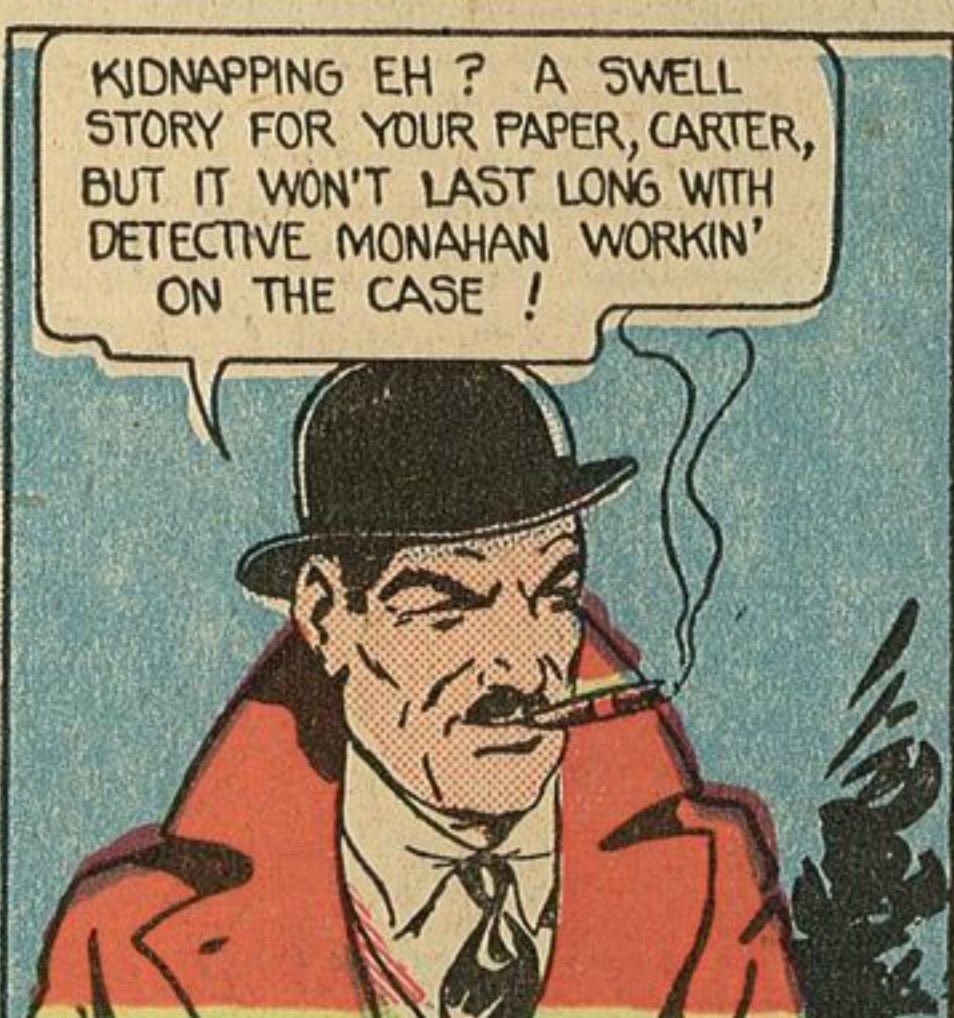
WHO ARE YOU - WHAT DO YOU WANT ?



CUT THE ROUGH STUFF, SISTER, YOUR COMIN' WITH US !

HELP !







HMMM - ROCCO ! -- I GOT IT !
HE'S ONE OF THE BOYS WHO HANG
AT THE "22" CLUB -
ONE OF VAN DRENN'S
MEN !



THE CLUB WILL BE JUST STARTING
TO GO PLACES -
I'VE JUST TIME
TO DRESS !



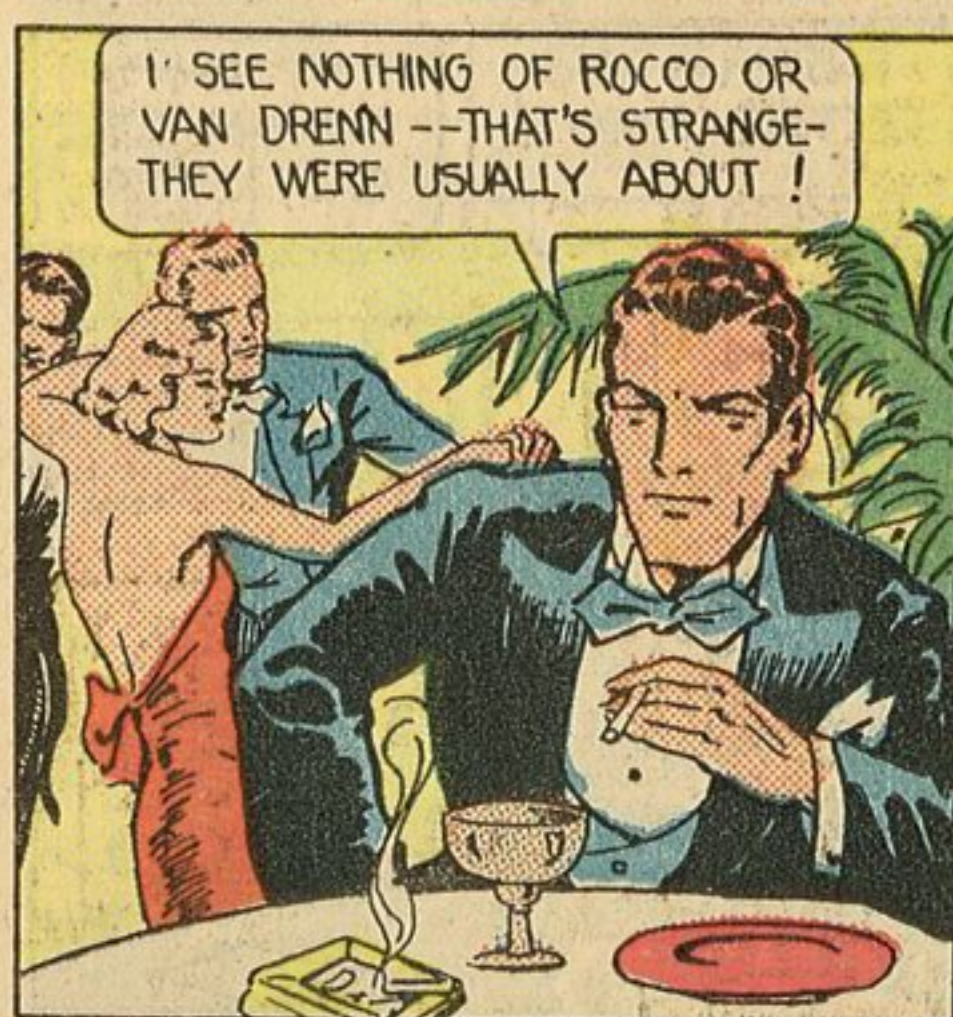
IT'S A WILD HUNCH, BUT I'M
CERTAIN THE ANSWER TO GLORIA
GORMAN'S DISAPPEARANCE WILL
BE FOUND WITH VAN DRENN !



DRESSED FOR THE EVENING, CHIC
BOLDLY ENTERS THE SWANK MID-
TOWN NIGHT SPOT -



A TABLE,
SIR ?



I SEE NOTHING OF ROCCO OR
VAN DRENN -- THAT'S STRANGE -
THEY WERE USUALLY ABOUT !



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND
THE FLOOR SHOW BEGINS .



I'LL NOT FIND ANYTHING
SITTING HERE - NOW IS
MY CHANCE TO LOOK THE
PLACE OVER !



VAN DRENN
AND ROCCO !

CHIC SUDDENLY STOPS IN
HIS PATH .



DID YOU
GET HER ?

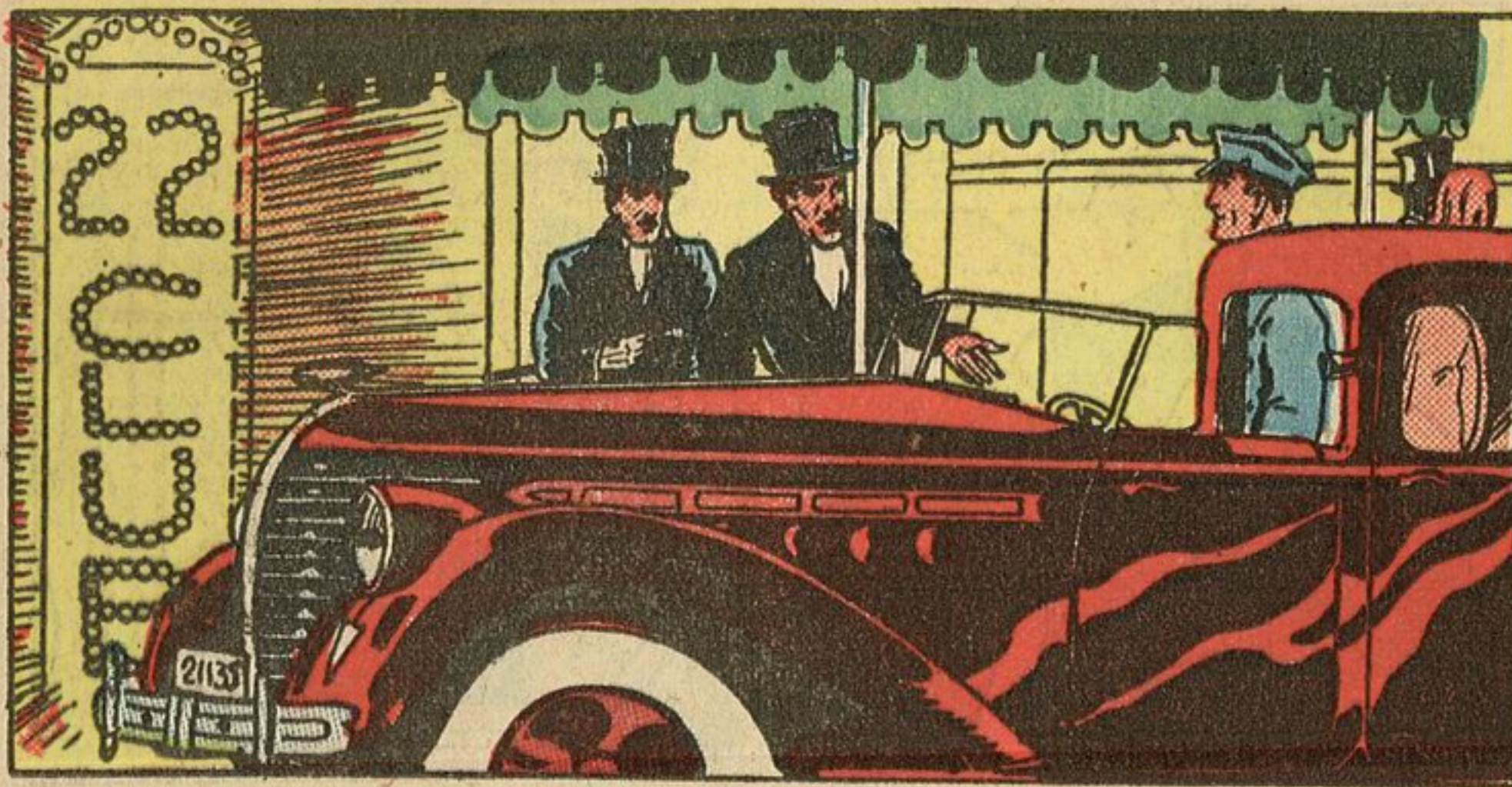
SURE, BOSS, IT WAS
EASY ! I TOOK HER
WHERE YOU TOLD ME !

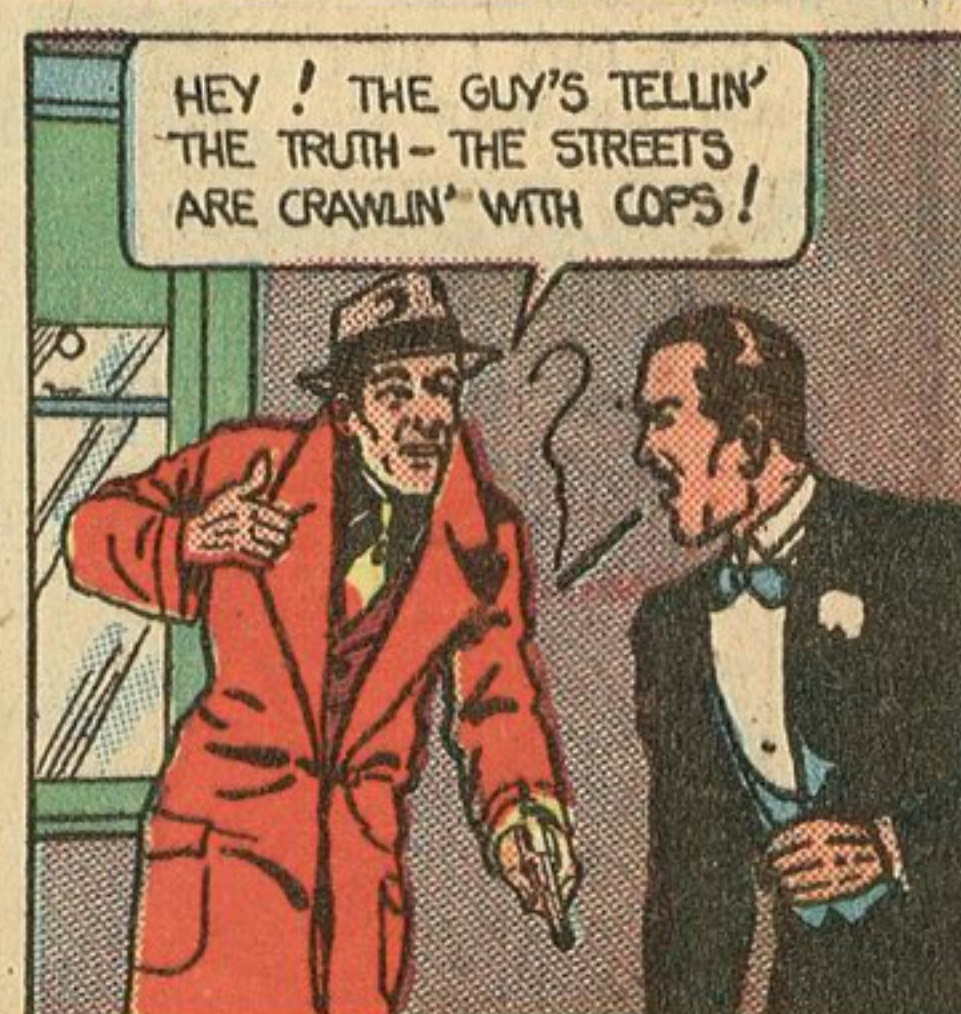
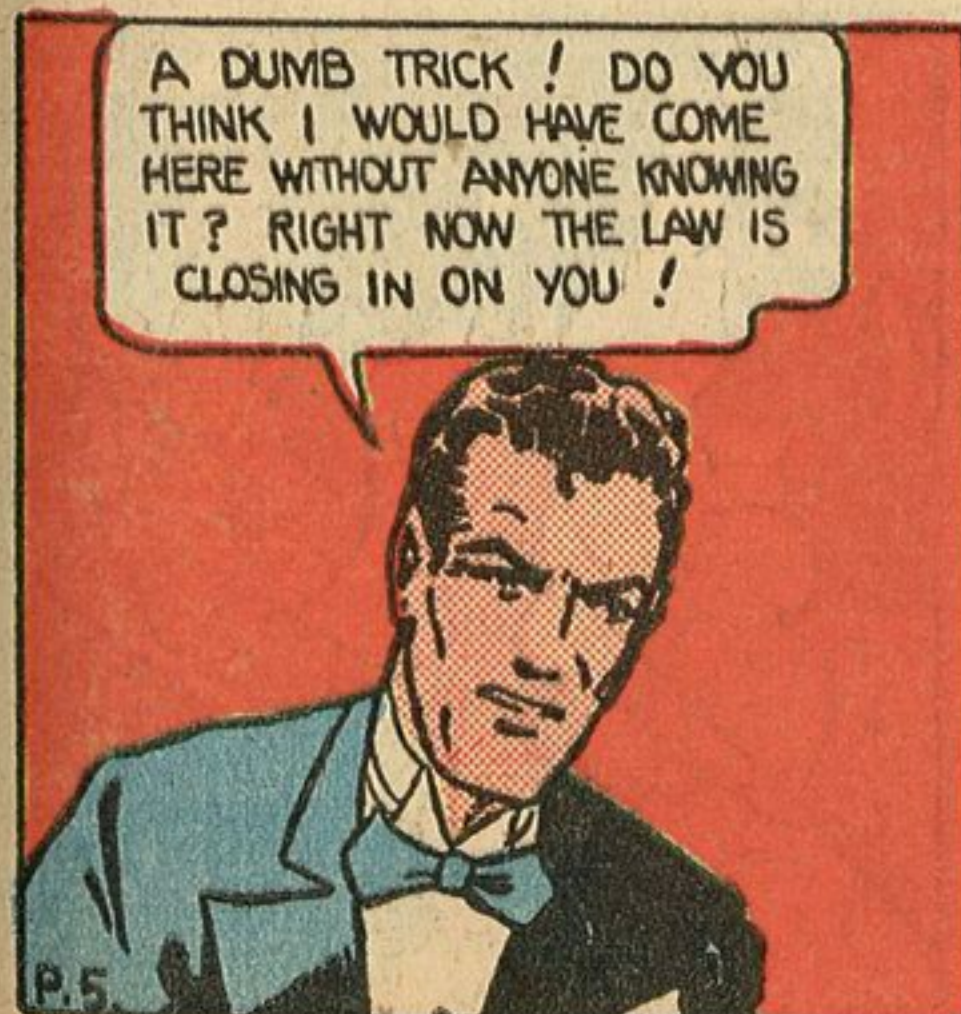


THEN LET'S
GO !



I'M ON THE RIGHT
TRAIL - I MUSTN'T LOSE
SIGHT OF THEM !





CHIC CARTER WAS AS MUCH SURPRISED
AT THE DISCOVERY AS HIS CAPTORS. ---



DOWN!
ON THE
FLOOR!!



---AND REALIZED THAT VAN DRENN WOULD
NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT HIM AND
MAKE A GET-A-WAY.



I'VE BEEN WAITING
A LONG TIME FOR
THIS!



AS VAN DRENN STUMBLES BACKWARD
HIS FOOT TRIPS A TABLE SENDING AN
OIL LAMP CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.

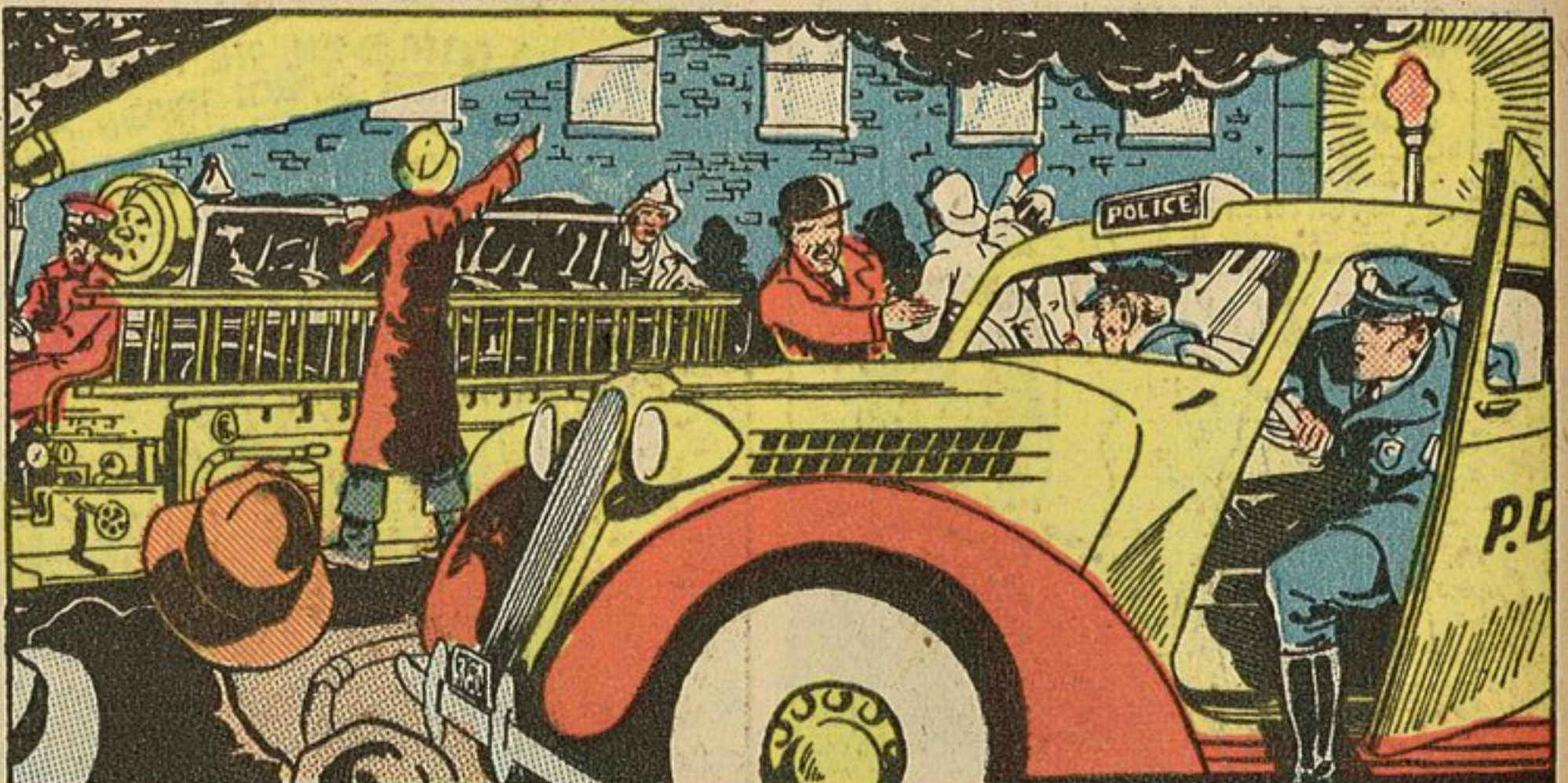
FIRE!

AN' THE LAW
ON THE
OUTSIDE!



WITH FLAMES LEAPING HIGH ROCCO AND
THE TWO THUGS TREACHEROUSLY DESSERT
THEIR UNCONSCIOUS LEADER.

QUICK!
THIS WAY--

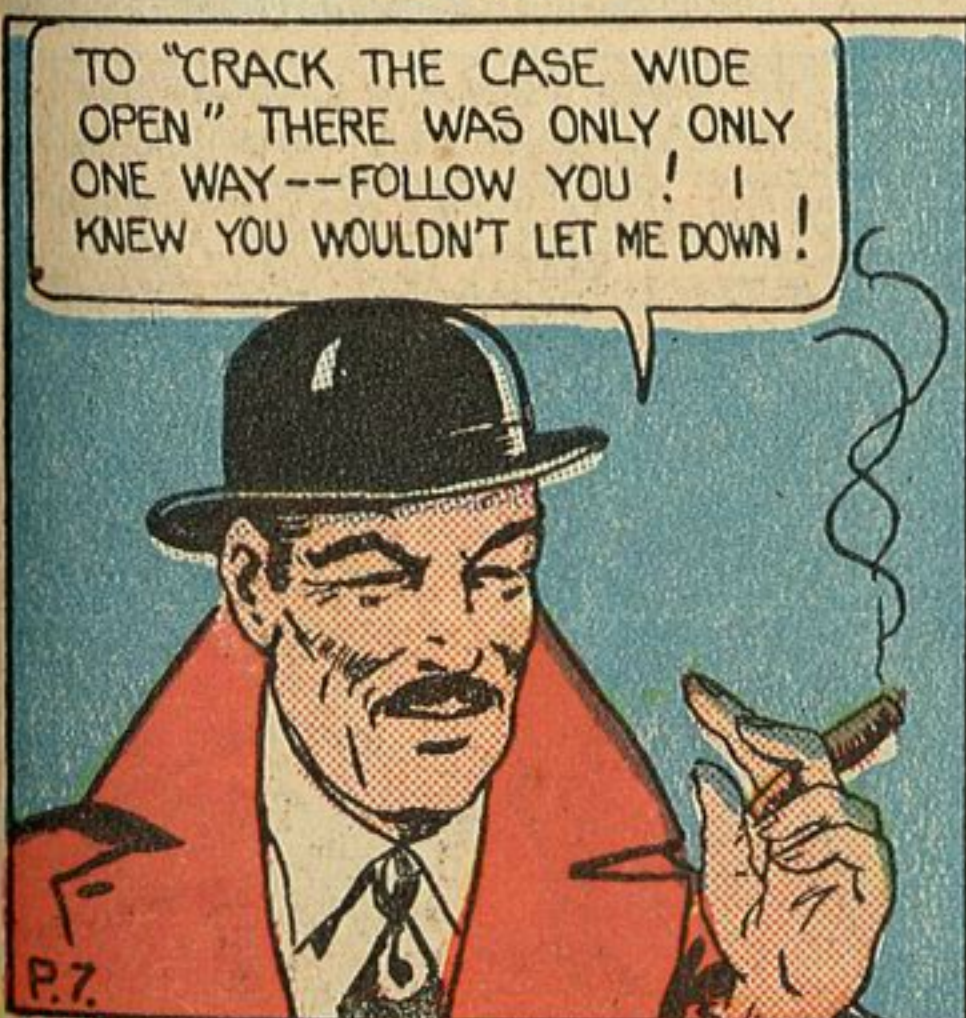


LOOK OUT! THEY'RE
ON THE ROOF!!



LET 'EM
HAVE IT!





\$IMPLE SIMON

By Ed Cronin

SAY, SIMON--YOU'RE ALWEEZ READIN' ABOUT THEM OLD TIME KNIGHTS AN' KINGS AN' STUFF--WELL, DIDJA HEAR--THERE'S A **REAL** KING GONNA VISIT HERE IN SHICKSHINNY! THEY CALL 'IM KING JULIUS--FROM A PLACE CALLED SLOBODKA--



OH BOY!! I NEVER **MET** A KING--- HE'S EVEN BIGGER THAN KNIGHTS, AIN'T HE?

HA-HA!! WHY, THEM KNIGHTS AIN'T ANYTHING! THIS JULIUS IS THE GUY WHAT TELLS 'EM WHAT TO DO!!



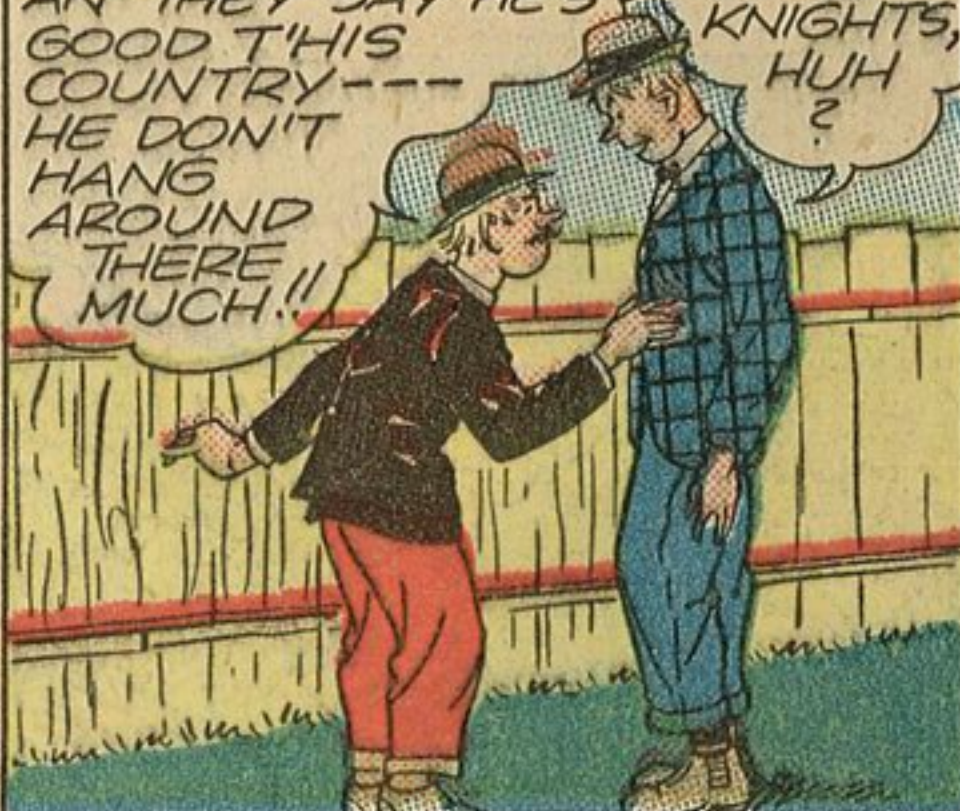
BUT JULIUS AIN'T BOSS IN HIS COUNTRY ANY MORE--- ANOTHER FELLA TOOK IT OVER AN' TOLD JULIUS T'TAKE A VACATION---

BUT ANYWAYS, THIS JULIUS IS A **REAL** KING, AIN'T HE?



OH SURE--HE'S STILL TH' RIGHT KING OF SLOBODKA! AN' THEY SAY HE'S GOOD T'HIS COUNTRY--- HE DON'T HANG AROUND THERE!! MUCH!!

HE TRAVELS LOTS, LIKE KNIGHTS, HUH?



I WANTED T'BE A KNIGHT, BUT MY DAD SAYS IT AIN'T A GOOD TRADE ANYMORE--AN' VERY HARD T'FIND WORK AT!!

HA-HA!!-- YOU A KNIGHT? WELL, YA'D NEVER NEED A SWORD, SIMON--IF TH' ENEMY SAW YA ON A HORSE THEY'D LAUGH THEMSELVES TO DEATH!!



---AND MEANWHILE, AN AMAZING PLOT IS BEING HATCHED IN A CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM---

SURE--THEY KIN TALK ABOUT KING'S RANSOMS--BUT WE'LL JUST KIDNAP--ER, PARDON ME, I MEAN TAKE THIS KING JULIUS OUTA CIRCULATION--



AN' REALLY COLLECT A KING'S RANSOM!! NOW, SHICKSHINNY IS A HICK BURG JUST 'CROSS THE STATE LINE--AN' NO SMART COPS--- HERE'S THE SET-UP-- WE'LL BE ABOUT A MILE FROM THE RAILROAD WHEN WE BLAST THE TRACKS IN FRONT OF THE KING'S TRAIN---



--AN' STOP IT--- IT'S ALL OPEN FARM COUNTRY, AN' 15 MILES EASY FROM SHICKSHINNY--- WE DRIVE UP QUICK, LOOK FER TH' KING, SNATCH 'IM---AN' IN THE EXCITEMENT WE GET AWAY

SOUNDS SWELL,!! SLAUGHTERHOUSE!!!



GOSH--SEEMS AUNTY BID ALWAYS WANTS ME T'VISIT OUT HERE ON HER FARM WHEN SOMETHIN' EXCITIN' IS HAPPENIN' BACK IN SHICKSHINNY!! I'D LOVE T'SEE KING JULIUS---



WHILE ABOARD A SPEEDING TRAIN, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY--

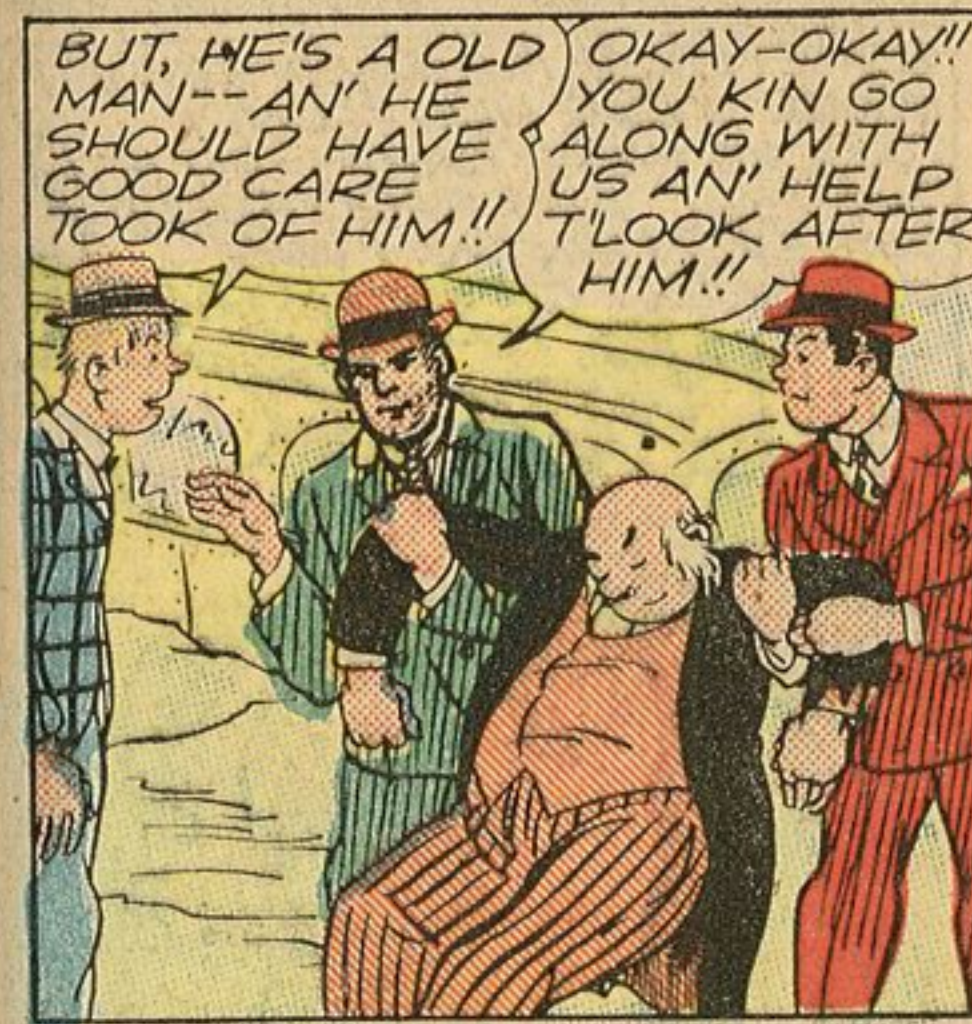
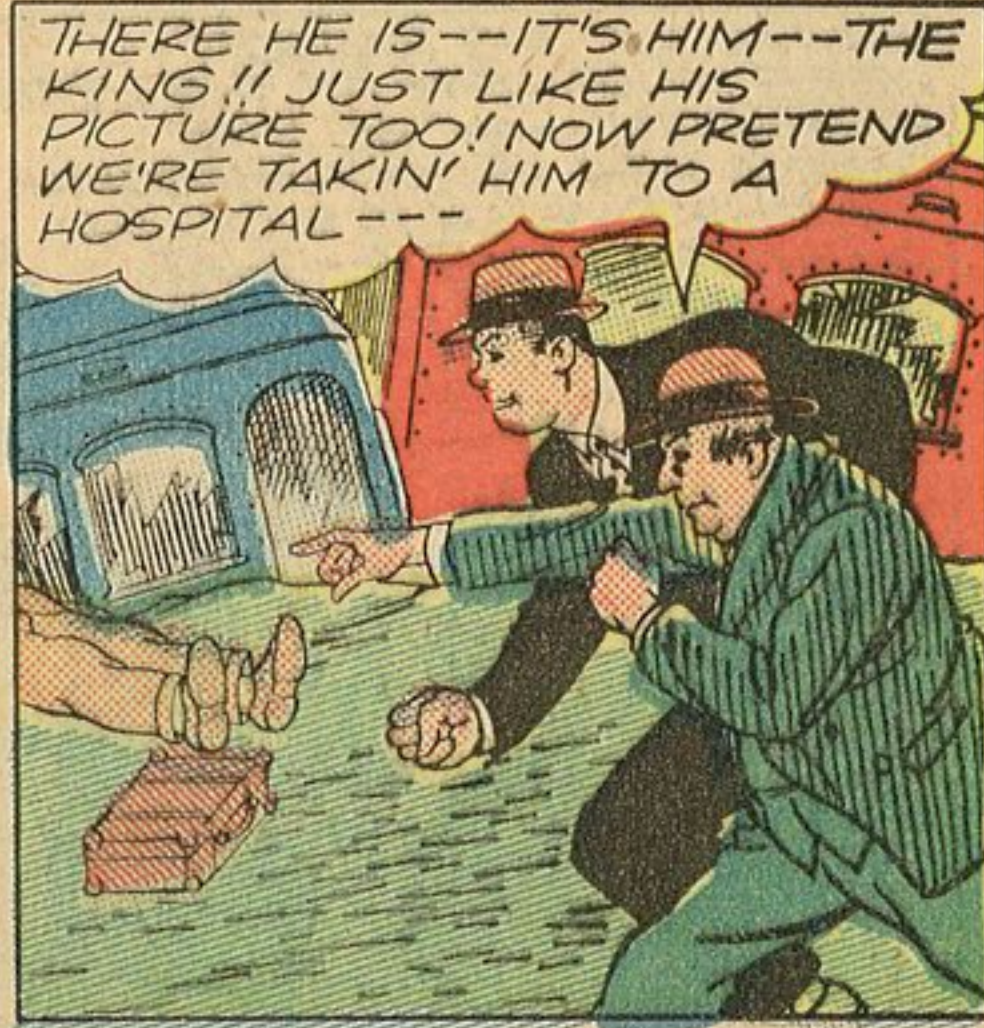
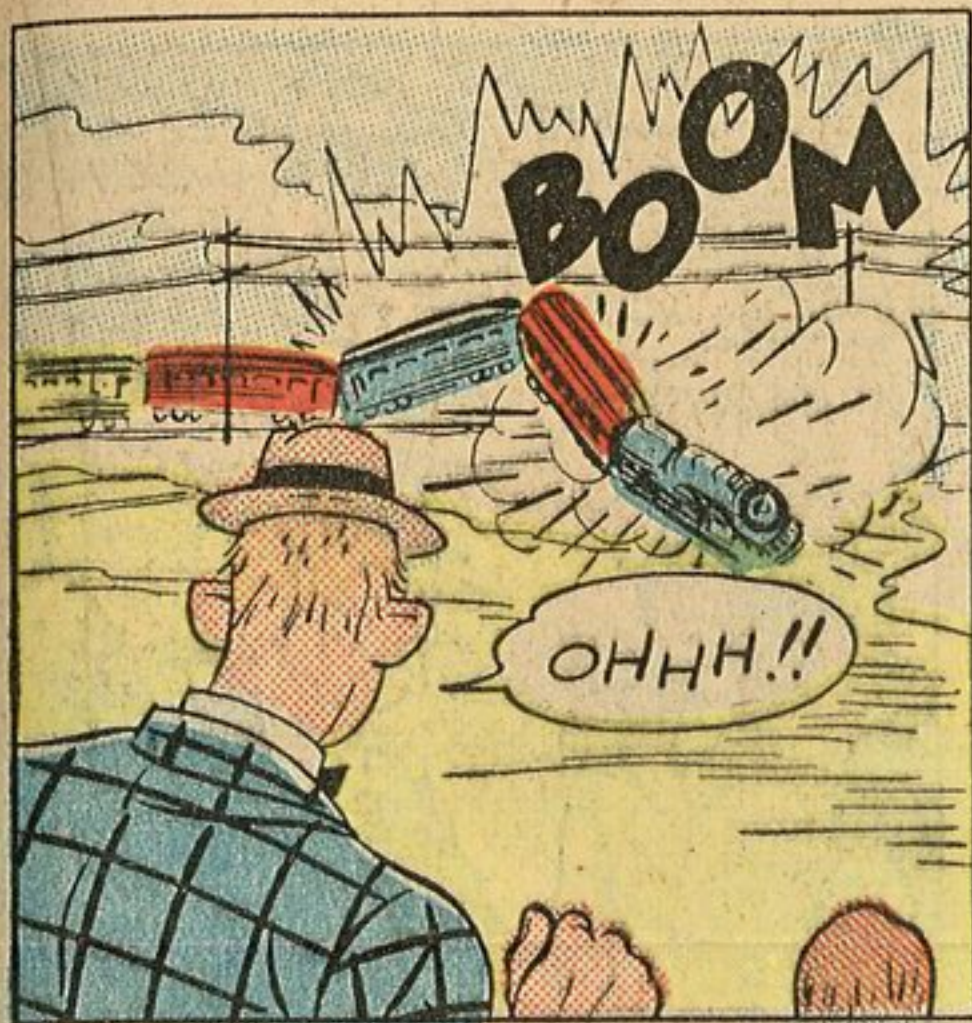
BAH, STANISLAUS--WHY DID YOU EVER ARRANGE FOR THIS FOOLISH TRIP TO THIS PLACE SHICKSHINNY??

WHY, YOUR \$5,000 GIFT FROM THE TOWN'S LOYAL SLOBODKANS, MAJ--ESTY!



WHAT?? THEY WOULD CHEAPEN ME, JULIUS, WITH AN OFFER OF MONEY? REFUSE THIS---NO--JUST LET THEM KNOW I AM INSULTED, STANISLAUS!! BUT BE CAREFUL--DO NOT BE **TOO CONVINCING!!**





AS SIMON AND THE EX-KING JULIUS ARE RUSHED INTO THE KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT----

NOW--NO MATTER WHO'S KING, YER GONNA STAY HERE 'TIL WE GET THE RANSOM MONEY FROM SLOBODKA!!

AN' WE'LL MAKE 'EM PAY PLENTY TOO!!



WELL, WHEN THEY KIDNAPPED THE "SPINACH KING" THEY GOT \$20,000--DON'T SELL KING SIMON BACK FOR A WHOLESALE PRICE!! GET THE "MOVIE STAR" PRICE OR WE ARE MUCH INSULTED!!



AN' I THOUGHT WE WAS GOIN' TO A HOSPITAL!! YOU ARE JUST CROOKS, BIG GANGSTERS, THIEFS, ROBBERS, PICK-POCKETS, SWINDLERS--AN' WELL, YOU ARE NOT EVEN HONEST MEN, I'LL SAY!!



WHY ABOUT THE RANSOM--- WE'RE KINDA NEW AT THIS HERE KIDNAPPIN'--AN' WE WAS GONNA ASK 150,000 SLOBODKA KRUPNIKS WHICH IS \$100 IN AMERICAN MONEY--THAT WOULD GET OUR LAUNDRY AN' JUST ABOUT PAY OUR HOTEL BILLS----



PHOOEY!! ONLY \$100 YOU ARE ASKING? SUCH BUSINESS MEN! HERE---I MYSELF WILL WRITE THE RANSOM NOTE FOR YOU--AND BELIEVE ME, I AM MUCH ASHAMED TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH SUCH CHEAP PEOPLE!!

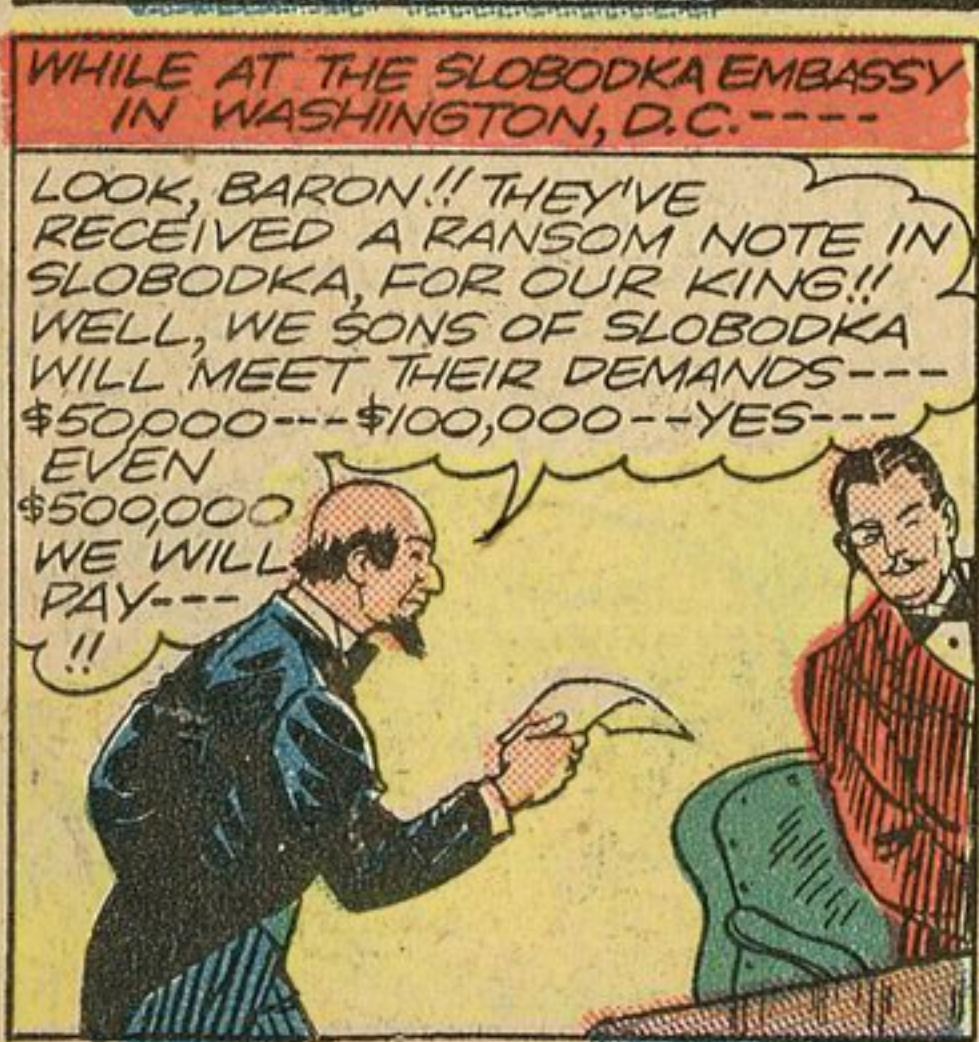


TEN MINUTES LATER--

AH!! NOW THERE IS A REAL RANSOM DEMAND!! FOUR BILLION KRUPNIKS--LIKE THE ONE I WROTE FOR PRINCE HUBERT WHEN HE KIDNAPPED HIMSELF!! OH, BY THE WAY--WE DIDN'T COLLECT, THAT ONE EITHER----



To His Excellency
Tron Mike' Chancellor
of Slobodka
Dear Bum--Today there is a king Julius--tomorrow there may not be--betch on?--unless you pay 4 billion krupniks for his release!! We'll send a lock of his hair, but his hair counts! he says every hair counts!
Signed,
Slaughterhouse
Tootsie
U.S.A.



THAT EVENING, AFTER THE RANSOM NOTE HAD BEEN SENT TO SLOBODKA

--AND THE KING IS BELIEVED TO BE ALIVE, AS HE WAS SEEN AFTER THE TRAIN CRASH--AND ONLY SLIGHTLY INJURED--HE WAS SEEN BEING HELPED BY A VERY ODD-LOOKING YOUNG MAN, WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PICKPOCKET, MANIAC, SNEAK THIEF OR EVEN A VICIOUS MURDERER--THIS MAN WAS SAID TO BE WEARING A CAP, AND----



SOME NERVE, I'LL SAY!!--SAYIN' I WORE A CAP, HUH?? ONLY CROOKS WEAR CAPS--AN' IF I THOUGHT THAT RADIO FELLA WAS EVEN HINTIN' I WAS DISHONEST OR BAD WHY, I'D--I'D--!!



WHILE AT THE SLOBODKA EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON, D.C.----

LOOK, BARON!! THEY'VE RECEIVED A RANSOM NOTE IN SLOBODKA, FOR OUR KING!! WELL, WE SONS OF SLOBODKA WILL MEET THEIR DEMANDS---\$50,000---\$100,000---YES--EVEN \$500,000 WE WILL PAY--!!



YES, BORIS!! WE SHALL SAVE HIM IF IT COSTS \$1,000,000----

\$2,000,000--YES! FOR OUR KING WHAT IS \$3,000,000! WE CAN DO IT

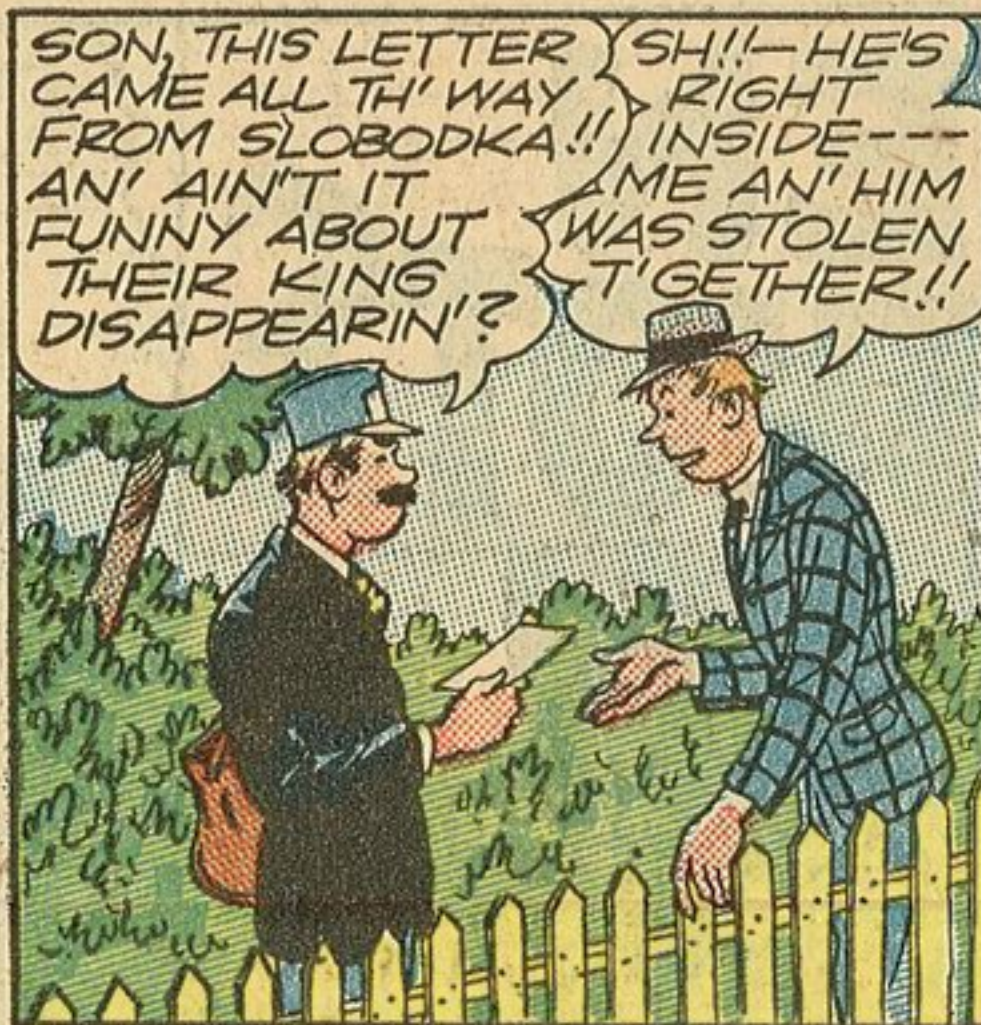


YES--WHAT IS \$3,000,000--OH SAY, BORIS--IT'S LUNCH TIME--CAN YOU LET ME HAVE 15¢ 'TIL WE GET OUR CHECKS FROM SLOBODKA?





THE KIDNAPPERS AWAIT A REPLY FROM SLOBODKA—THEN ONE DAY—
LOOK!!—A MAILMAN—
AN' HE'S COMIN'
THIS WAY
TOO!



SON, THIS LETTER SH!!—HE'S
CAME ALL TH' WAY RIGHT
FROM SLOBODKA!! INSIDE—
AN' AIN'T IT ME AN' HIM
FUNNY ABOUT WAS STOLEN
THEIR KING T'GETHER!!
DISAPPEARIN'?



WHAT?? AN' THEY'RE HOLDIN'
YA HERE, EH? WELL, HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE---
C'MON, GO ALONG
WITH ME RIGHT
NOW!

HUH??



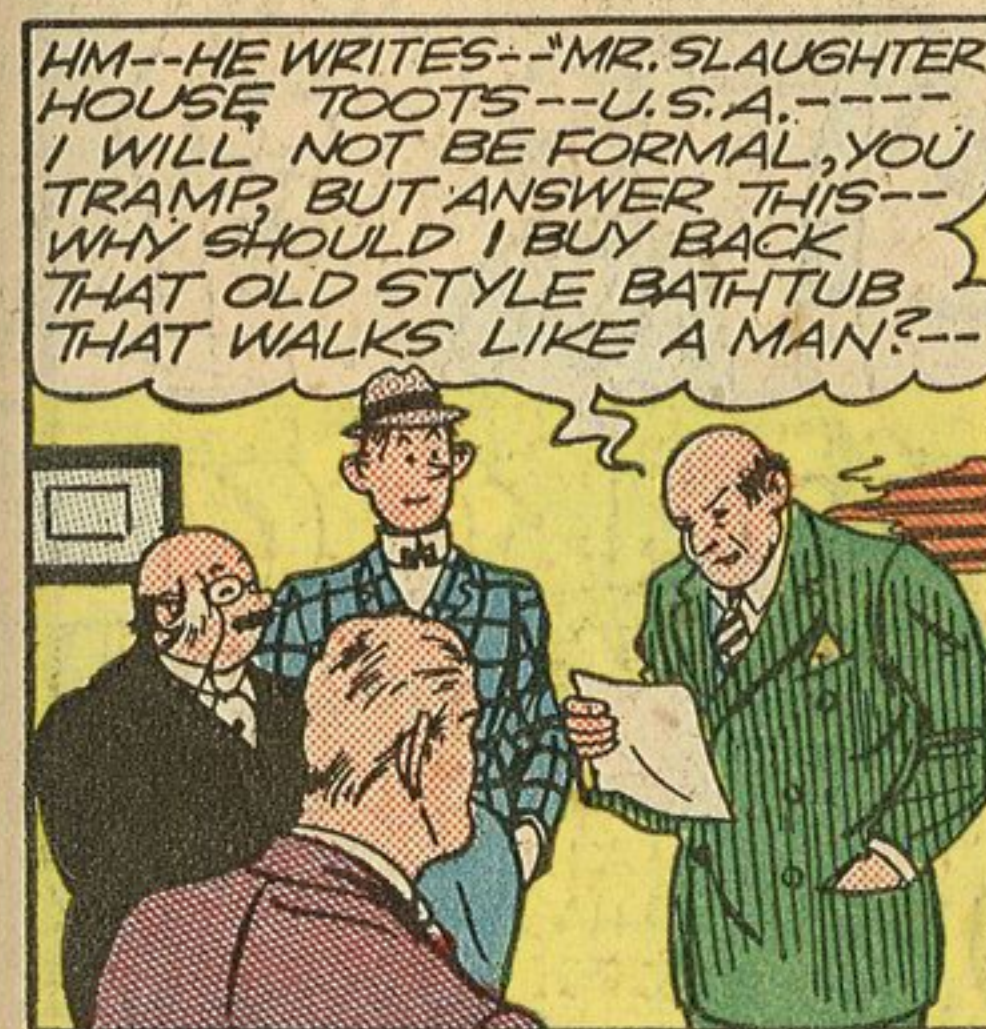
OH NO!! THAT WOULDN'T BE
RIGHT--Y'SEE I'M SUPPOSED
T'BE KIDNAPPED, AN' IT'S
REALLY LOTS A FUN HERE---
AN' THESE MEN HAVE WORKED
AWFUL HARD TAKIN' CARE
OF US--NO-I CAN'T
DO IT!



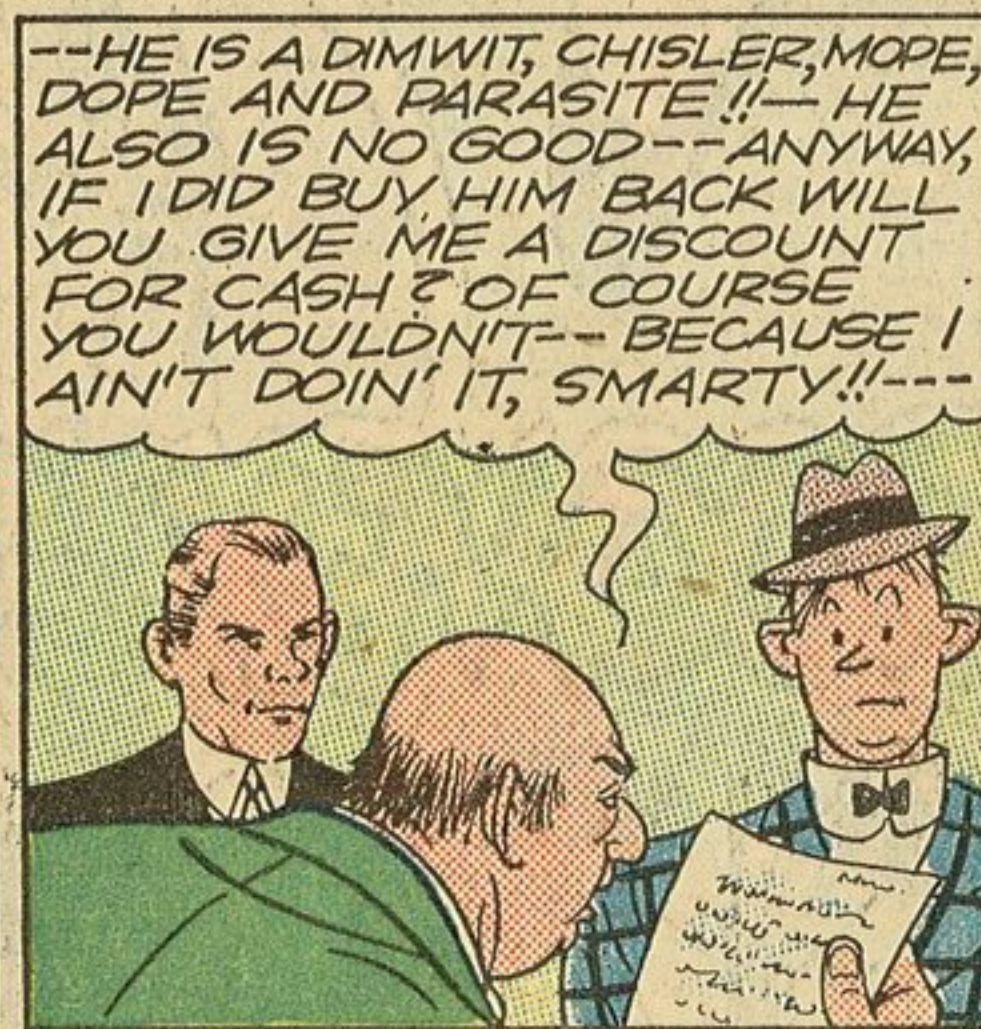
HMM--WELL, GOOD BYE--AN'
WHEN I PASS HERE GOSH
AGAIN DON'T BE NO--I'M
RUNNIN' OUT AN' NOT MR.
SAYIN' YER NAPOLTEON
NAPOLEON!!



WOW!! IT'S THE ANSWER FROM
THE CHANCELLOR OF SLOBODKA
--QUICK!!-- WHAT
DOES IT SAY--
GIMME----



HM--HE WRITES--"MR. SLAUGHTER
HOUSE TOOTS--U.S.A.----
I WILL NOT BE FORMAL, YOU
TRAMP, BUT ANSWER THIS--
WHY SHOULD I BUY BACK
THAT OLD STYLE BATHTUB
THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN?--



--HE IS A DIMWIT, CHISLER, MOPE,
DOPE AND PARASITE!!-- HE
ALSO IS NO GOOD--ANYWAY,
IF I DID BUY HIM BACK WILL
YOU GIVE ME A DISCOUNT
FOR CASH? OF COURSE
YOU WOULDN'T-- BECAUSE I
AIN'T DOIN' IT, SMARTY!!----

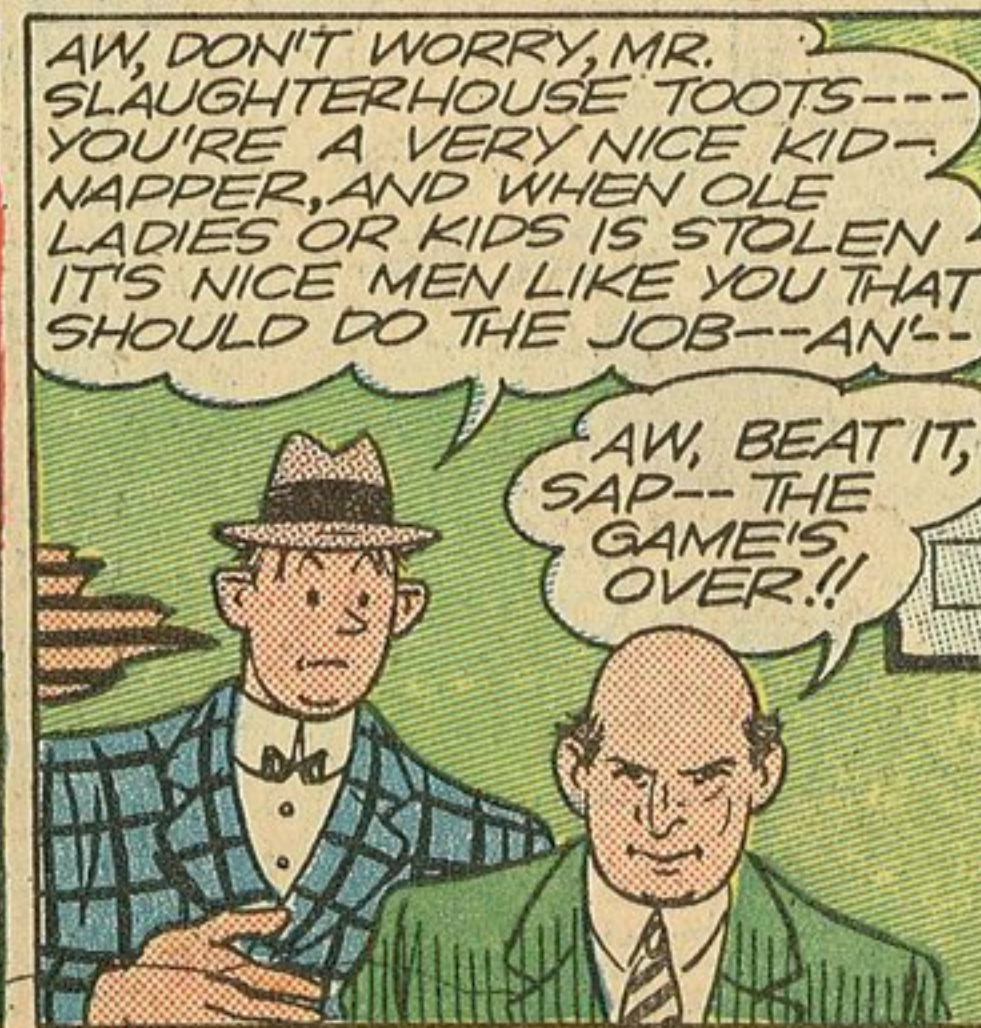


SO, YOU ARE STUCK WITH HIM
---AND THE ONLY WAY YOU
CAN TURN HIM INTO READY
CASH WILL BE TO HIRE HIM
OUT AS A WRESTLER!!

THIS ISN'T THE ROYAL
SEAL, BUMS--- IT'S
JUST A SMUDGE
FROM MY THUMB!!
"IRON MIKE"
CHANCELLOR OF SLOBODKA

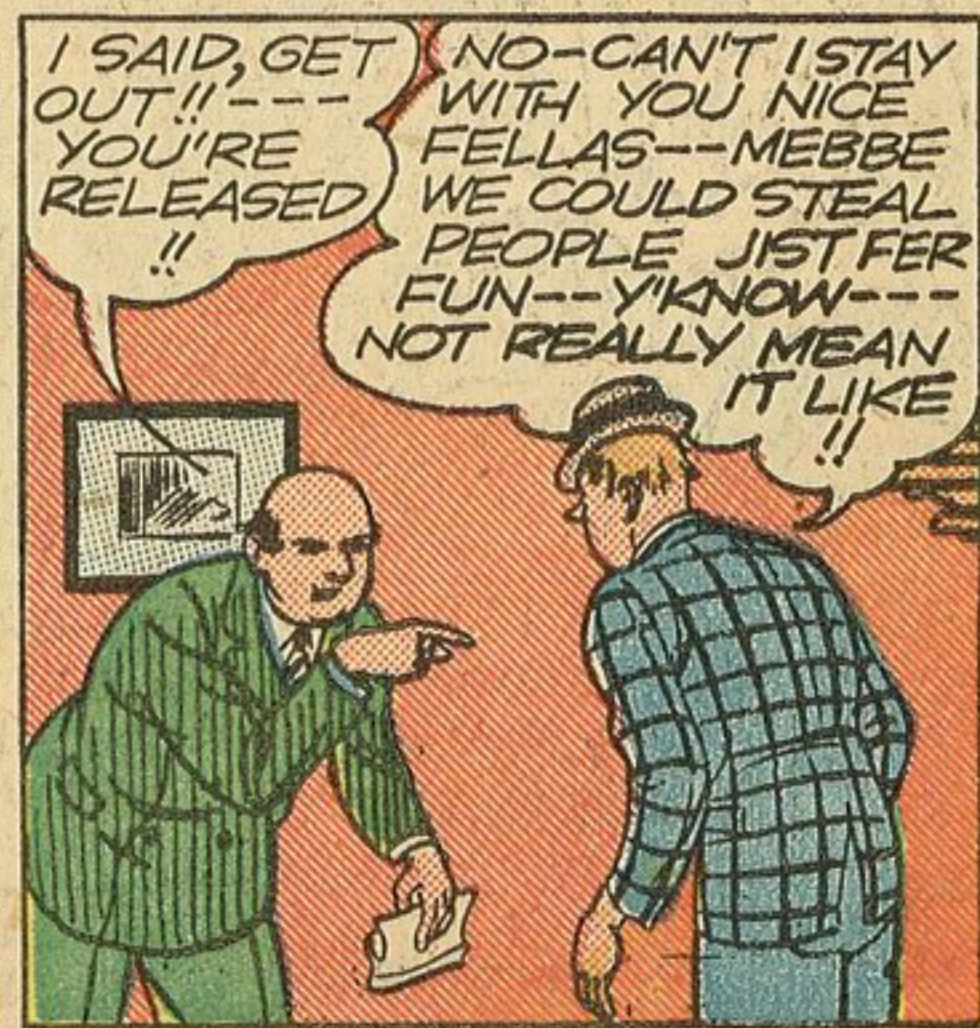


WHAT?? SO HE DON'T WANT
YA, EH? THIS'S A FINE
THING YOU TWO HAVE
DONE T'IME!! AN'
ME ALWAYS TRYIN'
T'TREAT YOU LIKE
A GENTLEMAN---



AW, DON'T WORRY, MR.
SLAUGHTERHOUSE TOOTS---
YOU'RE A VERY NICE KID-
NAPPER, AND WHEN OLE
LADIES OR KIDS IS STOLEN
IT'S NICE MEN LIKE YOU THAT
SHOULD DO THE JOB--AN--

AW, BEAT IT,
SAP-- THE
GAME'S
OVER!!



I SAID, GET
OUT!!---
YOU'RE
RELEASED
!!

NO--CAN'T I STAY
WITH YOU NICE
FELLAS---MEBBE
WE COULD STEAL
PEOPLE JIST FER
FUN--Y'KNOW---
NOT REALLY MEAN
IT LIKE
!!

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS



MICKEY ROONEY

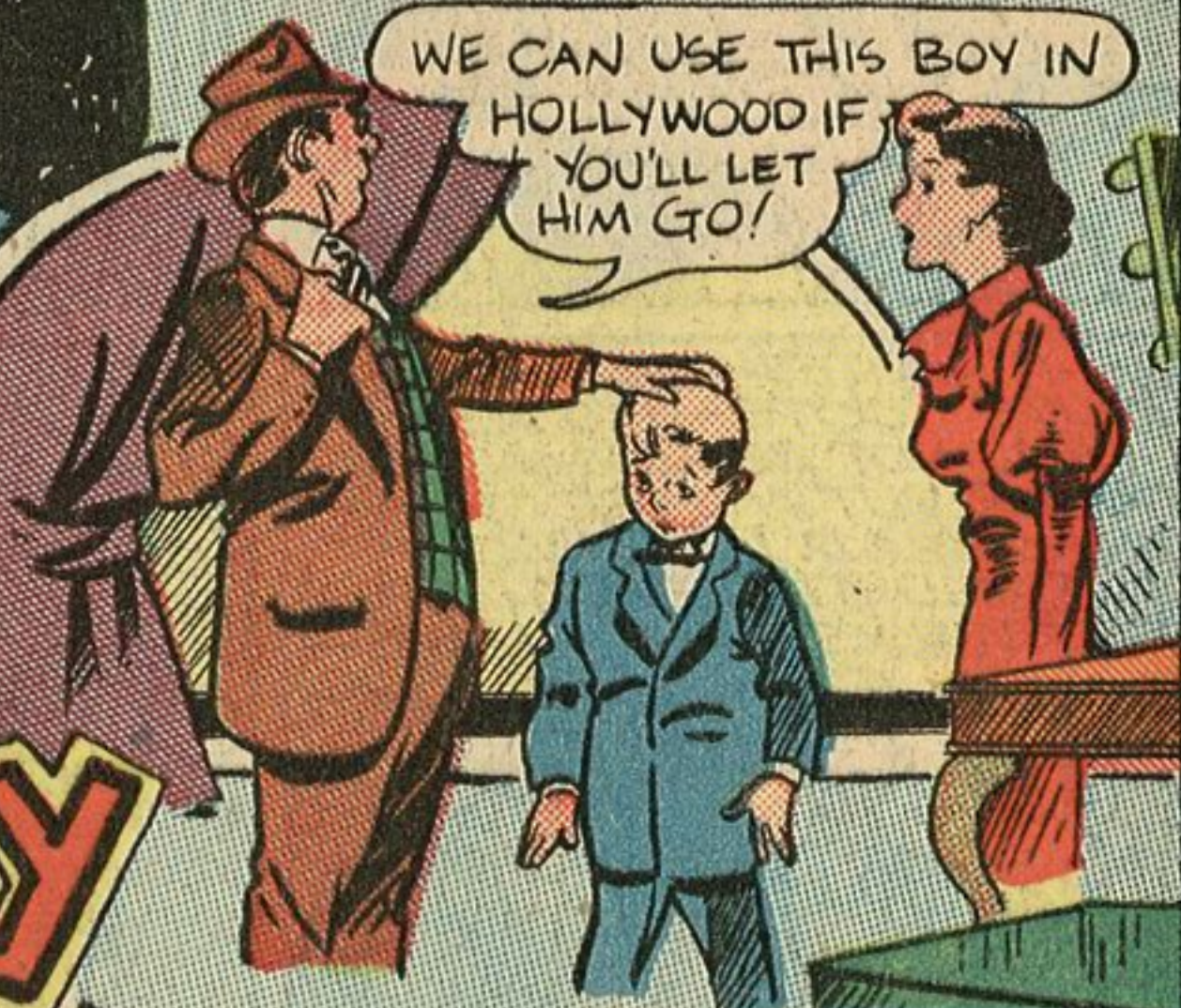
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. YULE, IT'S A BOY!

THAT WAIT WAS TOUGHER THAN A FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE!



1. MICKEY ROONEY—HIS REAL NAME IS JOE YULE JR.—WAS BORN IN A BROOKLYN THEATRE WHERE HIS PARENTS WERE ENGAGED IN VAUDEVILLE. HE WAS ELEVEN MONTHS OLD WHEN HE MADE HIS DEBUT WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER...

WE CAN USE THIS BOY IN HOLLYWOOD IF YOU'LL LET HIM GO!



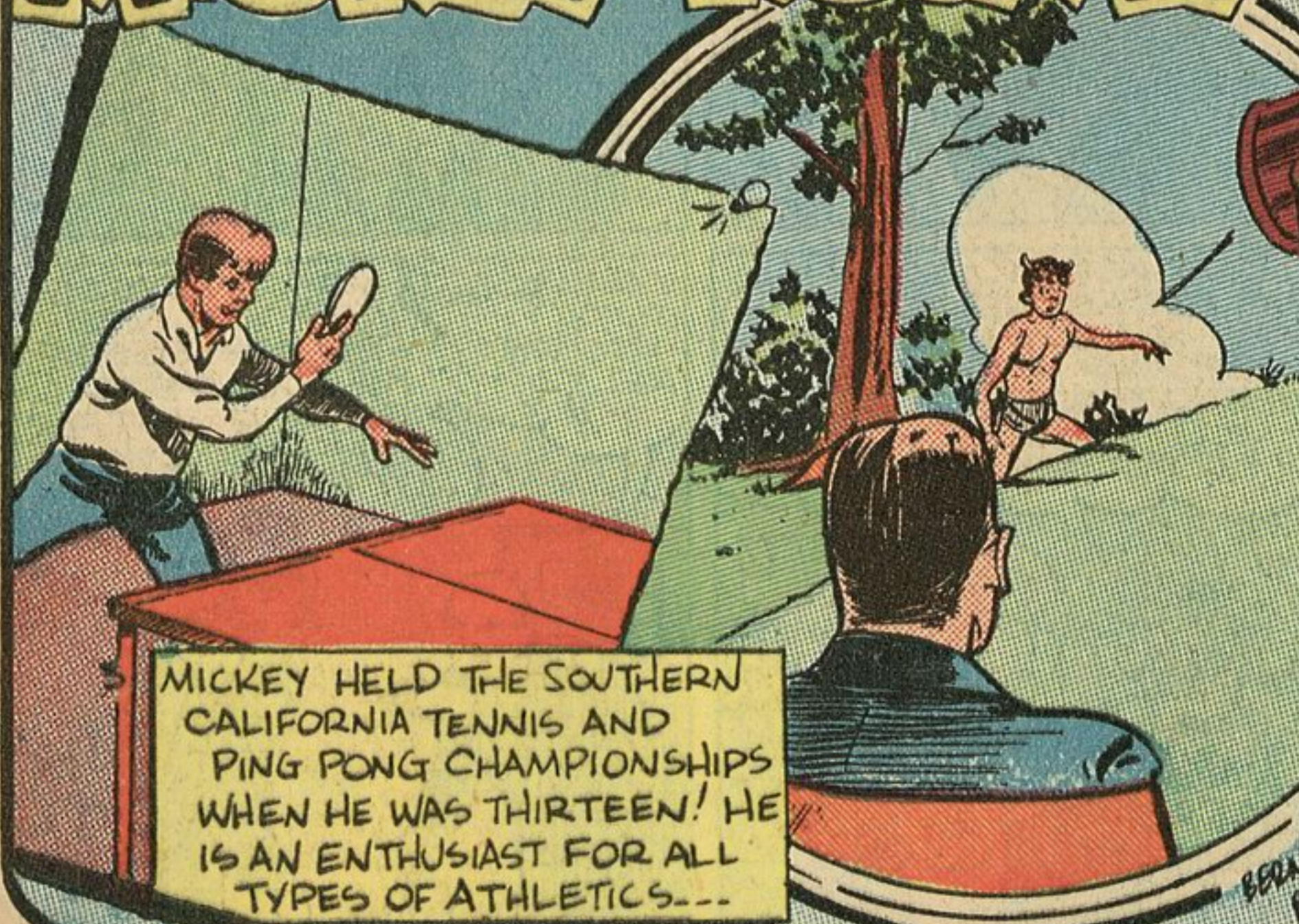
2 WHEN HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD HE SIGNED A HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT, AND HAS WORKED THERE EVER SINCE...

4 HE IS ALWAYS A CRITIC'S FAVORITE. HIS PORTRAYAL OF "PUCK" IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" WAS THE BEST BIT OF ACTING THAT SEASON.



5. HE HAS WRITTEN MANY SONGS AND SOME DAY HOPES TO LEAD AND PLAY THE DRUMS IN HIS OWN BAND.

3 MICKEY HELD THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TENNIS AND PING PONG CHAMPIONSHIPS WHEN HE WAS THIRTEEN! HE IS AN ENTHUSIAST FOR ALL TYPES OF ATHLETICS...

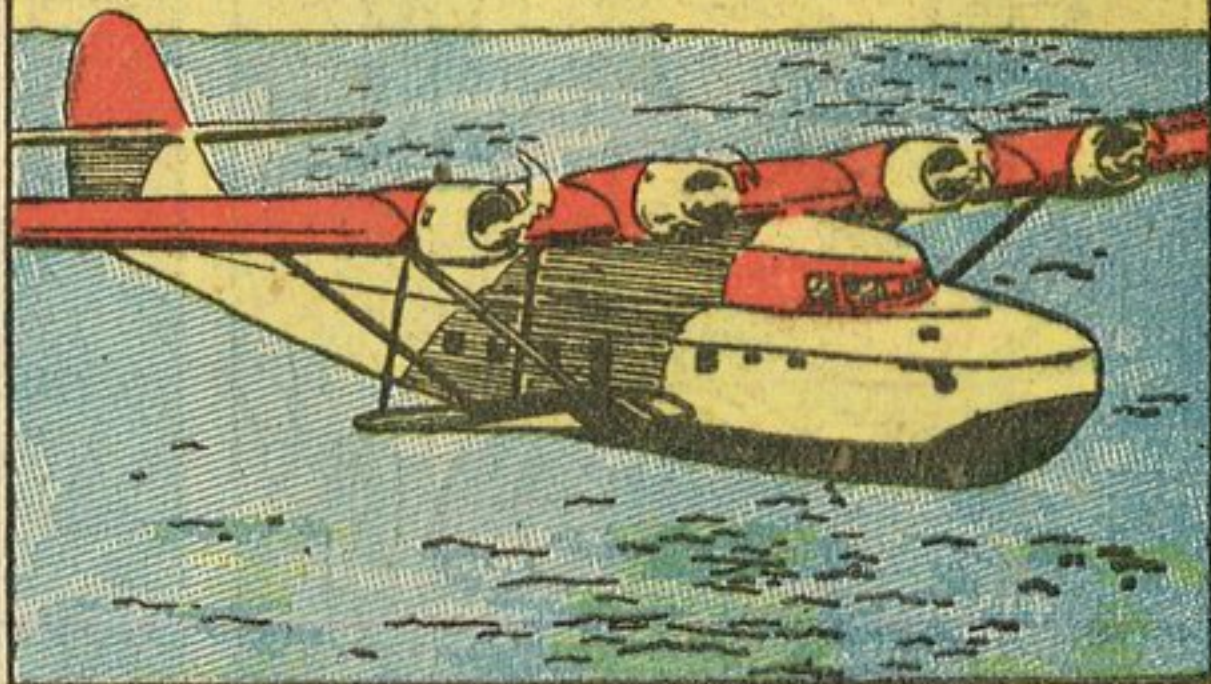


BERNARD BAILY

WINGS WENDALL

OF THE
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

A GIANT CLIPPER SHIP DRONES OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC ON ITS REGULAR TRANS-OCEANIC FLIGHT... NONE OF ITS PASSENGERS WERE AWARE OF THE TRAGEDY THEY WERE SOON TO MEET.



SUDDENLY, THE FIRST OFFICER, SCANNING THE WAVES BELOW, SAW IT...

LOOK! DOWN THERE - A SHIP ON FIRE!



IT IS FLYING A DISTRESS SIGNAL - THE CREW MUST BE IMPERILED -- LAND THE PLANE AT ONCE!!



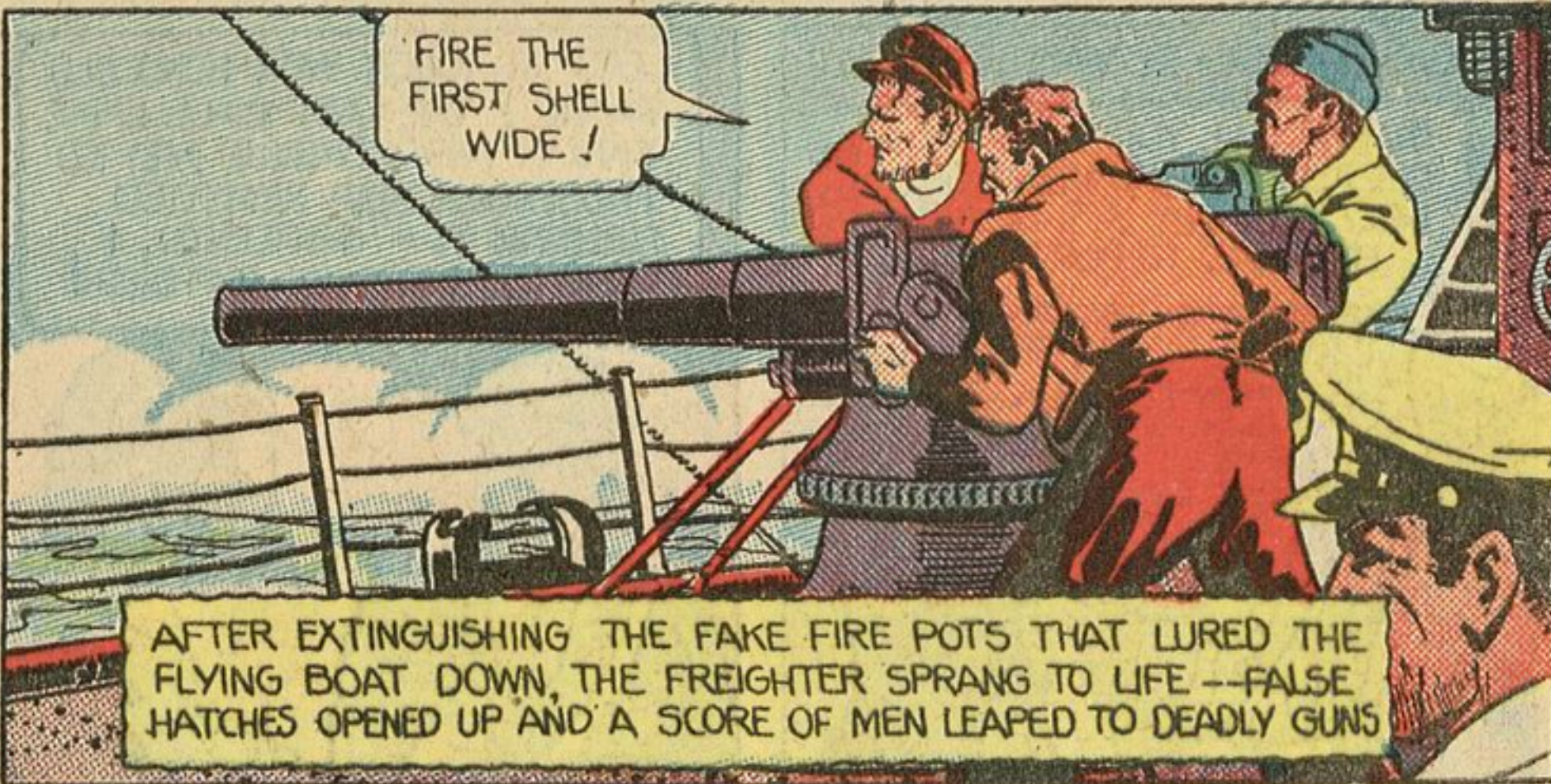
SHE'S COMING DOWN - GOOD! WHEN THEY ARE IN RANGE WE GO TO WORK -- THERE MUST BE NO SLIP!



SIR, THEY ARE SETTING UP GUNS ABOARD THAT SHIP!!



FIRE THE FIRST SHELL WIDE!



AFTER EXTINGUISHING THE FAKE FIRE POTS THAT LURED THE FLYING BOAT DOWN, THE FREIGHTER SPRANG TO LIFE -- FALSE HATCHES OPENED UP AND A SCORE OF MEN LEAPED TO DEADLY GUNS

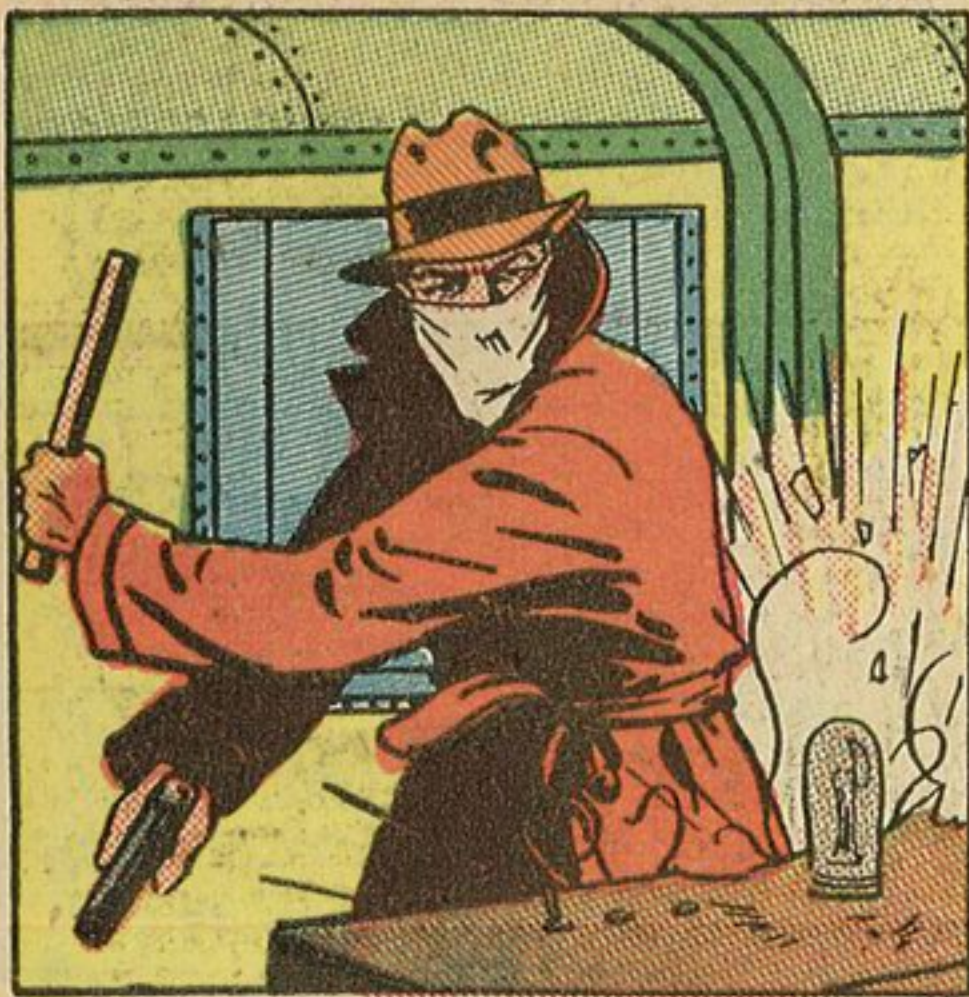
LOOK OUT!



IN DESPERATION, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR LEAPED TO FLASH AN S.O.S.

BUT HIS FINGERS NEVER REACHED THE KEYBOARD WHEN A HUGE FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE PASSENGERS' QUARTERS

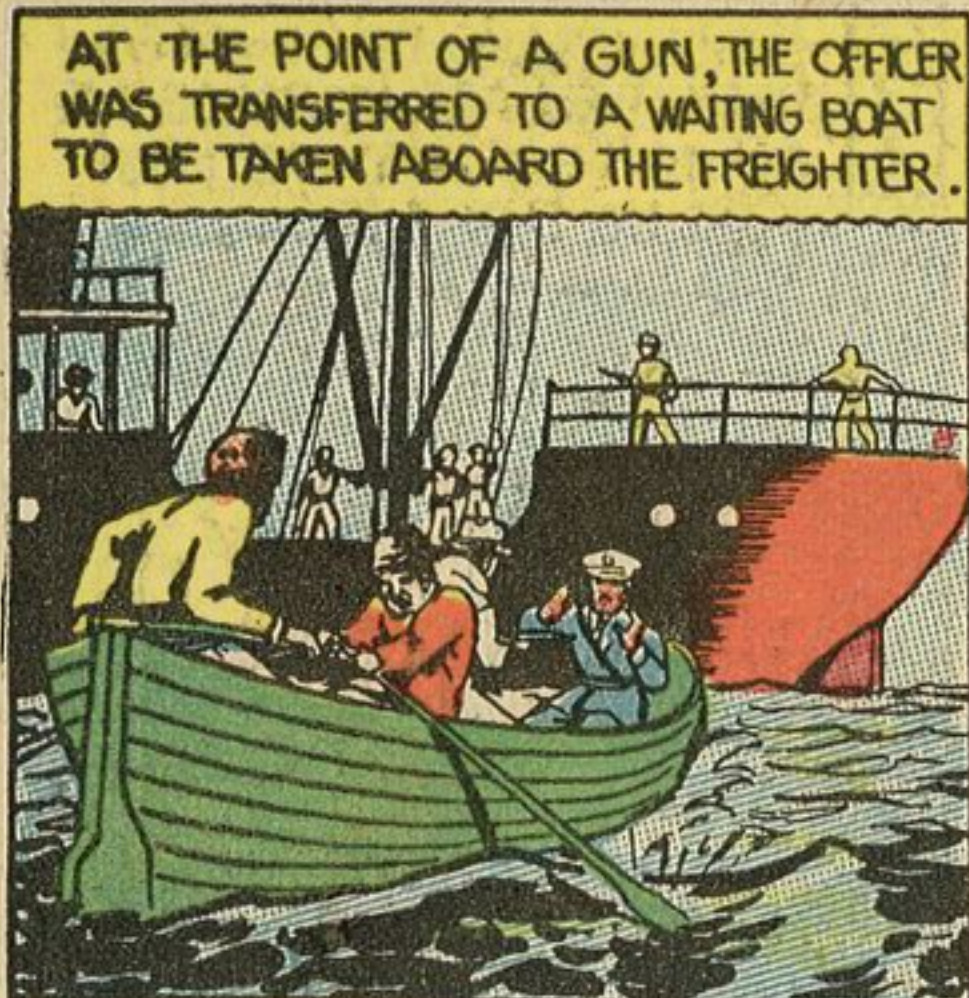




ONLY ONE MAN ABOARD THE CLIPPER KNEW THE REASON FOR THIS RASH ACTION... THAT IS WHY MAJOR DRAKE OF THE U.S. ARMY WAS NERVOUSLY DESTROYING CERTAIN PAPERS...



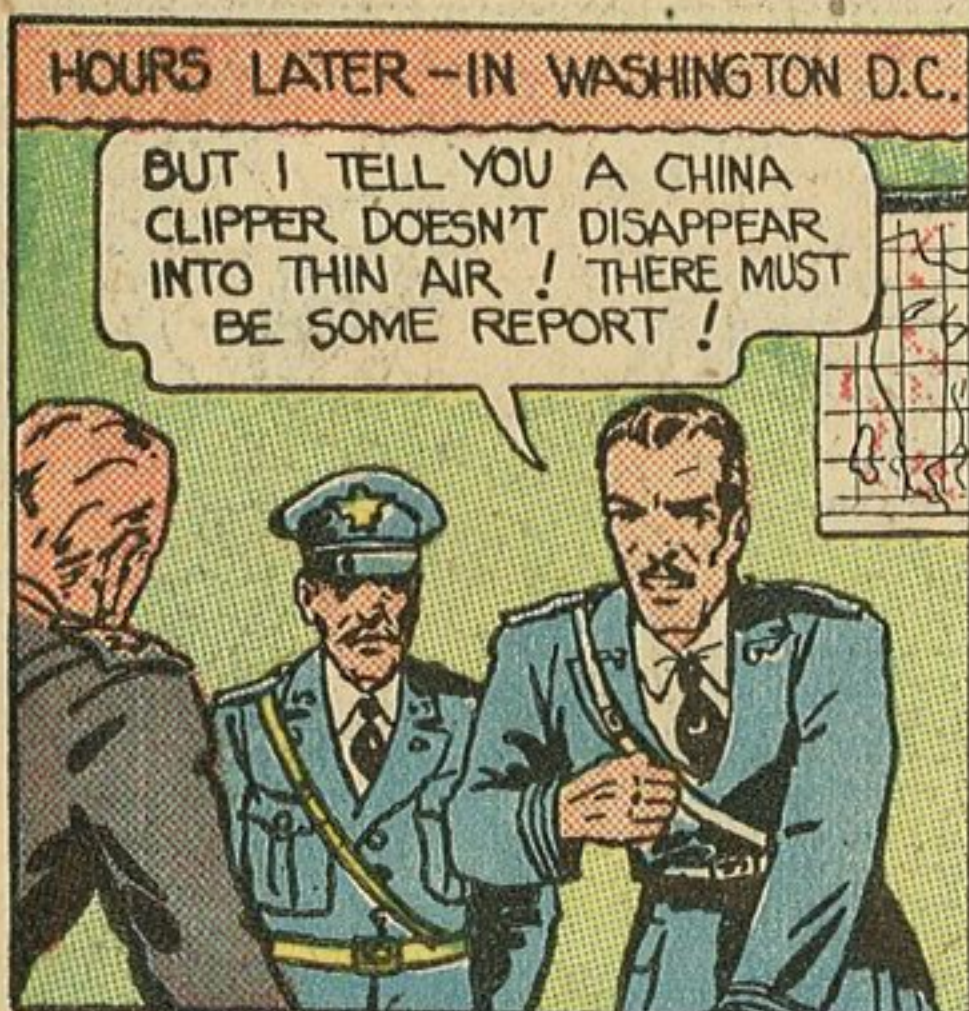
YOU WILL PLEASE COME WITH ME!



AT THE POINT OF A GUN, THE OFFICER WAS TRANSFERRED TO A WAITING BOAT TO BE TAKEN ABOARD THE FREIGHTER.



NOW - DESTROY THAT PLANE AND DON'T LEAVE A TRACE!

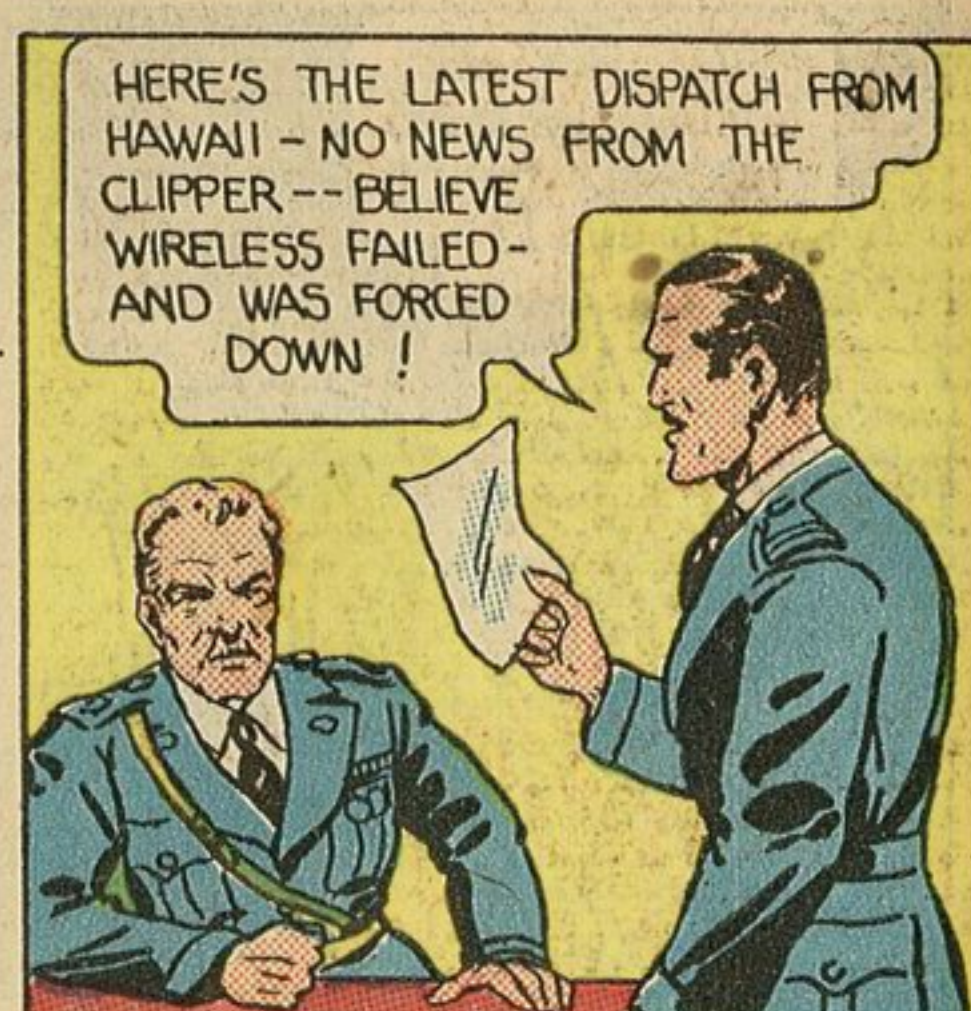


HOURS LATER - IN WASHINGTON D.C.

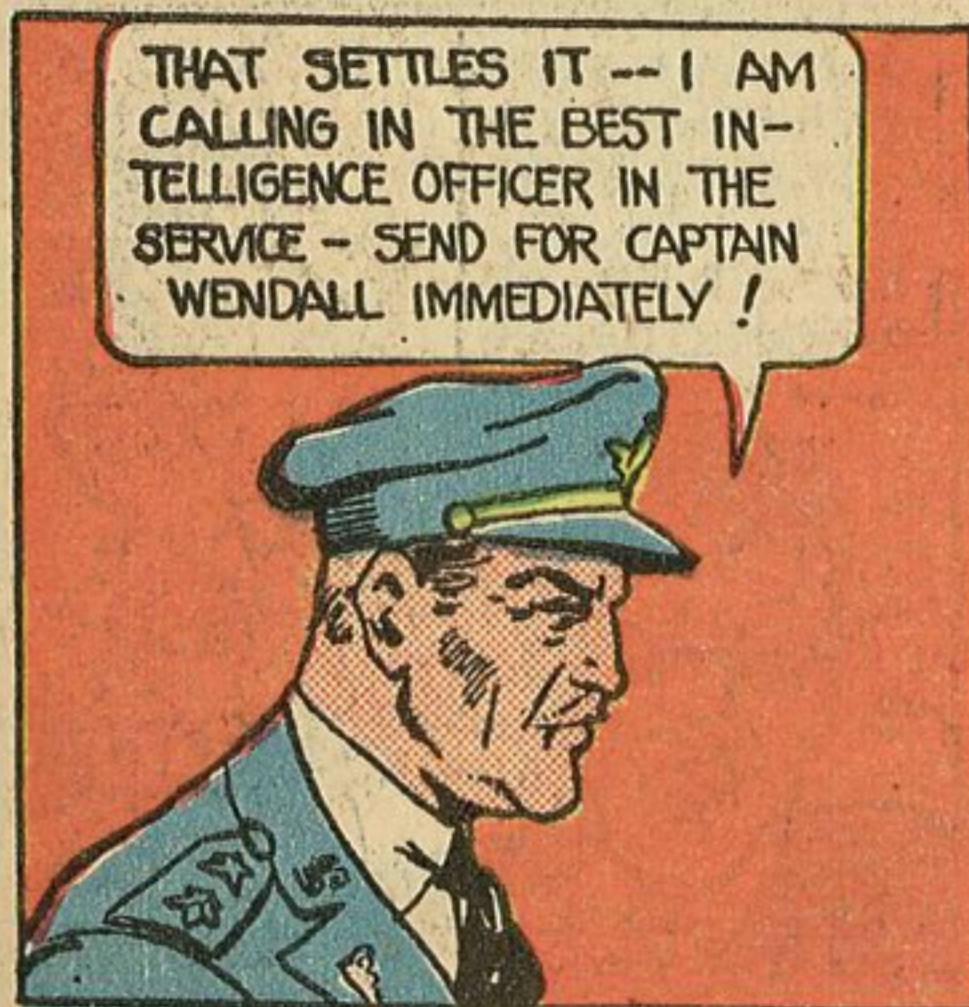
BUT I TELL YOU A CHINA CLIPPER DOESN'T DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR! THERE MUST BE SOME REPORT!



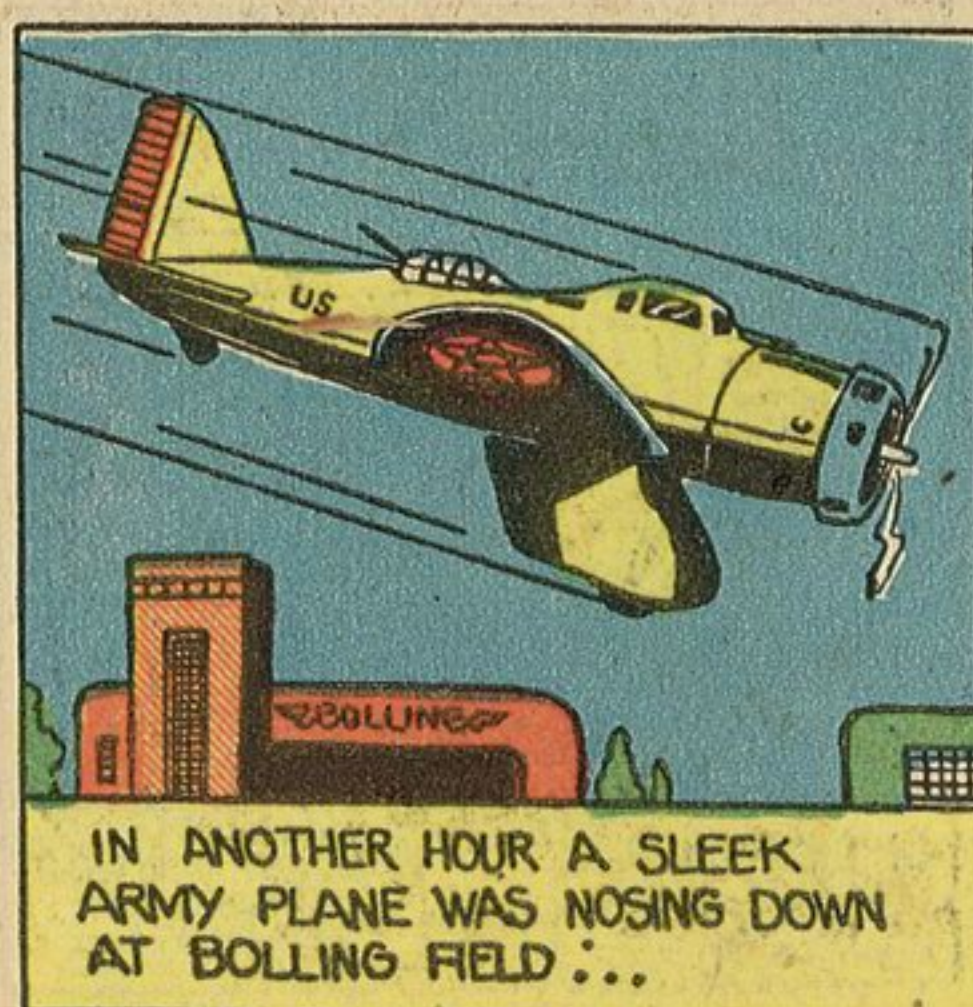
GET IN TOUCH WITH HONOLULU AGAIN! THE LAST CALL CAME EARLY THIS MORNING AND NO PASSENGER SHIP REPORTED SIGHTING IT - GENTLEMEN, I FEAR THE WORST HAS HAPPENED!



HERE'S THE LATEST DISPATCH FROM HAWAII - NO NEWS FROM THE CLIPPER -- BELIEVE WIRELESS FAILED - AND WAS FORCED DOWN!



THAT SETTLES IT -- I AM CALLING IN THE BEST INTELLIGENCE OFFICER IN THE SERVICE - SEND FOR CAPTAIN WENDALL IMMEDIATELY!

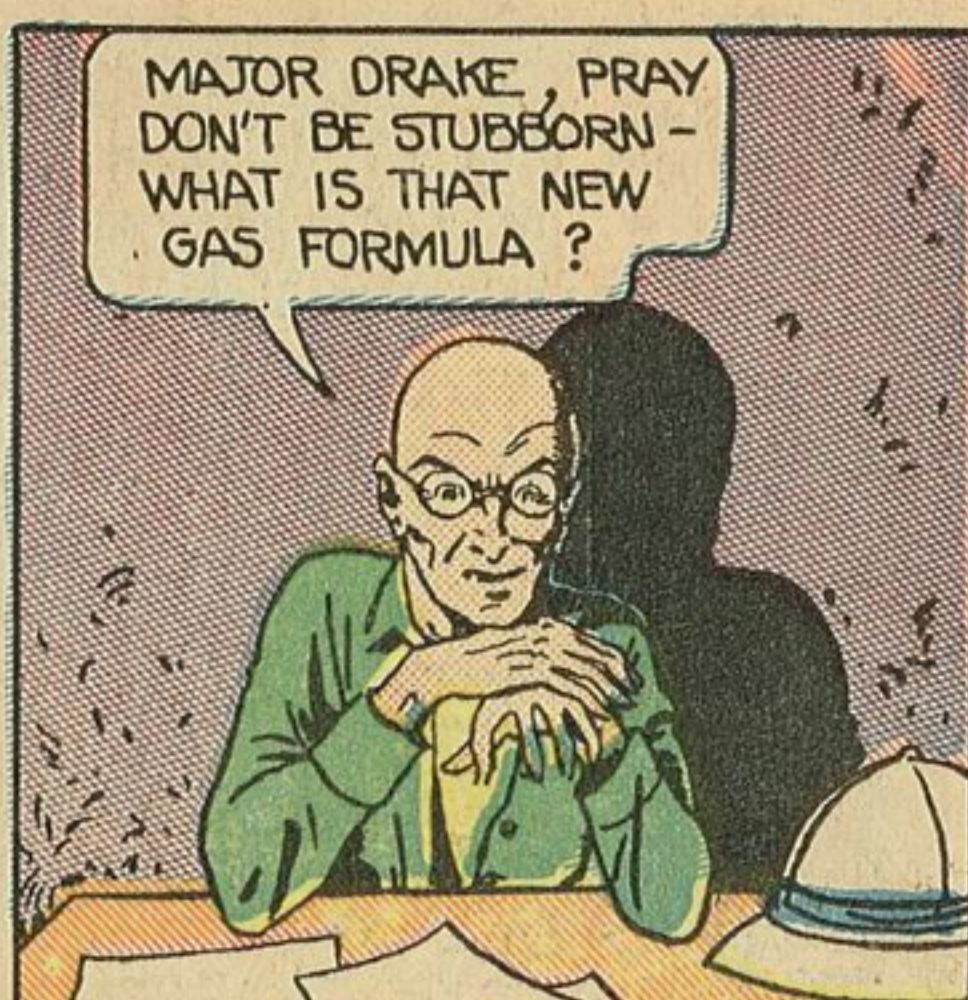
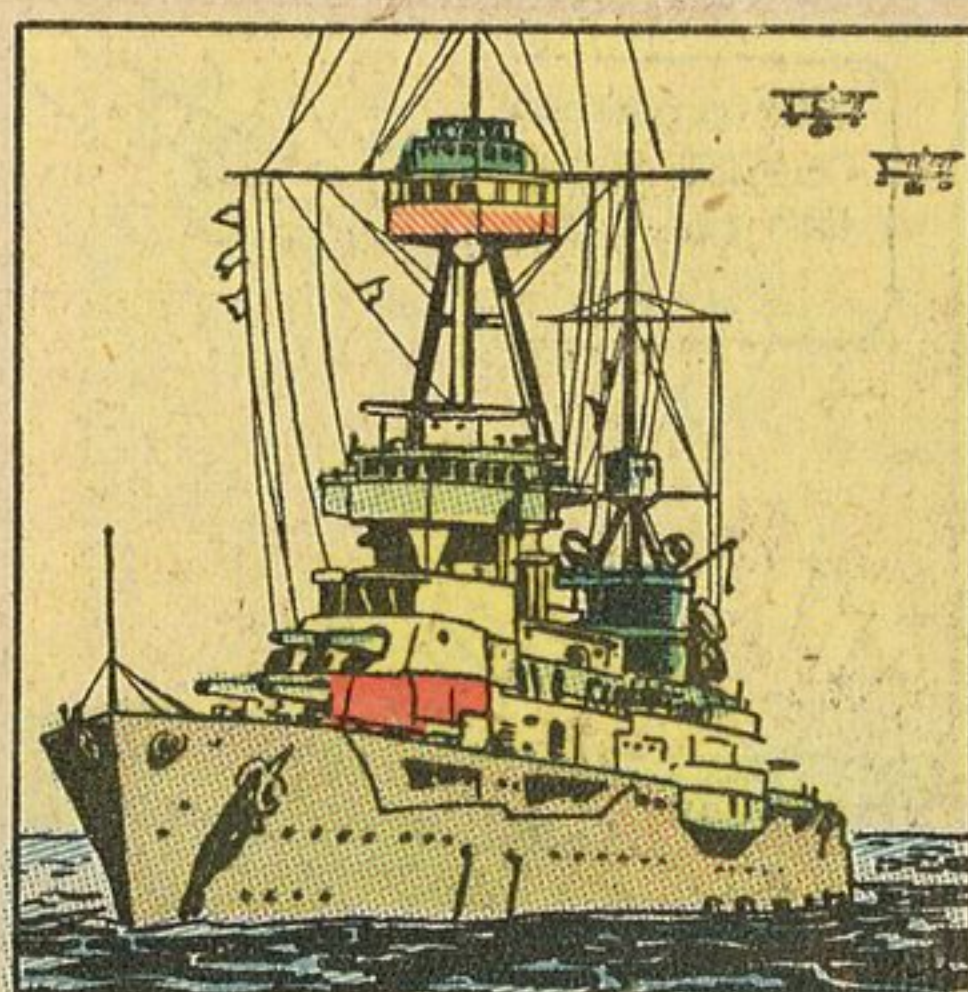
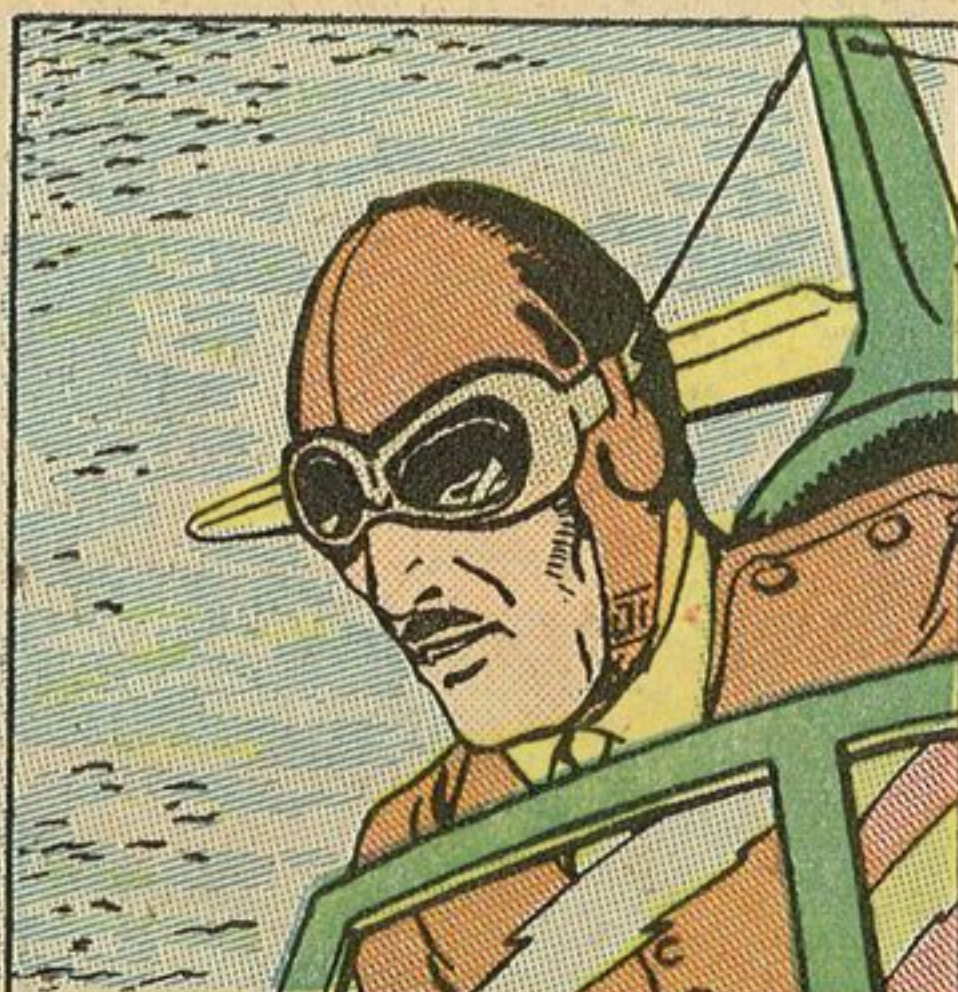
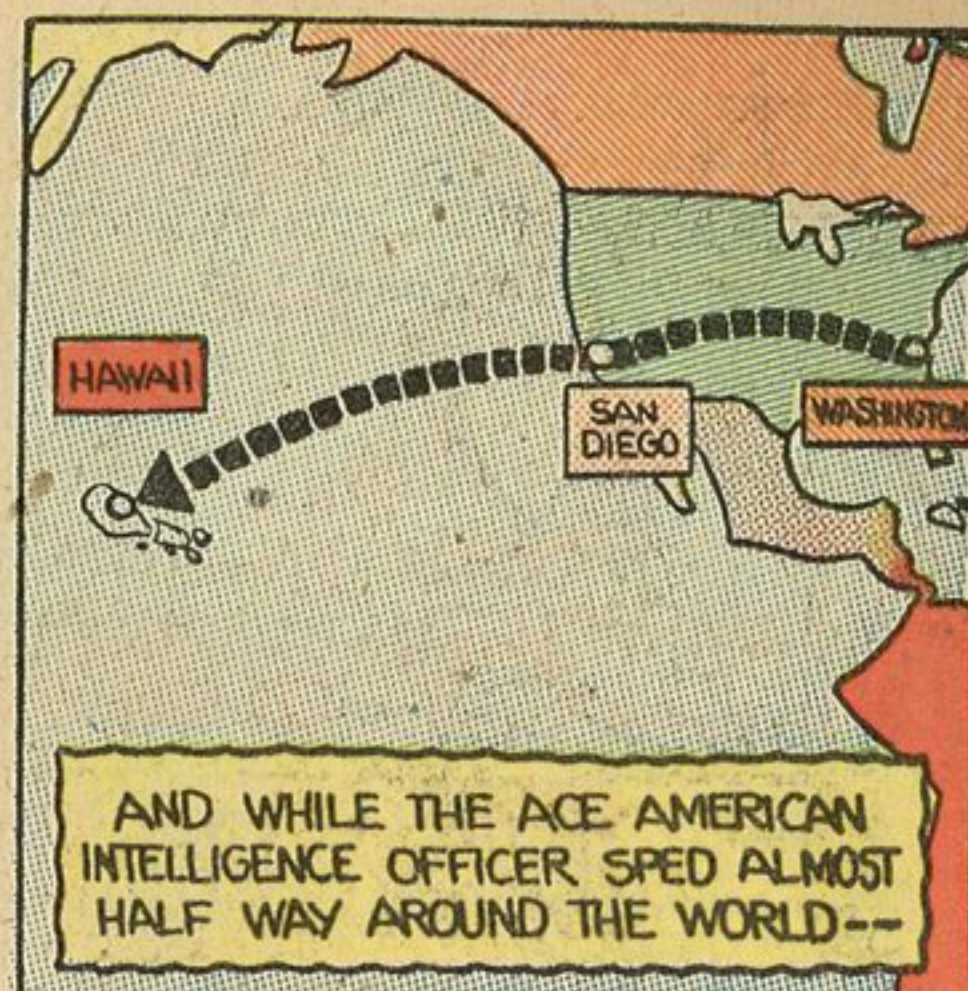
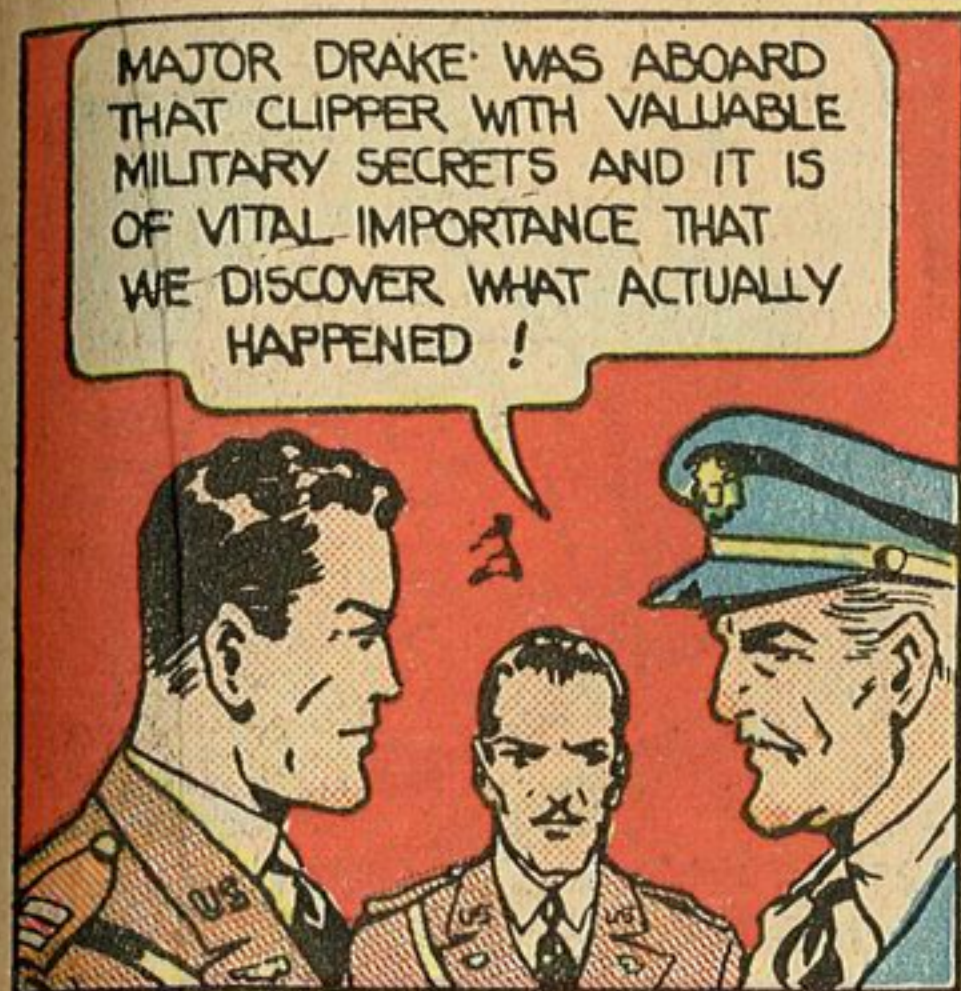


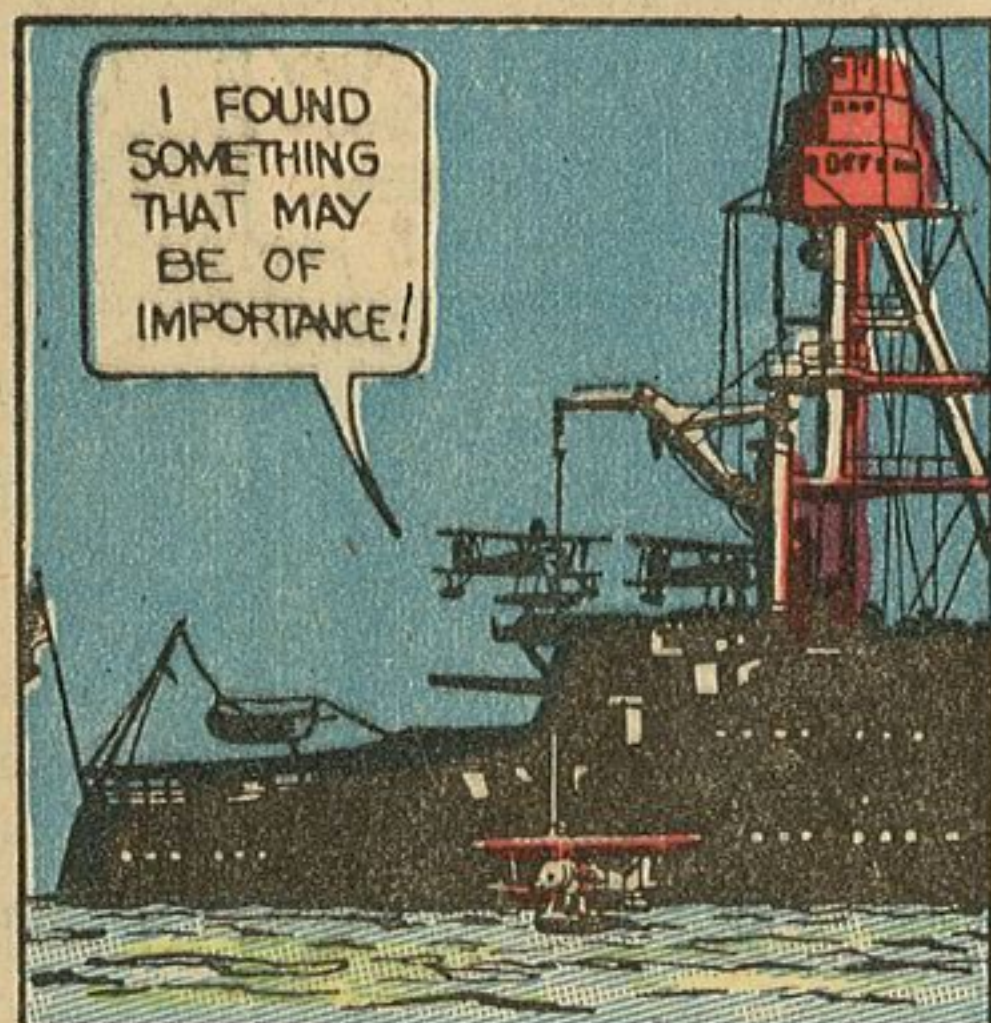
IN ANOTHER HOUR A SLEEK ARMY PLANE WAS NOSING DOWN AT BOLLING FIELD...

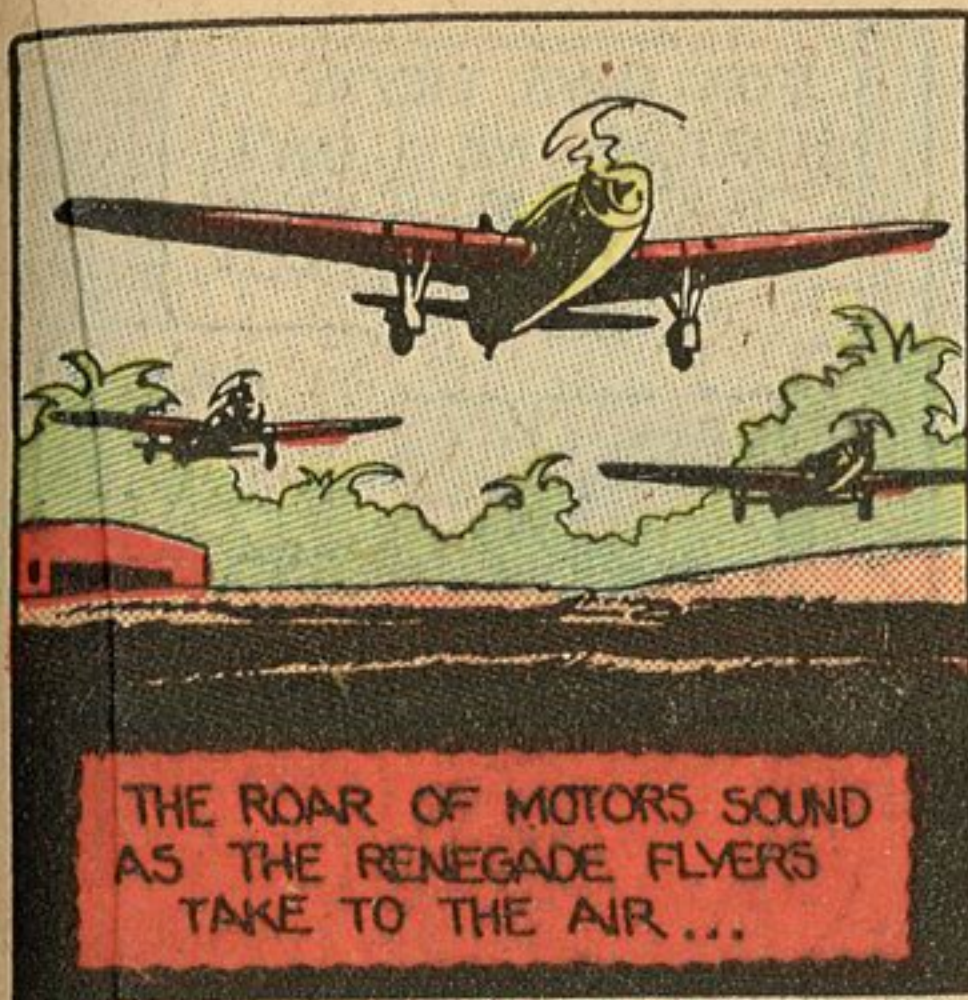


REPORT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT, SIR!

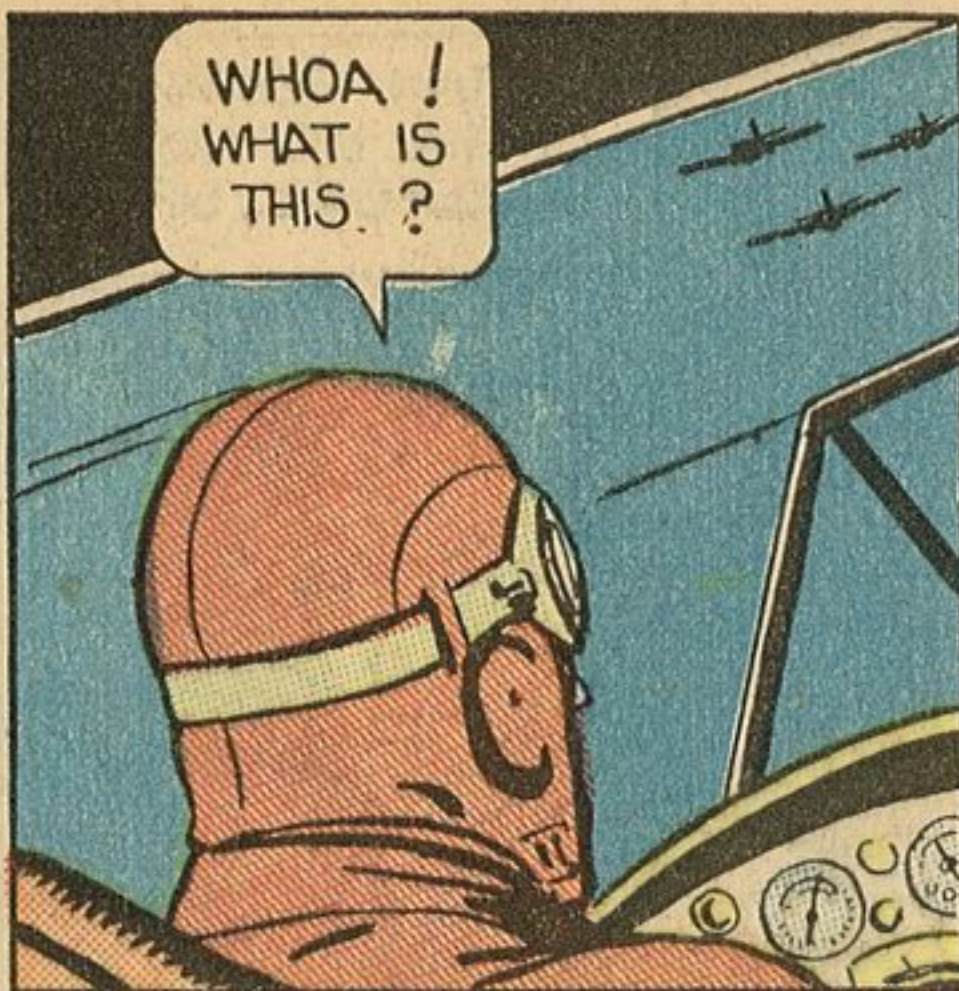
RIGHT!



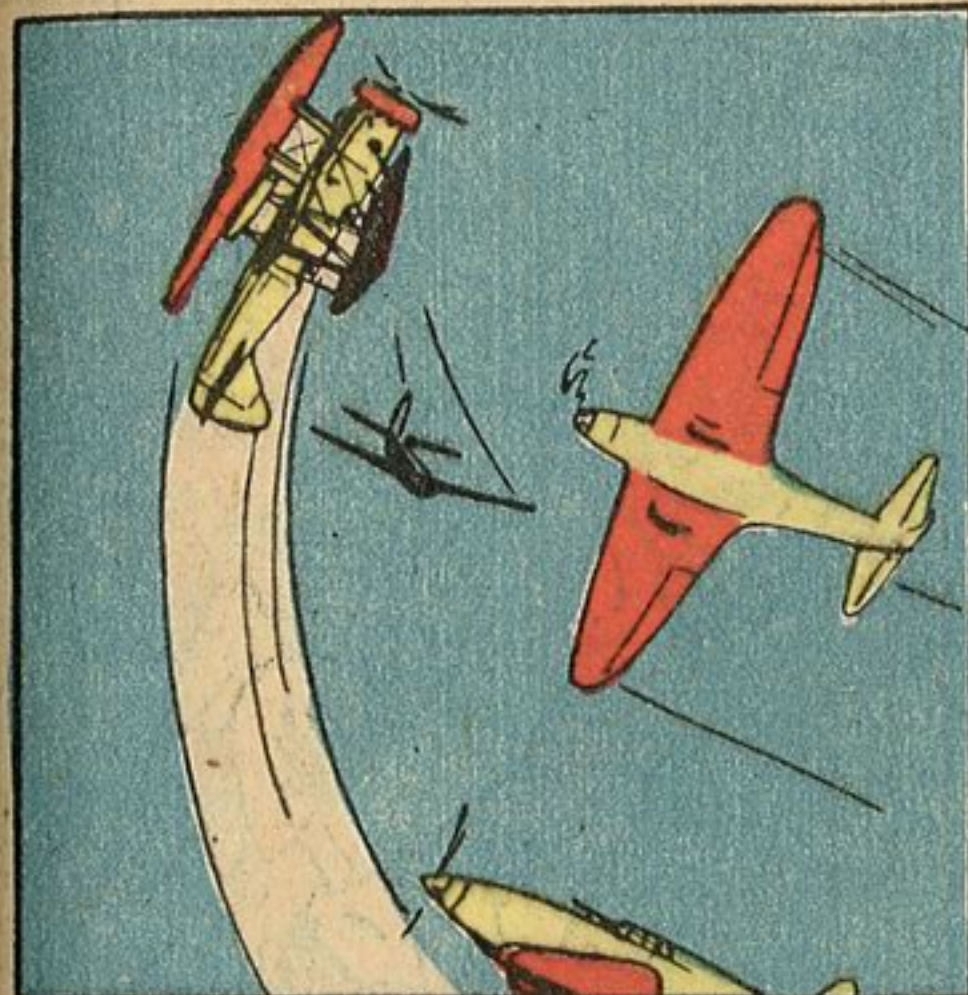
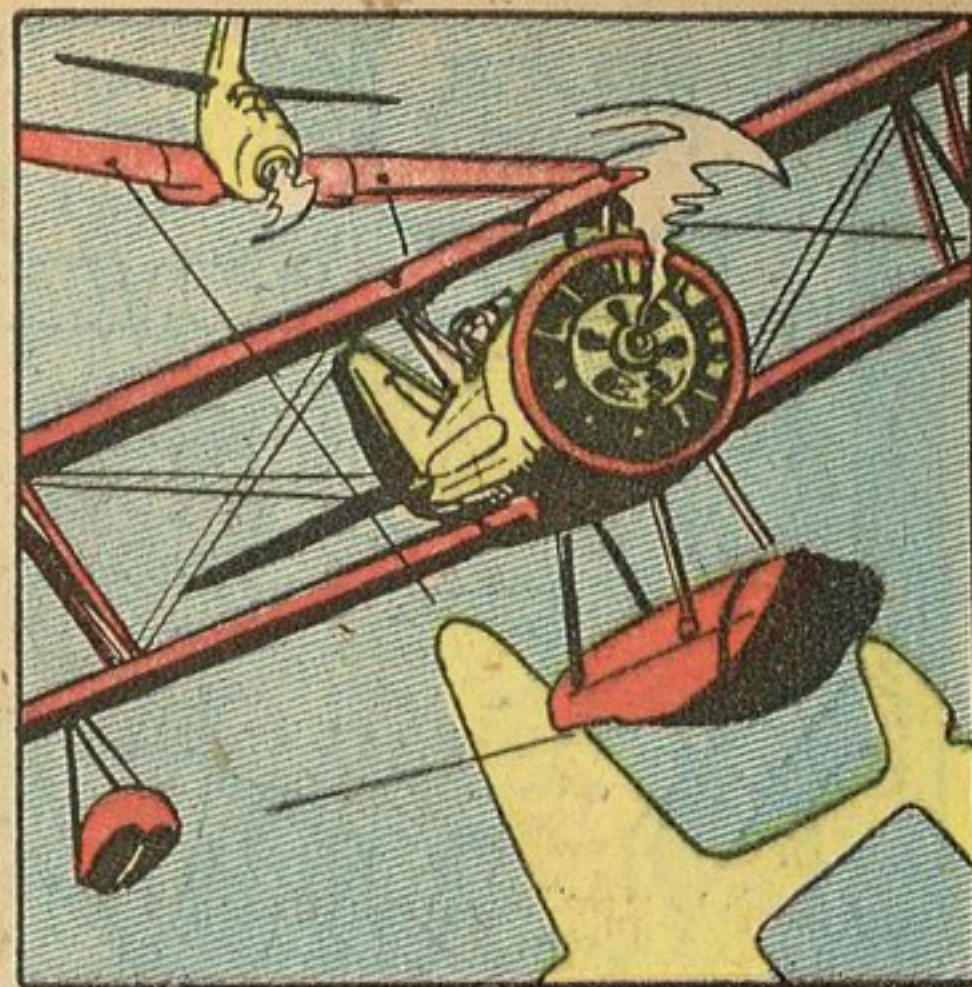




THE ROAR OF MOTORS SOUND
AS THE RENEGADE FLYERS
TAKE TO THE AIR...



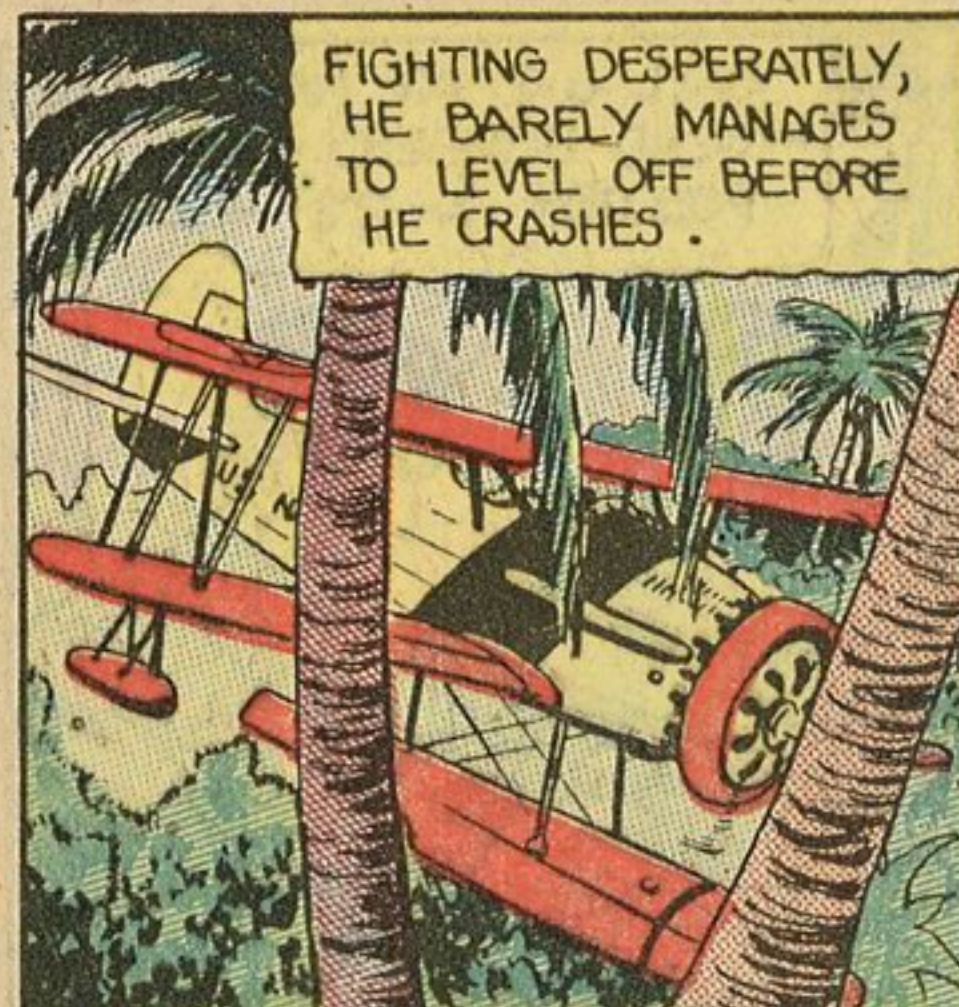
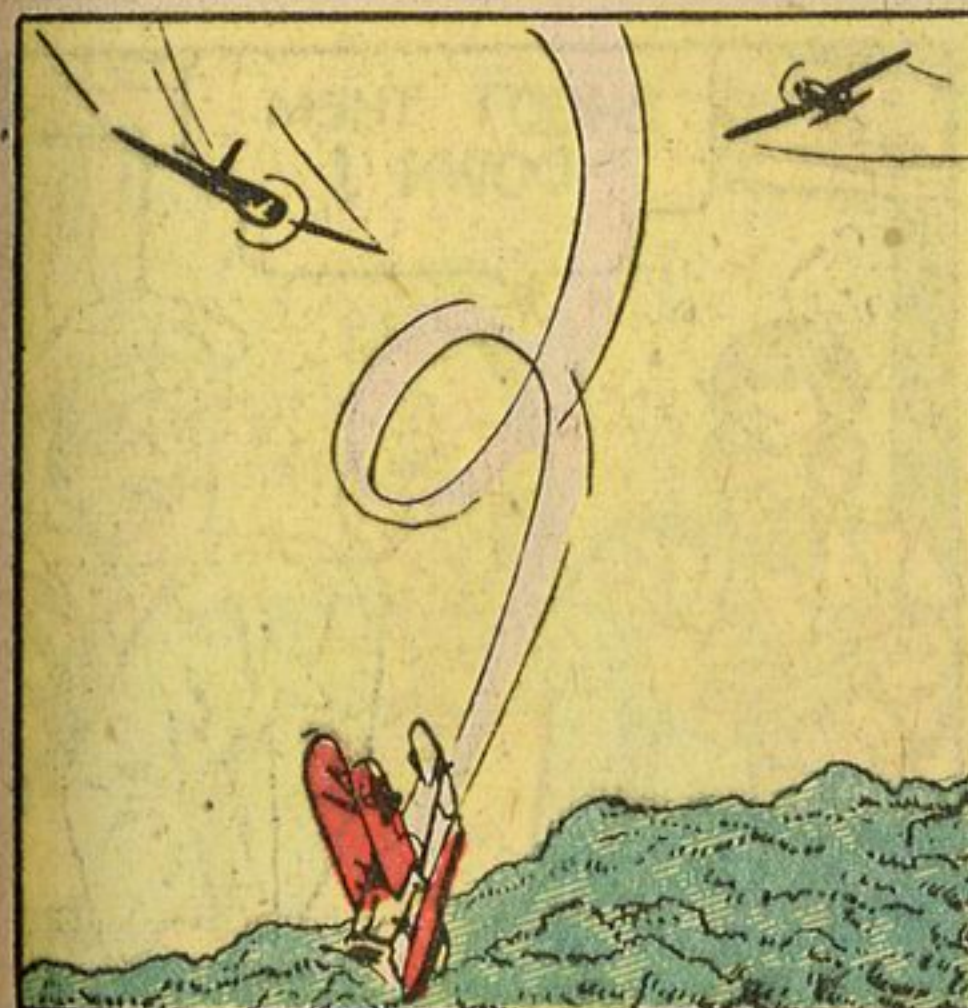
WHOA!
WHAT IS
THIS?!



COMING OUT OF A LOOP,
WENDALL SENDS A HAIL OF
LEAD INTO AN ENEMY PLANE
TURNING IT INTO A FLAMING
DEATH TRAP...



A DEADLY CROSSFIRE FROM THE
REMAINING PLANES SENDS WINGS
DOWN OUT OF CONTROL...



FIGHTING DESPERATELY,
HE BARELY MANAGES
TO LEVEL OFF BEFORE
HE CRASHES.

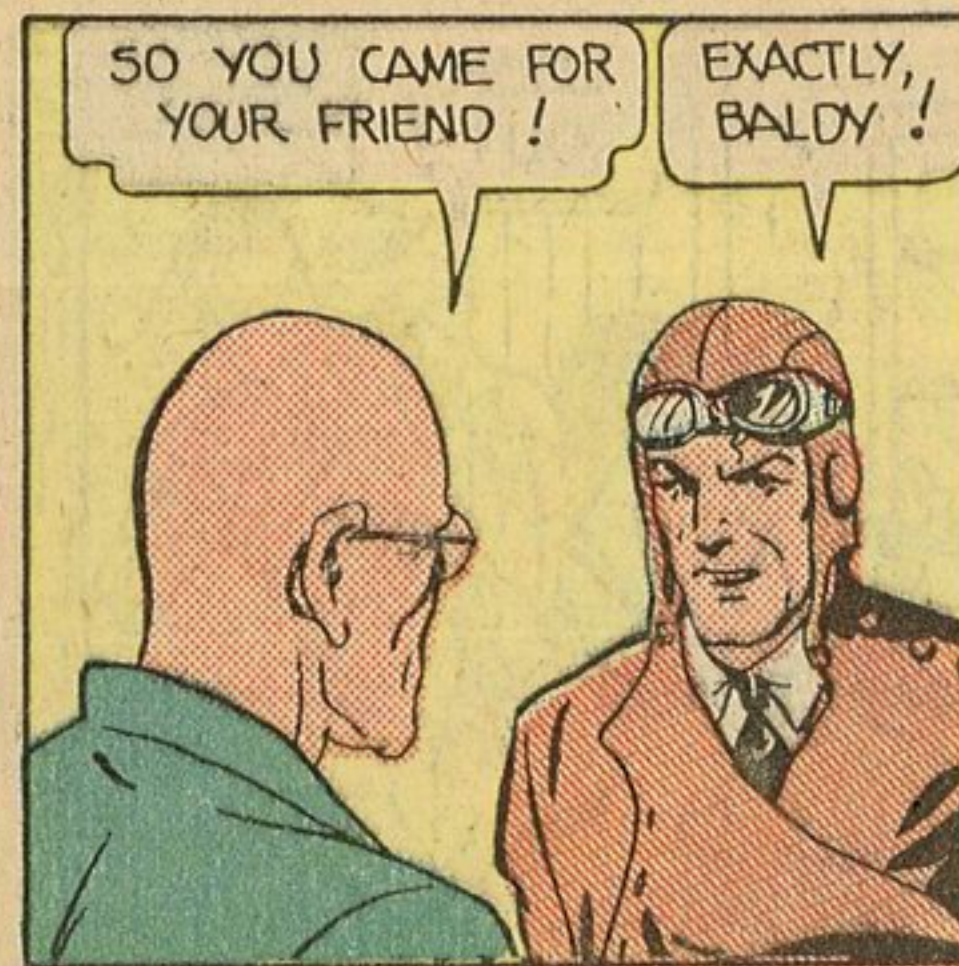


THEY GOT
HIM!

SEE THAT
HE DOES
NOT ESCAPE!



HE STILL LIVES
-DRAG HIM TO
THE BOSS!

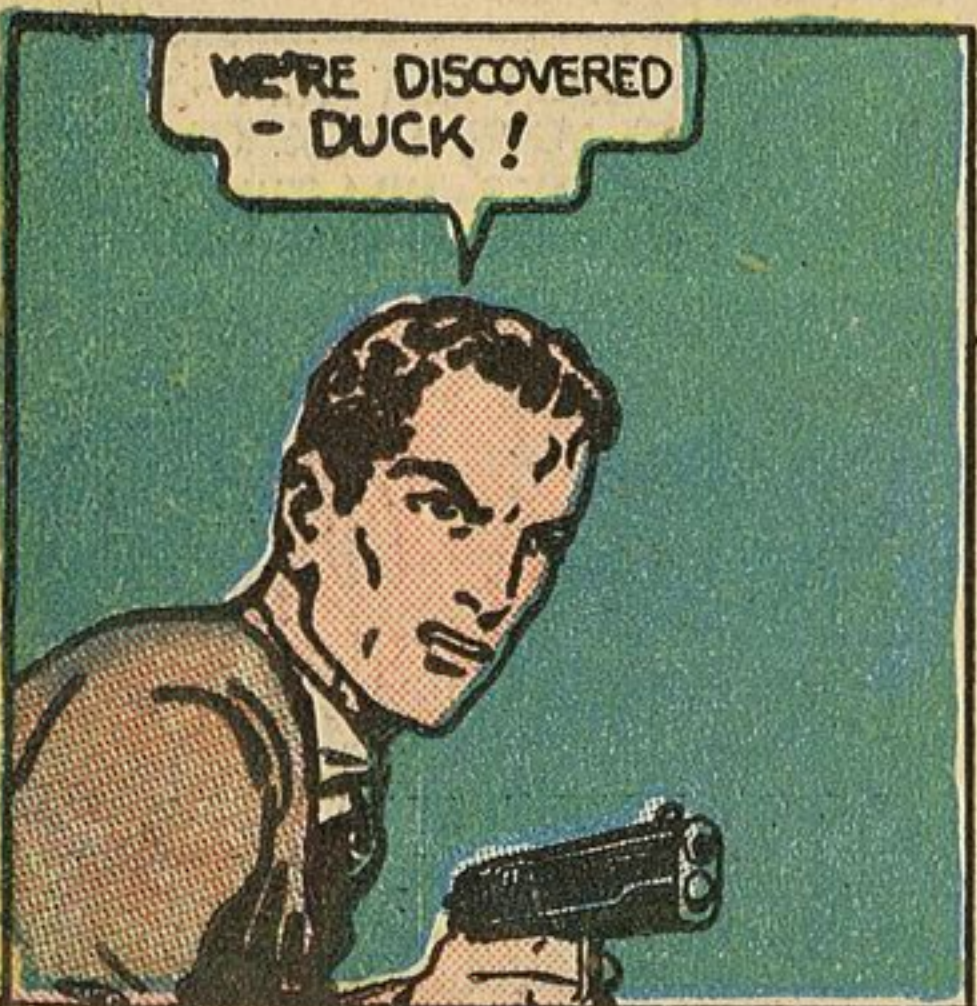
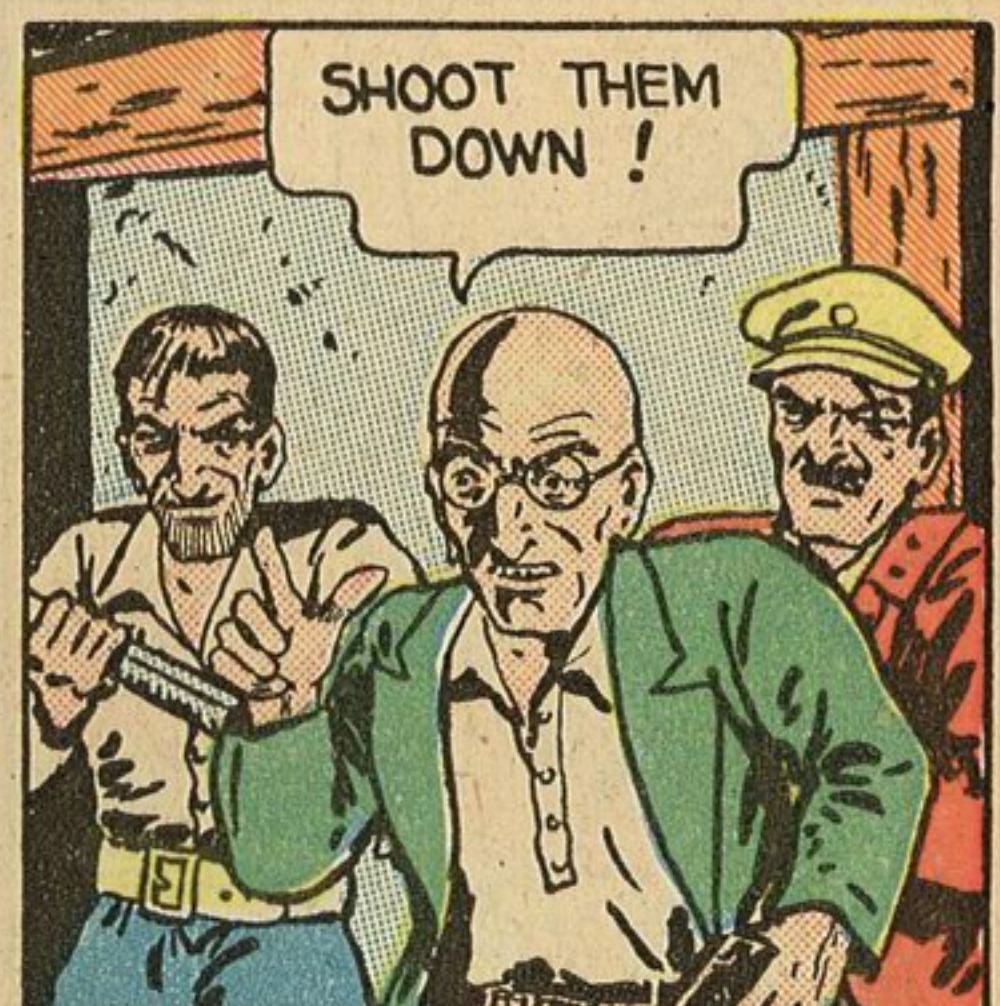
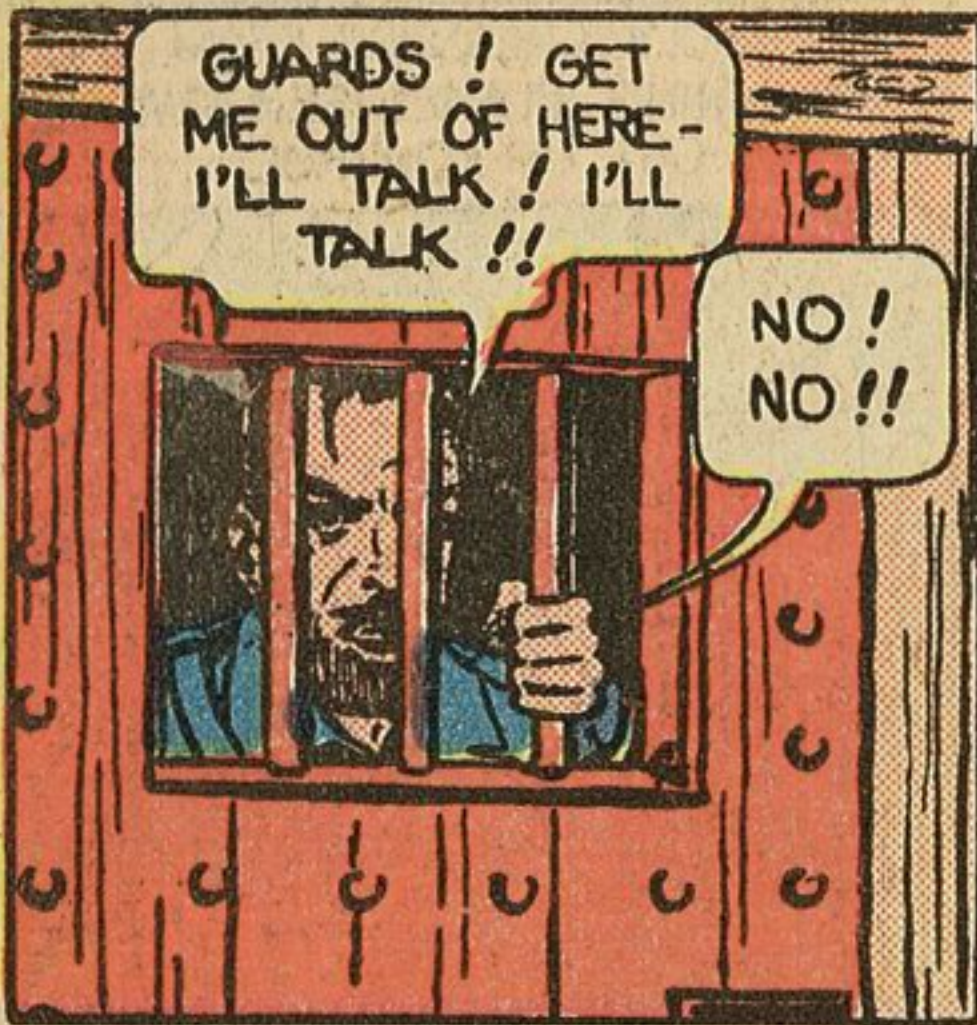
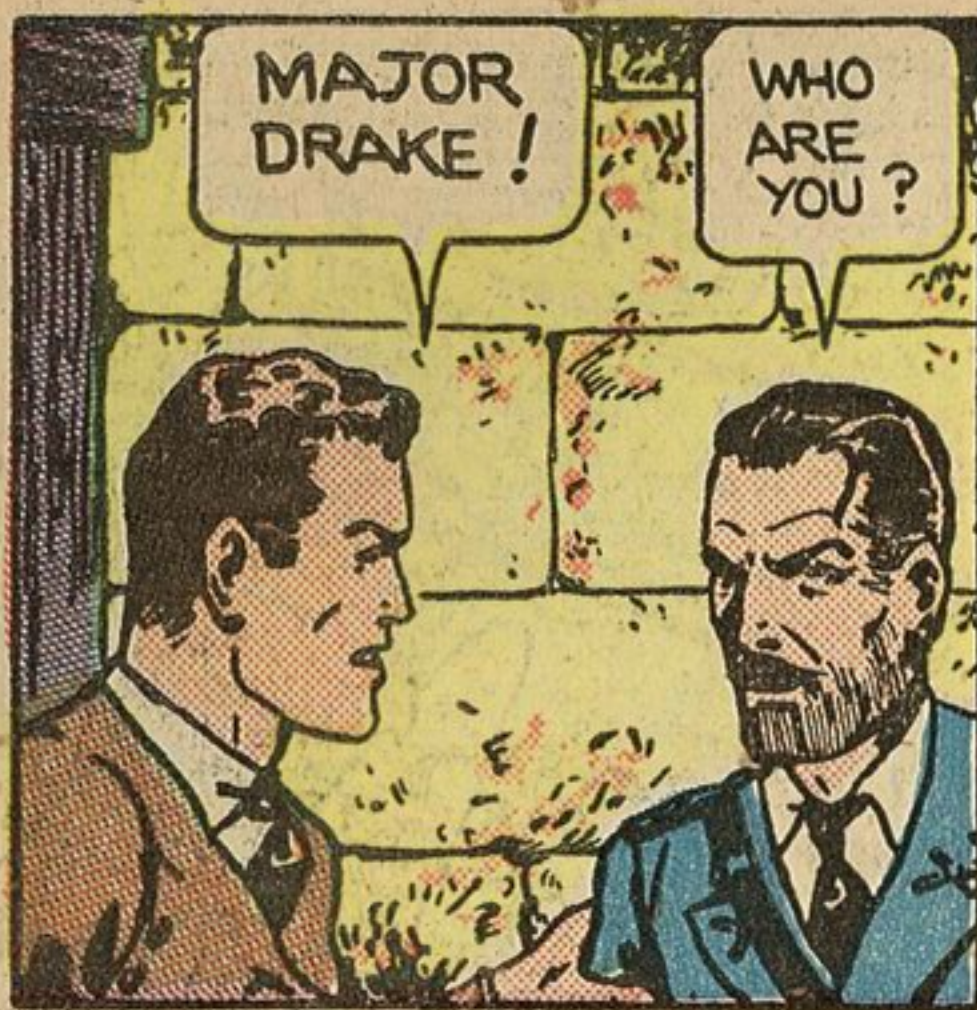


SO YOU CAME FOR
YOUR FRIEND!

EXACTLY,
BALDY!



YOU SHALL MEET HIM -
PERHAPS YOUR PRESENCE
MAY CONVINCE HIM THAT
IT IS FOOLISH TO RESIST ME!



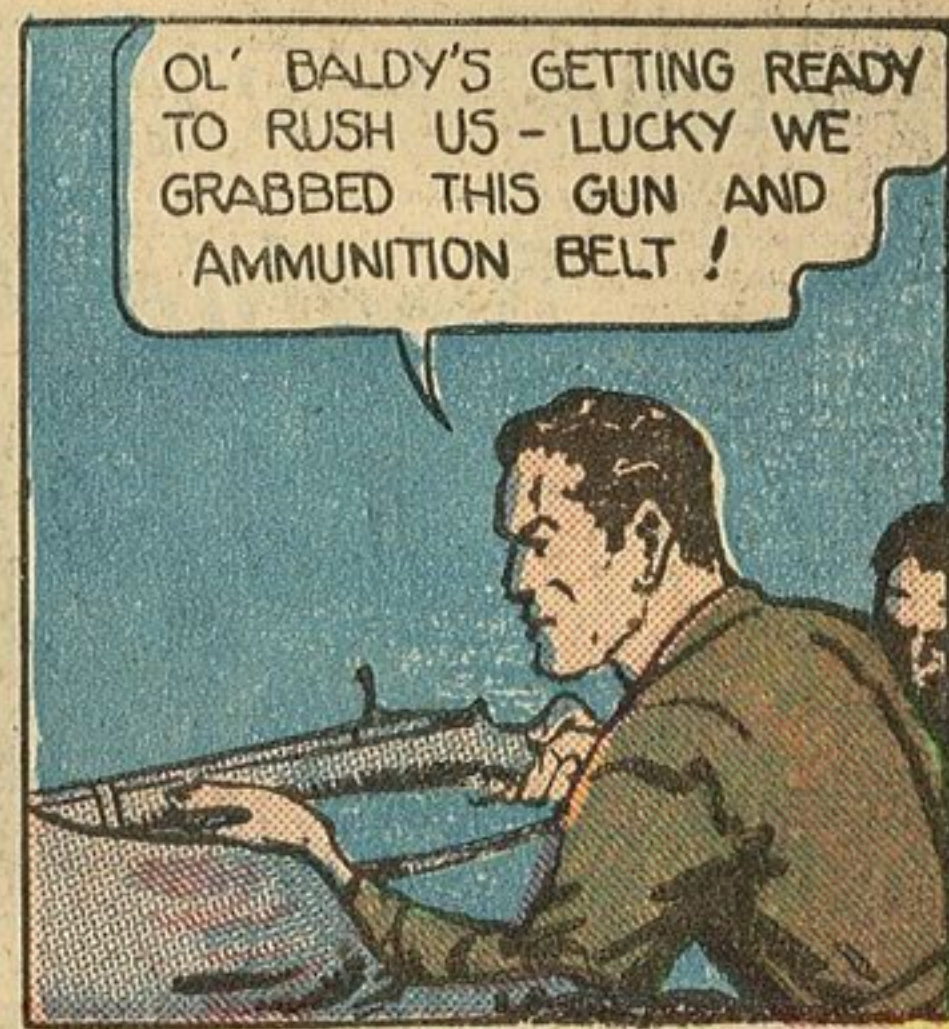


QUICK ! WE MUST MAKE THAT ROCK LEDGE !

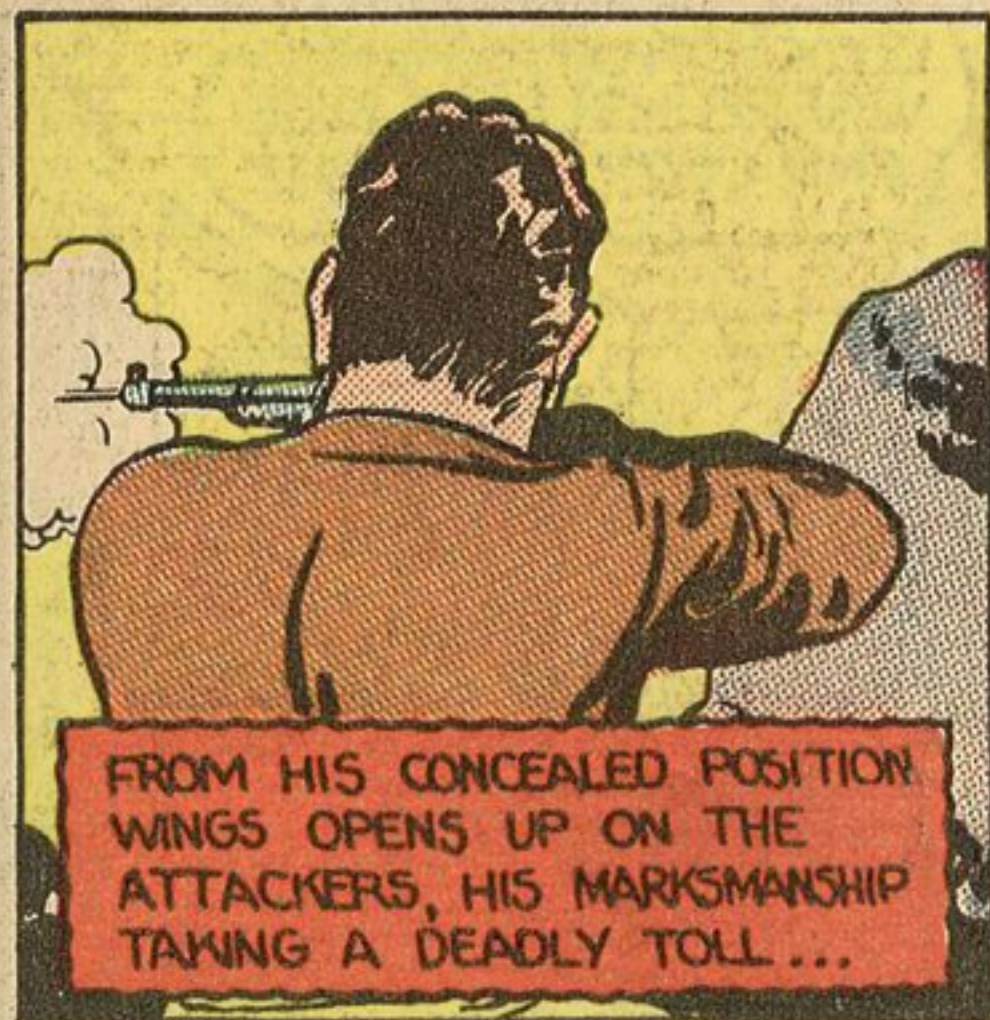


OHH ! - MY BACK

WE CAN HOLD THEM OFF HERE-- OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO HOPE THAT CALL WENT THROUGH !



OL' BALDY'S GETTING READY TO RUSH US - LUCKY WE GRABBED THIS GUN AND AMMUNITION BELT !



FROM HIS CONCEALED POSITION WINGS OPENS UP ON THE ATTACKERS, HIS MARKSMANSHIP TAKING A DEADLY TOLL ...

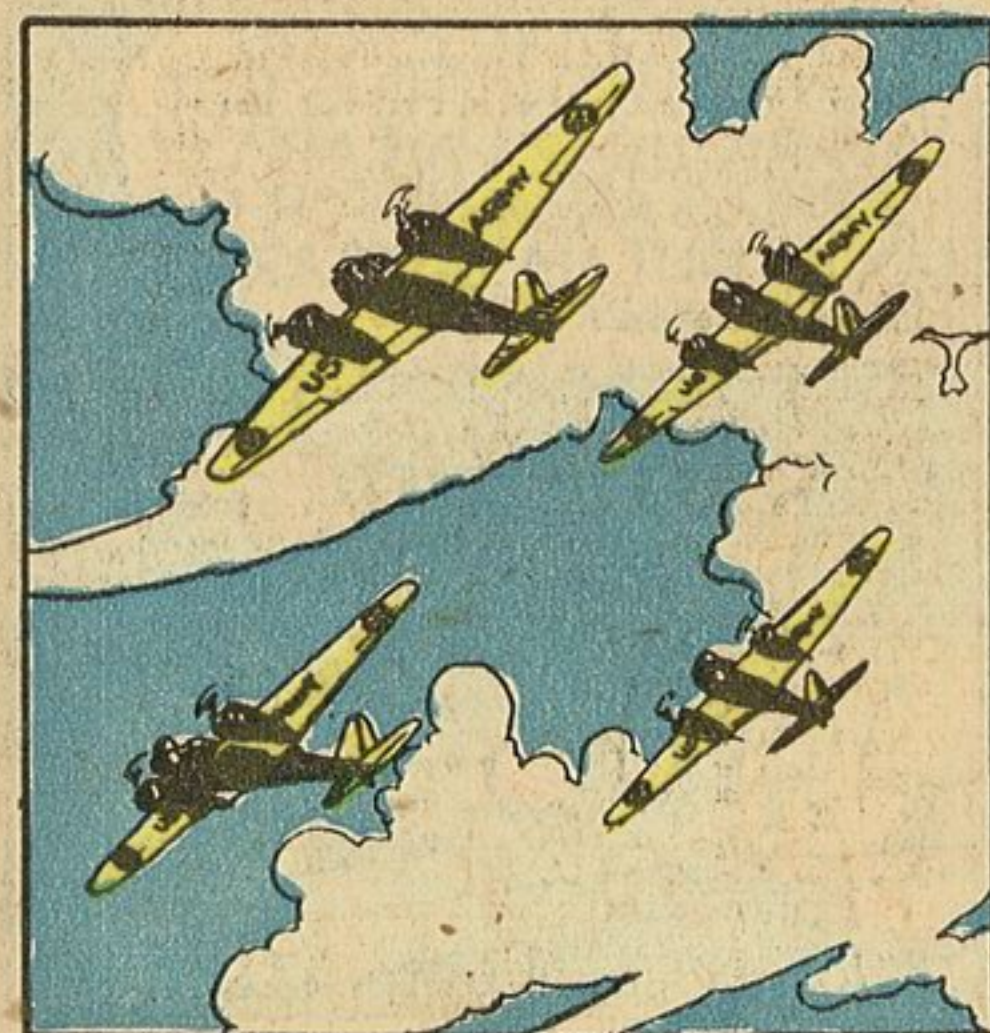


GET BACK, FOOLS ! TAKE COVER - THEY CANNOT ESCAPE !



IT'S GETTING DARK - I CAN HARDLY SEE - IF THEY RUSH US AGAIN WE'RE DONE FOR !

LOOK !

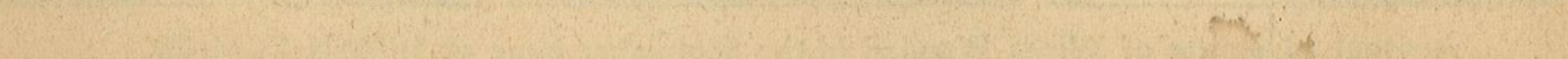
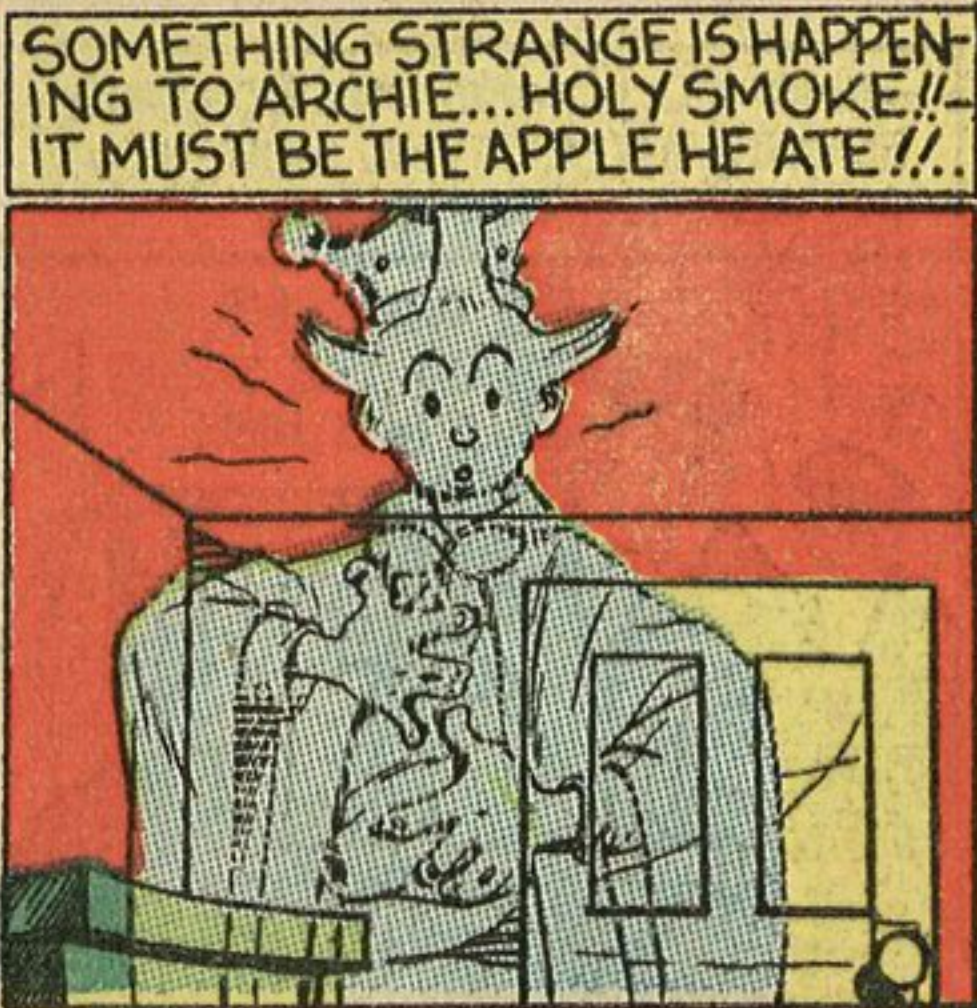
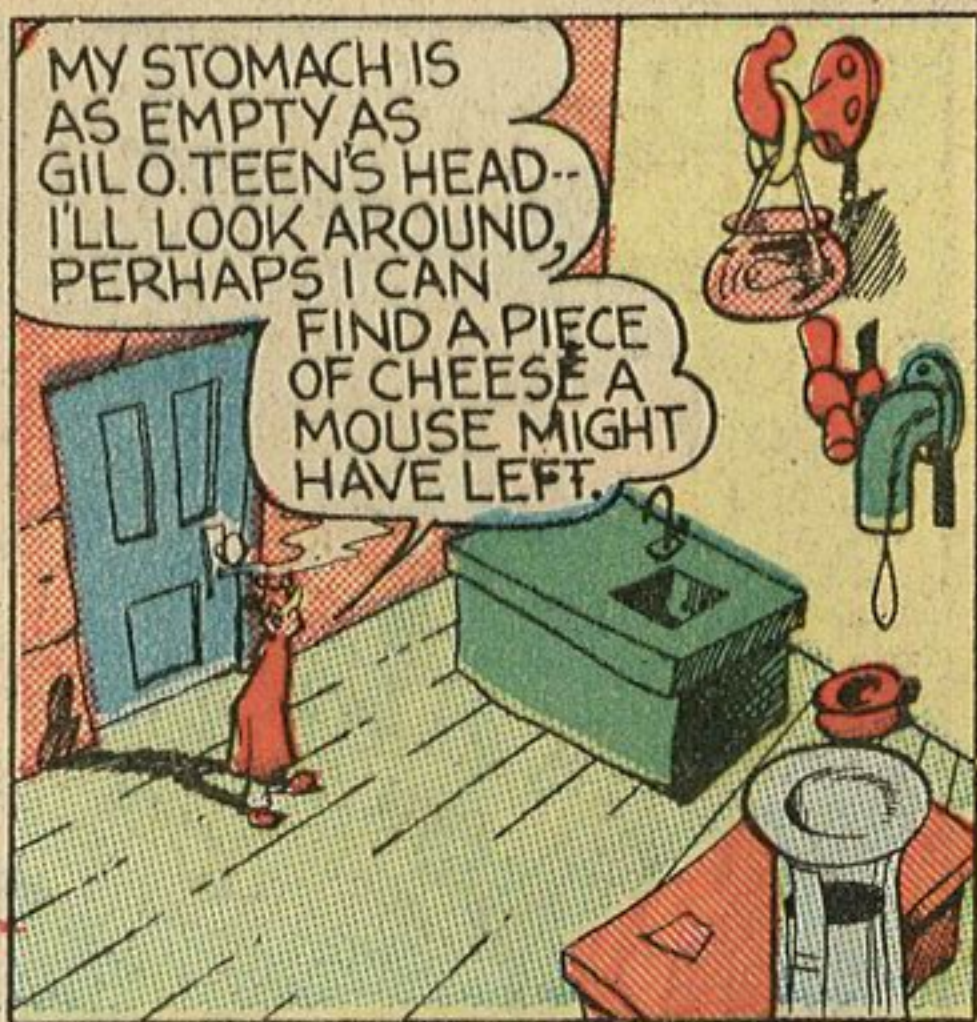
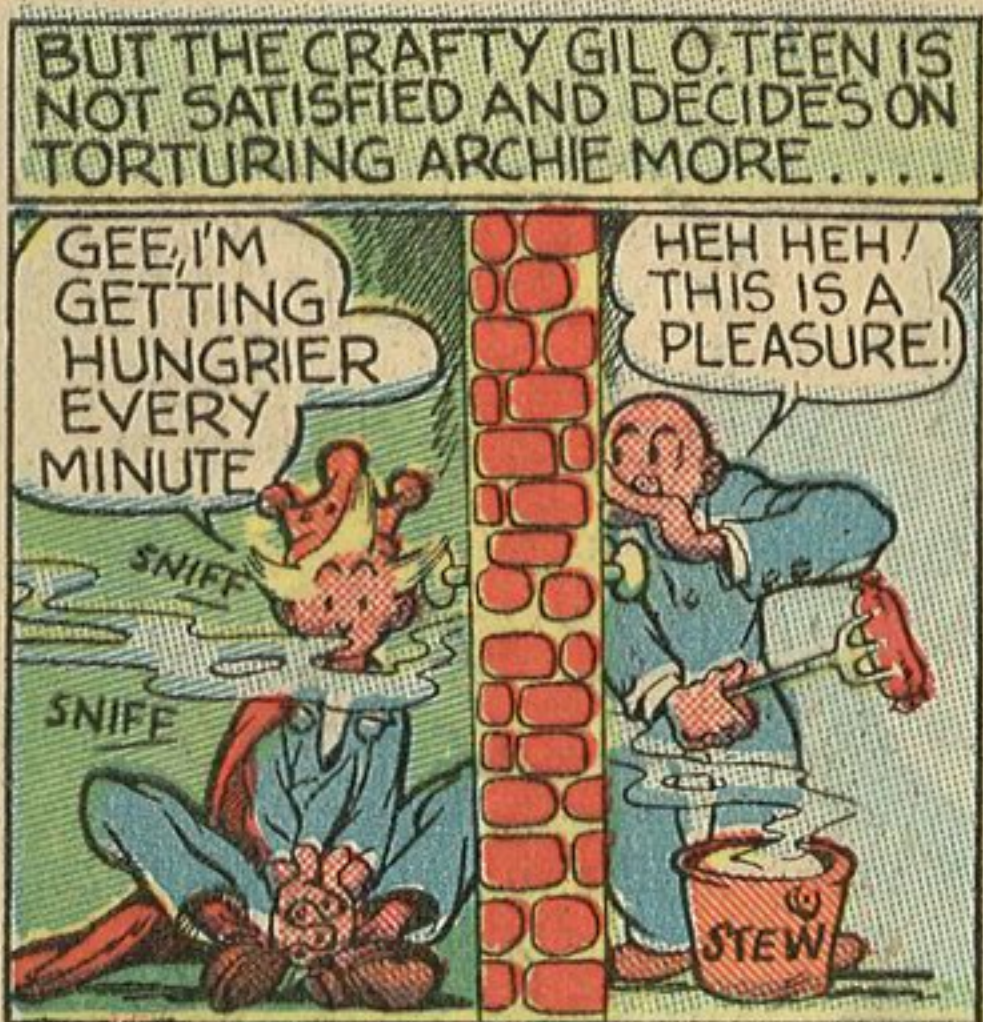
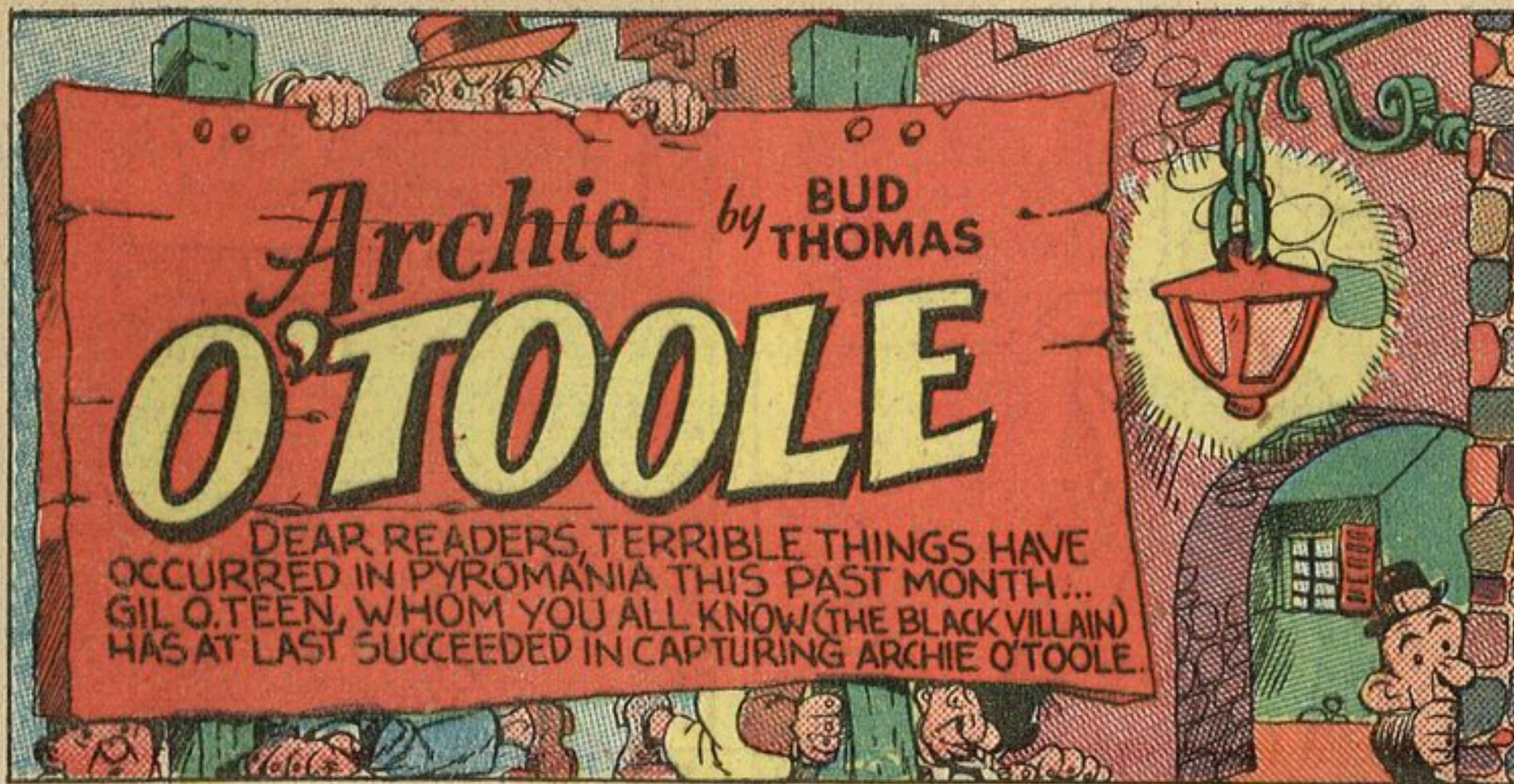


-AND FOLLOWING THE BOMBING PLANES, THE CRUISER HOUSTON APPROACHES THE ISLAND

LOOK, SIR ! ON THE SHORE - TWO MEN !



THIS COUNTRY CANNOT REPAY YOU WITH WORDS OR MEDALS, CAPTAIN WENDALL, I CONGRATULATE YOU BOTH !



WHEN GIL O. TEEN RETURNS, HE FINDS AN EMPTY ROOM... THAT IS, IT ONLY SEEMS EMPTY...



O'TOOLE HAS ESCAPED!

CALL OUT THE GUARDS!

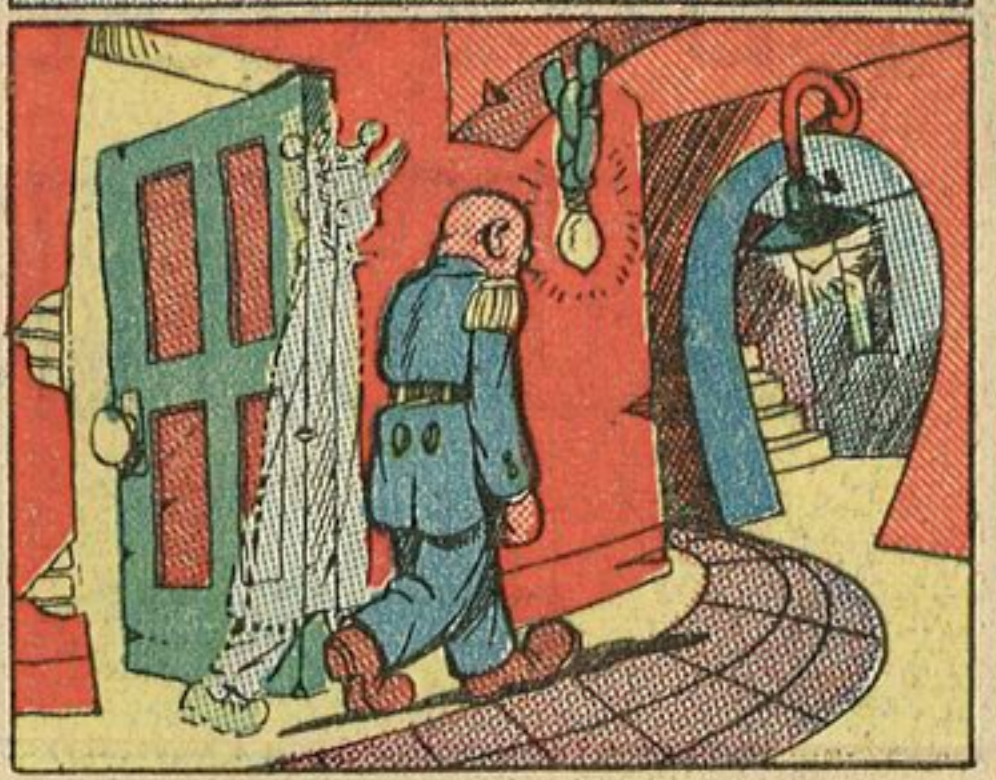
HERMAN! YOU DOG!! YOU'VE LET HIM ESCAPE! I'LL CUT OFF YOUR EARS AND PICKLE 'EM!



TEE HEE! I MUST BE INVISIBLE, THEY CAN'T SEE ME!

BUT ER-AH...

DISGUSTED WITH HIS HIRED HELP, GIL WALKS OFF. WELL, WELL, RIGHT BEHIND HIM TRAILS ARCHIE, WONDER WHAT HE'S PLANNING...



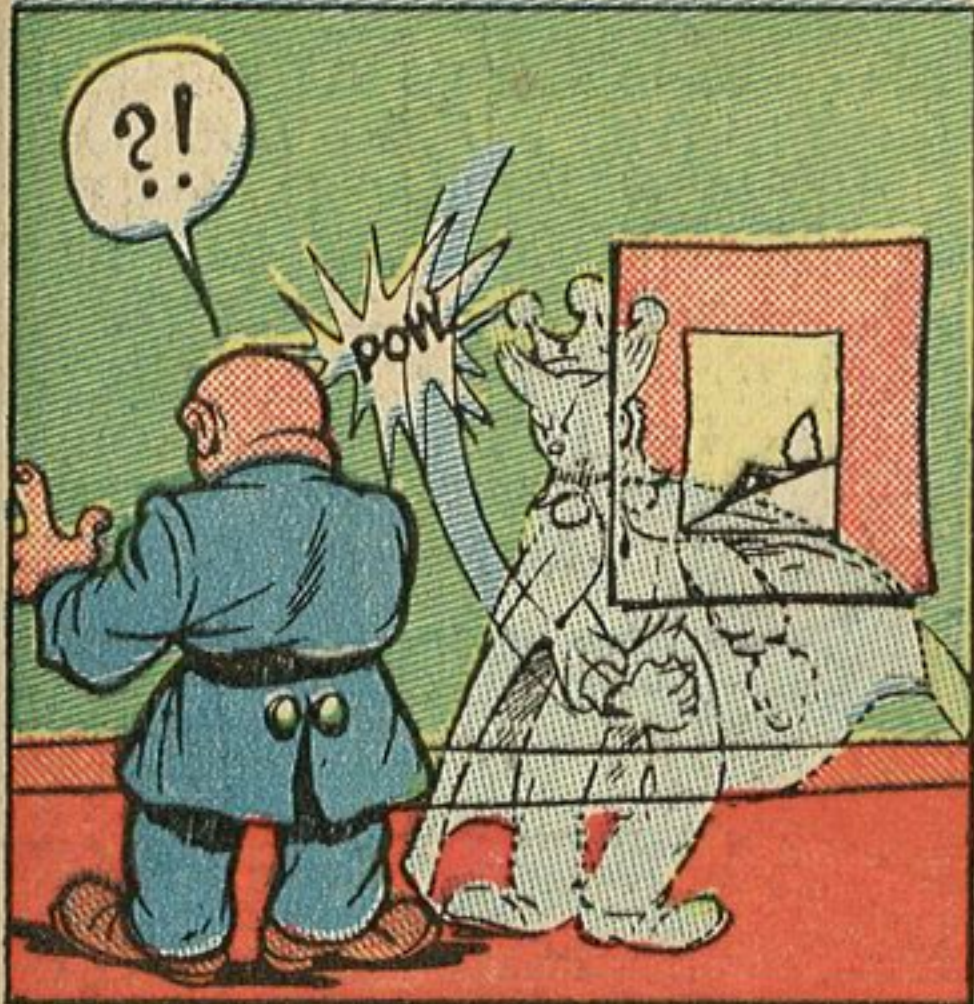
LOOK HERE, YOU GUYS! ARCHIE ESCAPED--IF I'M EVER GONNA KEEP DIS THRONE, WE GOTTA WORK FAST--ARCHIE O'TOOLE'S WELL LIKED AROUND HERE... FIRST, WE'LL SEIZE ALL THE GOLD FROM THE TREASURY!

YOU'RE SCREWY, GIL O. TEEN.. YOU'VE GOT FALLEN ARCHES, FALSE TEETH AND DANDRUFF... BESIDES I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU COMB YOUR MOUSTACHE!



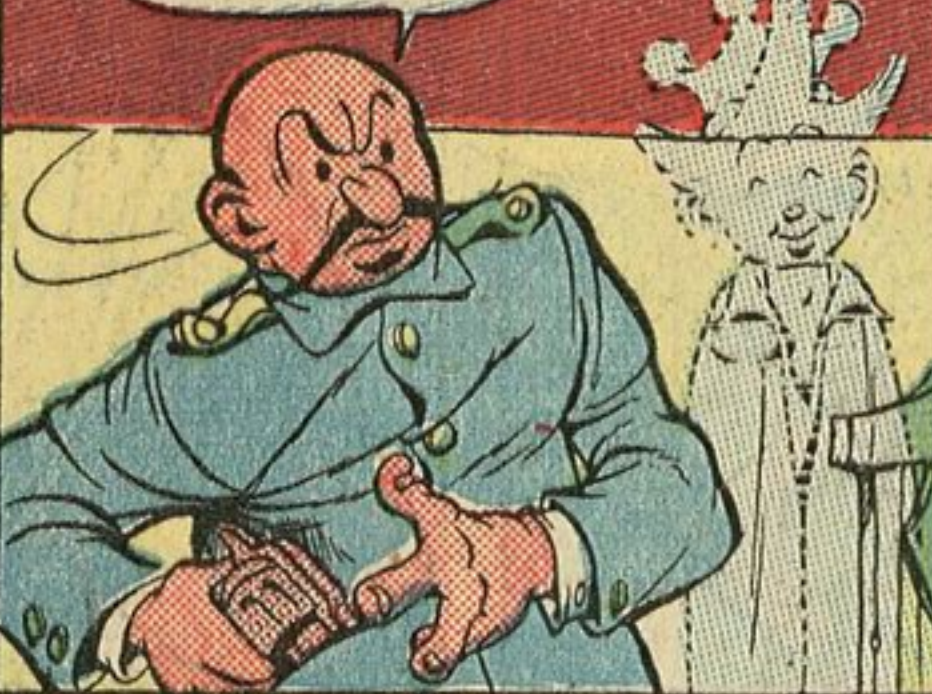
LOOK HERE, WISE GUY! NO CRACKS OR I'LL PULL YOUR NOSE DOWN SO FAR, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES TO SNEEZE!

OH, YEAH?



?! POW!

OH--HITTING ME FROM BEHIND--MUTINY, EH? WELL, I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH TRAITORS LIKE YOU!



TRAITORS! DOGS! PIGS! HEY--SOME-THING'S HOLDIN' ME BACK!

BANG!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



IT'S ME--ARCHIE O'TOOLE--I'M INVISIBLE--BUT I CAN STILL CAUSE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE--BETTER GET OUT!

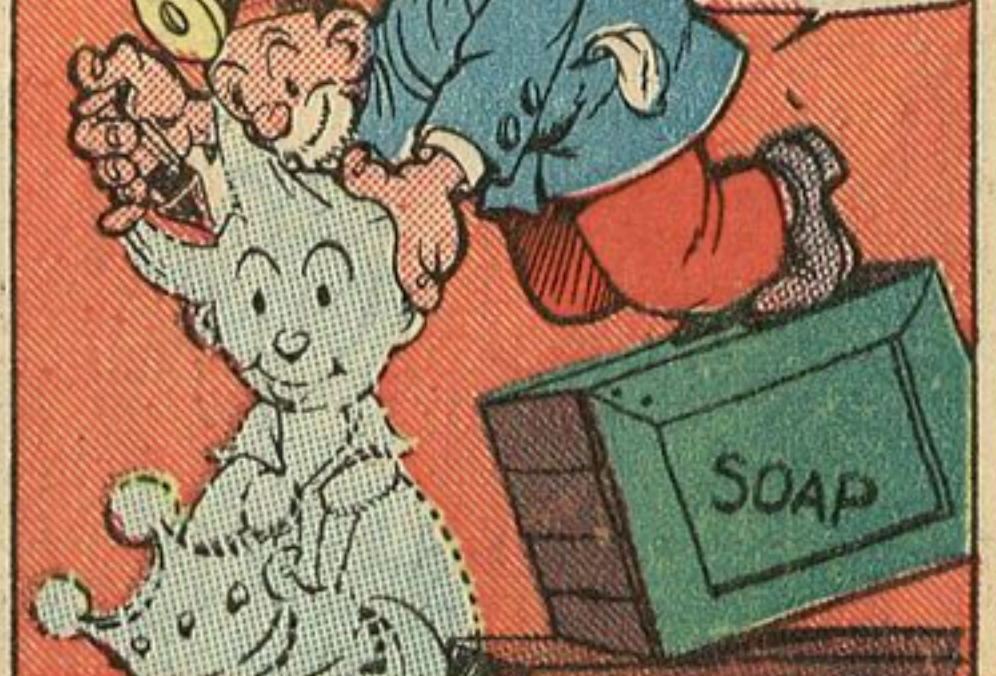


IF YOU DON'T GIVE BACK MY THRONE I'LL HAUNT YOU DAY AND NIGHT!

YEEOW!--GHOSTS! INVISIBLE KINGS--I QUIT!!



THAT APPLE YOU ATE WAS FILLED WITH NITRO-INVISIBLIA! WHEN GIL O. TEEN RAN OFF, I CAME BACK! HOLD TIGHT--YOU'LL BE NORMAL IN A MINUTE!



HOODED JUSTICE

by
ART GORDON,

HELLO --- YES --- THURSTON SPEAKING ---
--- WHO?? OH -INSPECTOR BLAKE ---
OF COURSE, BILL-I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER!

KENT THURSTON, ALIAS "THE INVISIBLE
HOOD," AND ARCH-ENEMY OF CRIME, IS
SEATED IN HIS HOME, WHEN ---

GLAD TO SEE YOU, KENT! MEET THE
MAHARAJAH OF RAAS-HE'S HERE ON AN
IMPORTANT MISSION-HE'S TRAVELLING
INCOGNITO!



A HALF HOUR LATER AT THE OFFICE
OF INSPECTOR BILL BLAKE, OF THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT.

GENTLEMEN, SEVERAL YEARS AGO
A SAPPHIRE NECKLACE WAS
STOLEN FROM ONE OF OUR
SACRED TEMPLES! THE
THIEF CAME TO AMERICA
AND SOLD THE STONES
TO VARIOUS COLLECTORS!



THE LOSS OF THIS NECKLACE
HAS CAUSED TROUBLE
AMONG MY PEOPLE!
I AM PREPARED TO
PAY A MILLION
FOR ITS RETURN!
I MUST GET
THAT NECKLACE,
GENTLEMEN!

THAT'S A
HARD JOB,
MAHARAJAH!!
WE DON'T KNOW
WHERE THE STONES
ARE- THEY WERE SOLD
TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE!



HELLO --- YEAH---WHAT?? WHAT'S THAT?
JULIUS HAMPTON, THE FIFTH AVENUE
JEWELER'S BEEN MURDERED AND
ROBBED? GREAT SCOTT!!
---YOU SAY THEY'VE
TAKEN HIS SAPPHIRE
COLLECTION?? HOLD
EVERYTHING-I'M
LEAVING AT ONCE!

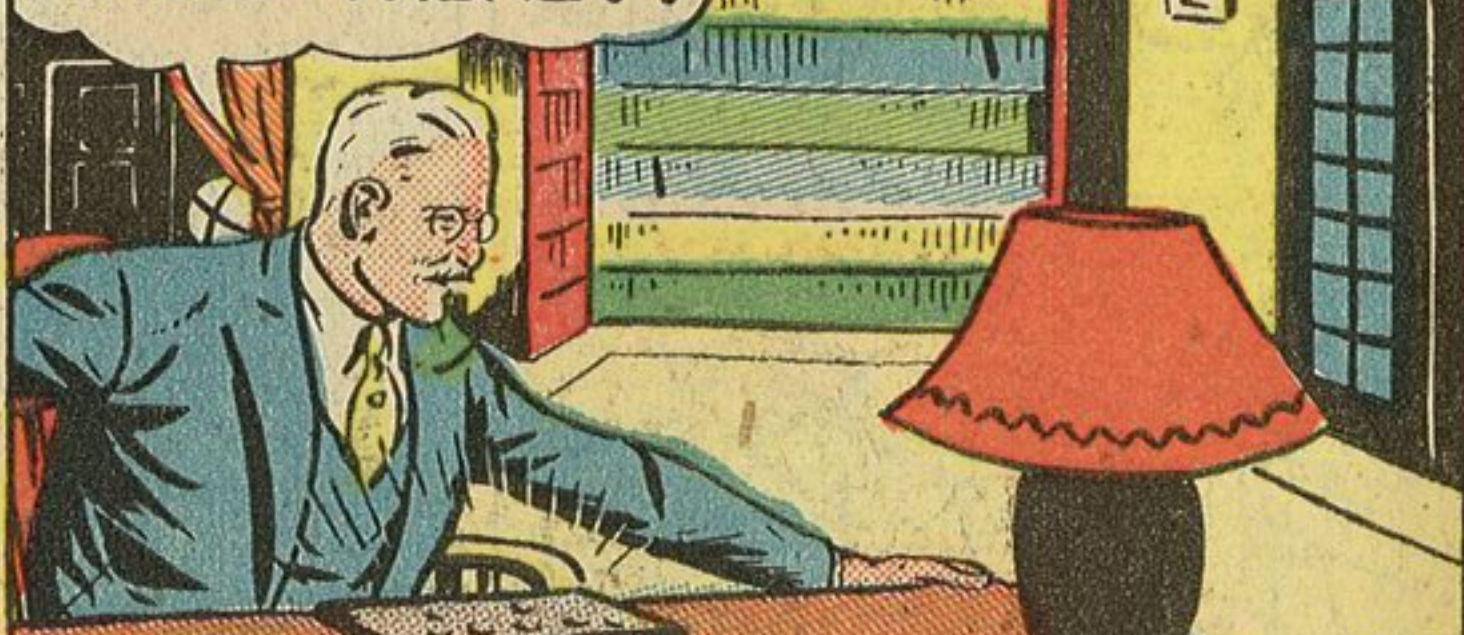


I WONDER
IF THEY
WERE THE
SACRED
SAPPHIRES,
THURSTON?

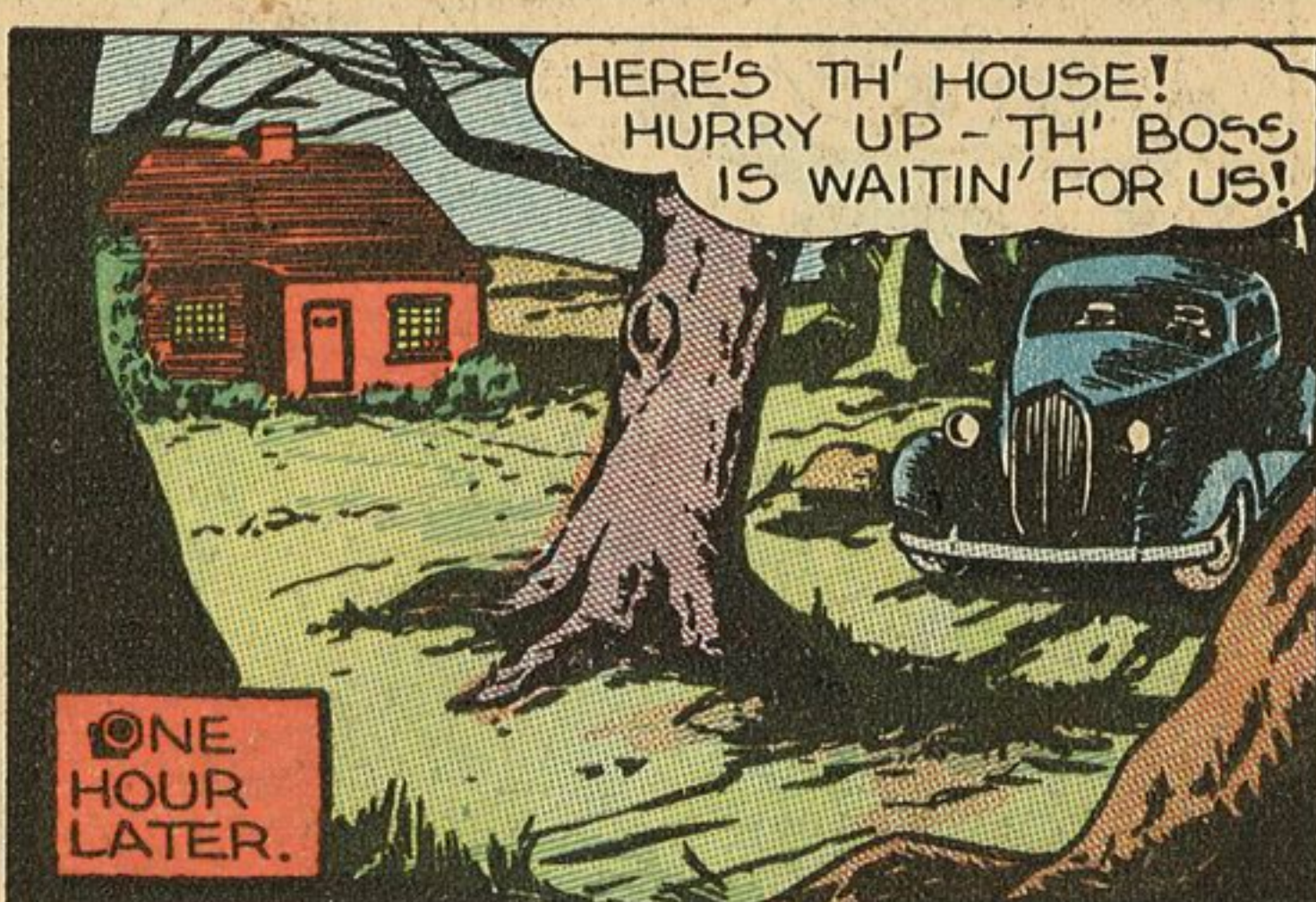
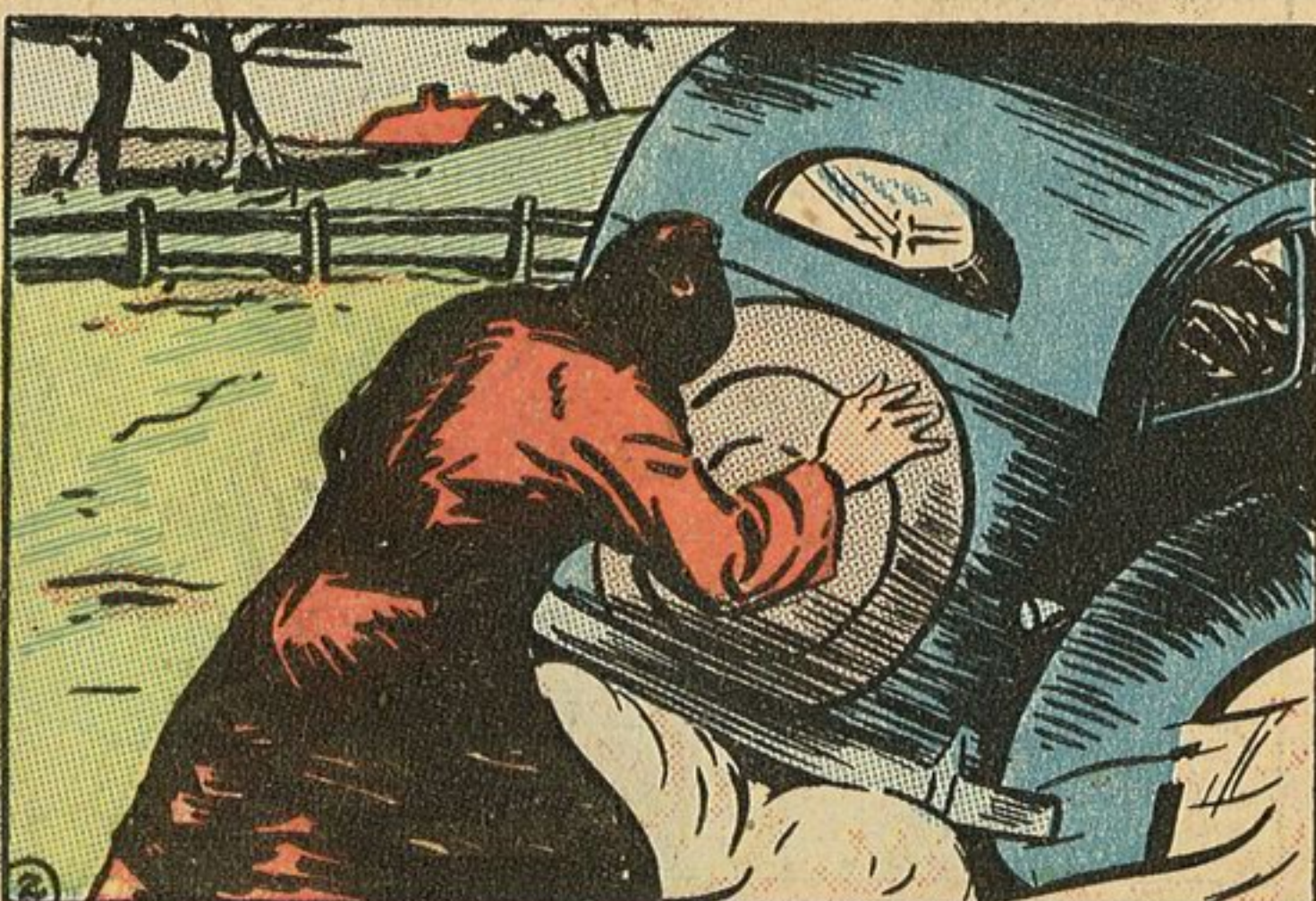
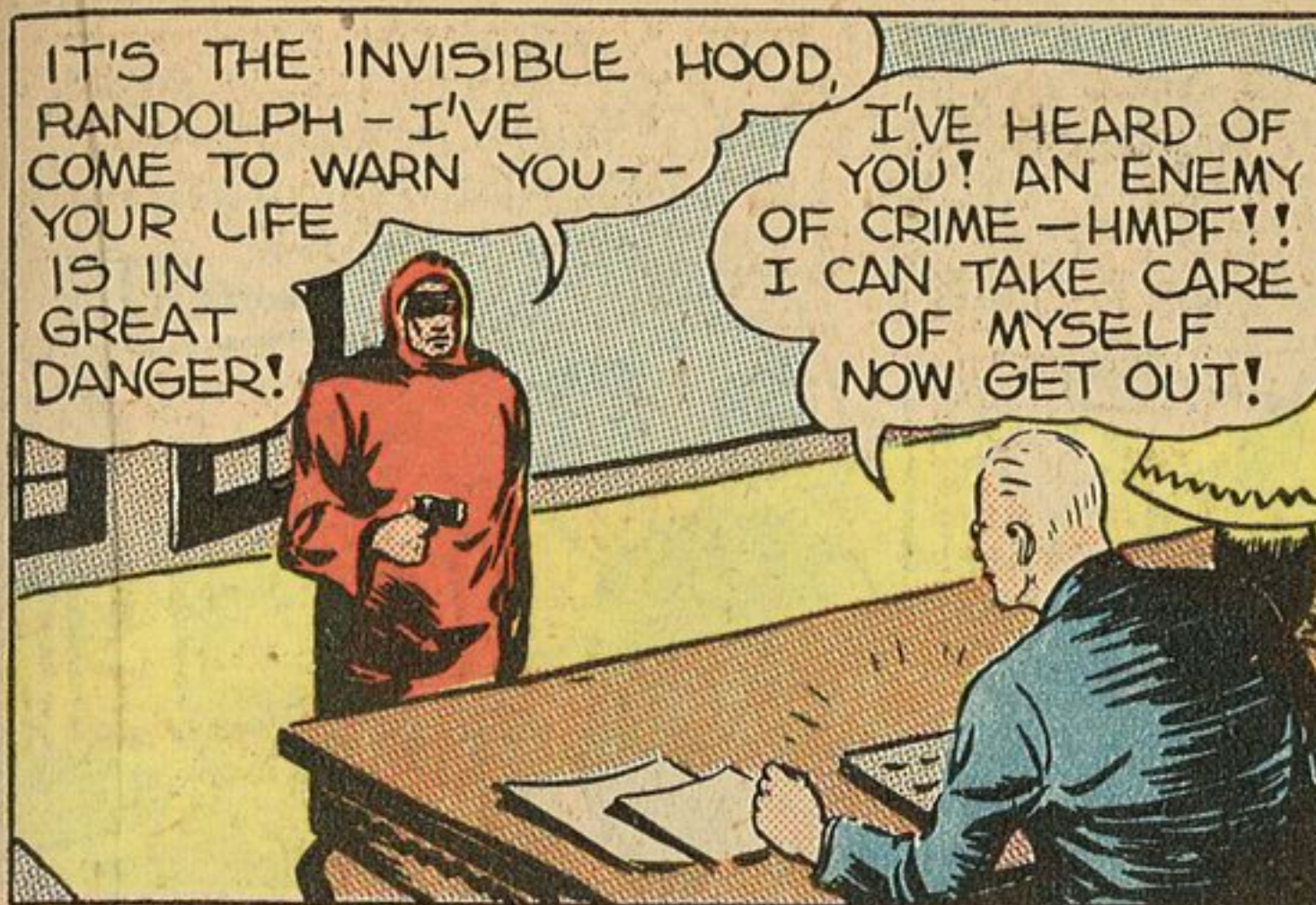
INSPECTOR, SOMETHING
TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING
TO HEAR A LOT ABOUT
SAPPHIRES WITHIN
THE NEXT FEW
WEEKS!



WHAT'S THAT--?
WHO'S THERE??



THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF PETER
ROBINSON, WEALTHY FINANCIER,
AND COLLECTOR OF RARE JEWELS!

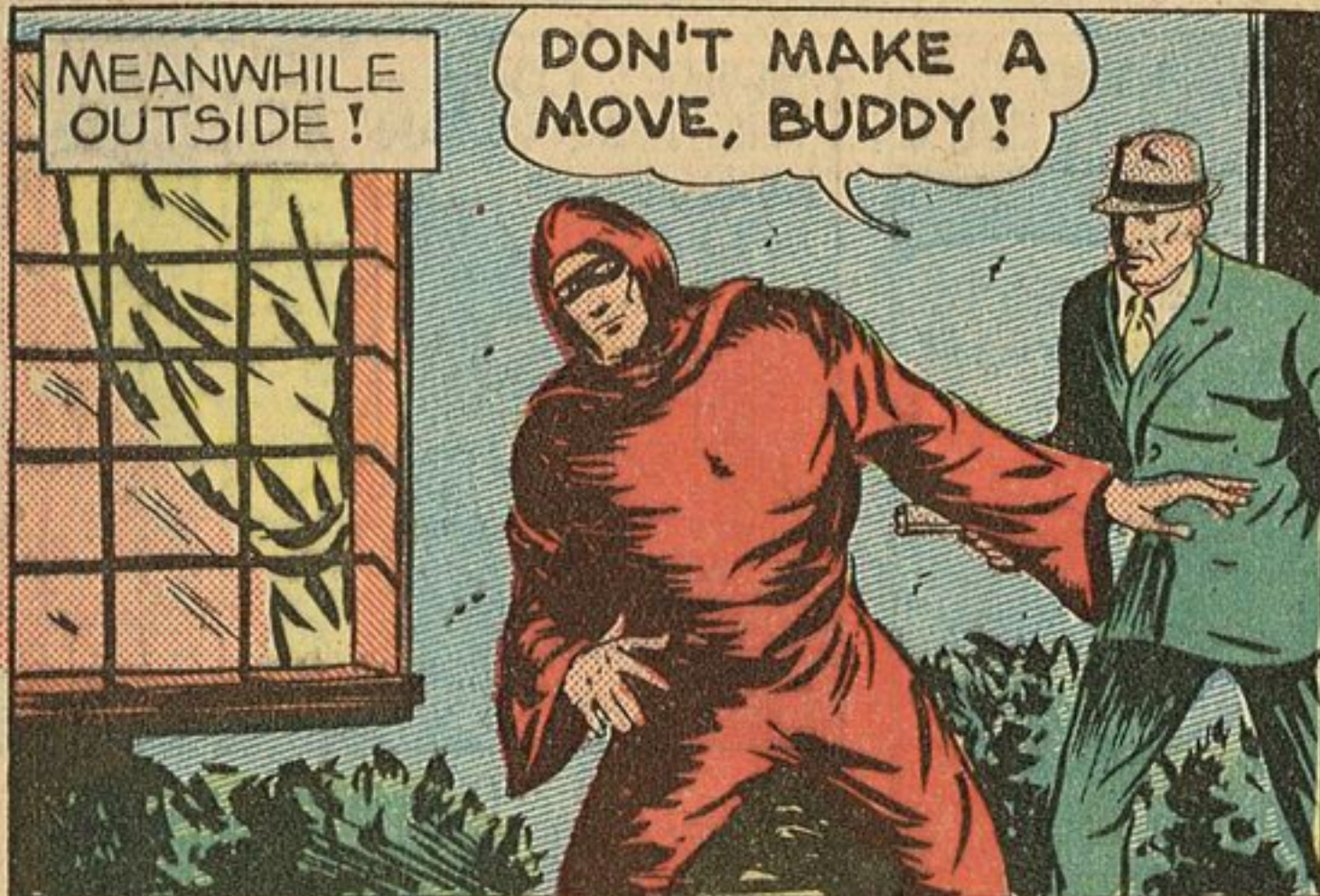




AFTER THE MEN ENTER THE HOUSE, THE INVISIBLE HOOD QUIETLY CREEPS UP TO A WINDOW!



LISSEN, MAHARAJAH, MY MEN HAD A REASON FOR BRINGING YOU HERE—LOOK—WE JUST GOT THE LAST FEW SAPPHIRES FROM RANDOLPH AN' THAT COMPLETES THE NECKLACE! BUT WE'RE NOT WORKIN' FOR NOTHIN'—IT'S GOIN' TO COST YOU TWO MILLION FOR THE WHOLE THING—GET THAT? TWO MILLION!!

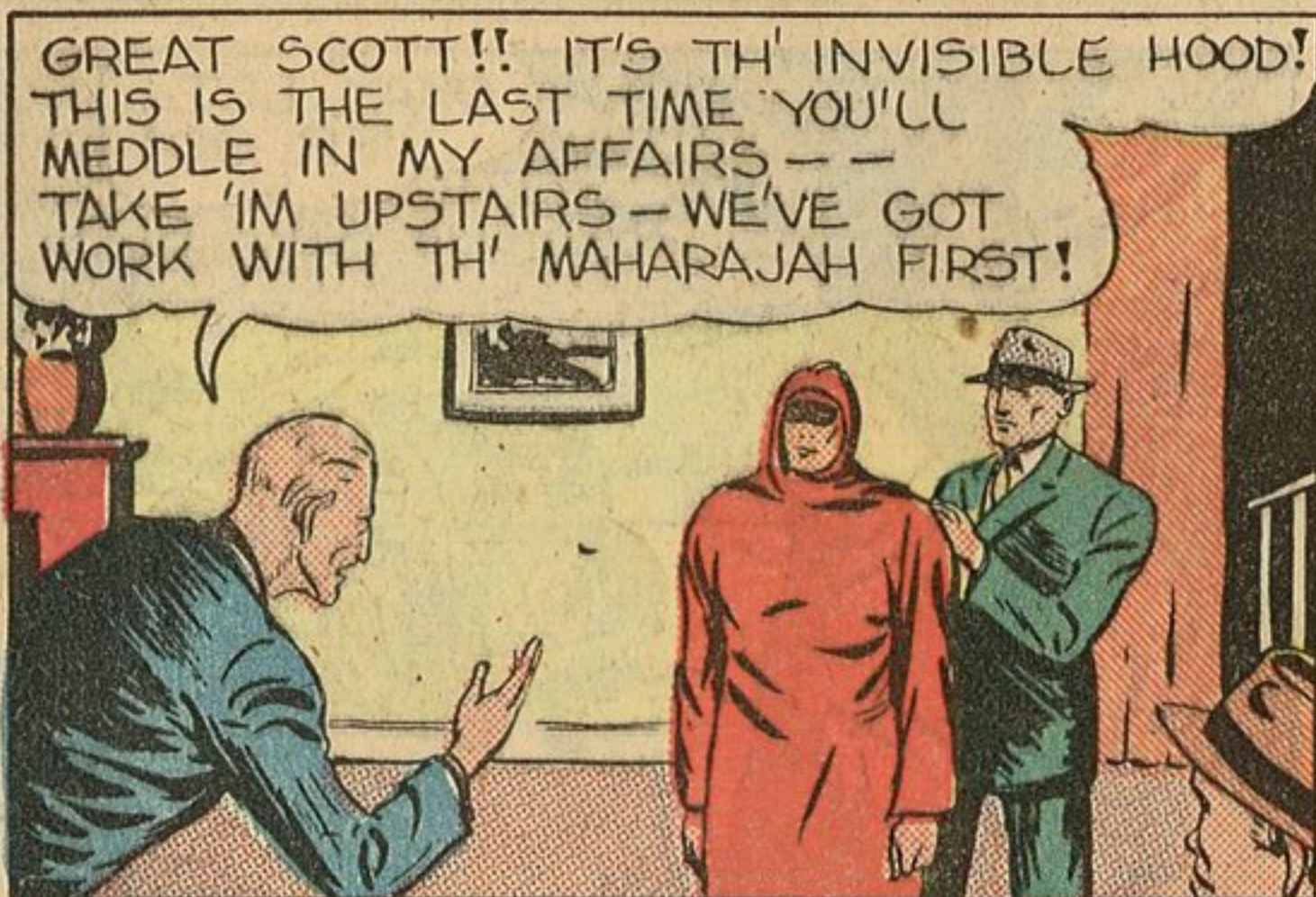


MEANWHILE OUTSIDE!

DON'T MAKE A MOVE, BUDDY!



C'MON—GET IN THERE! HEY, BOSS—LOOK!!

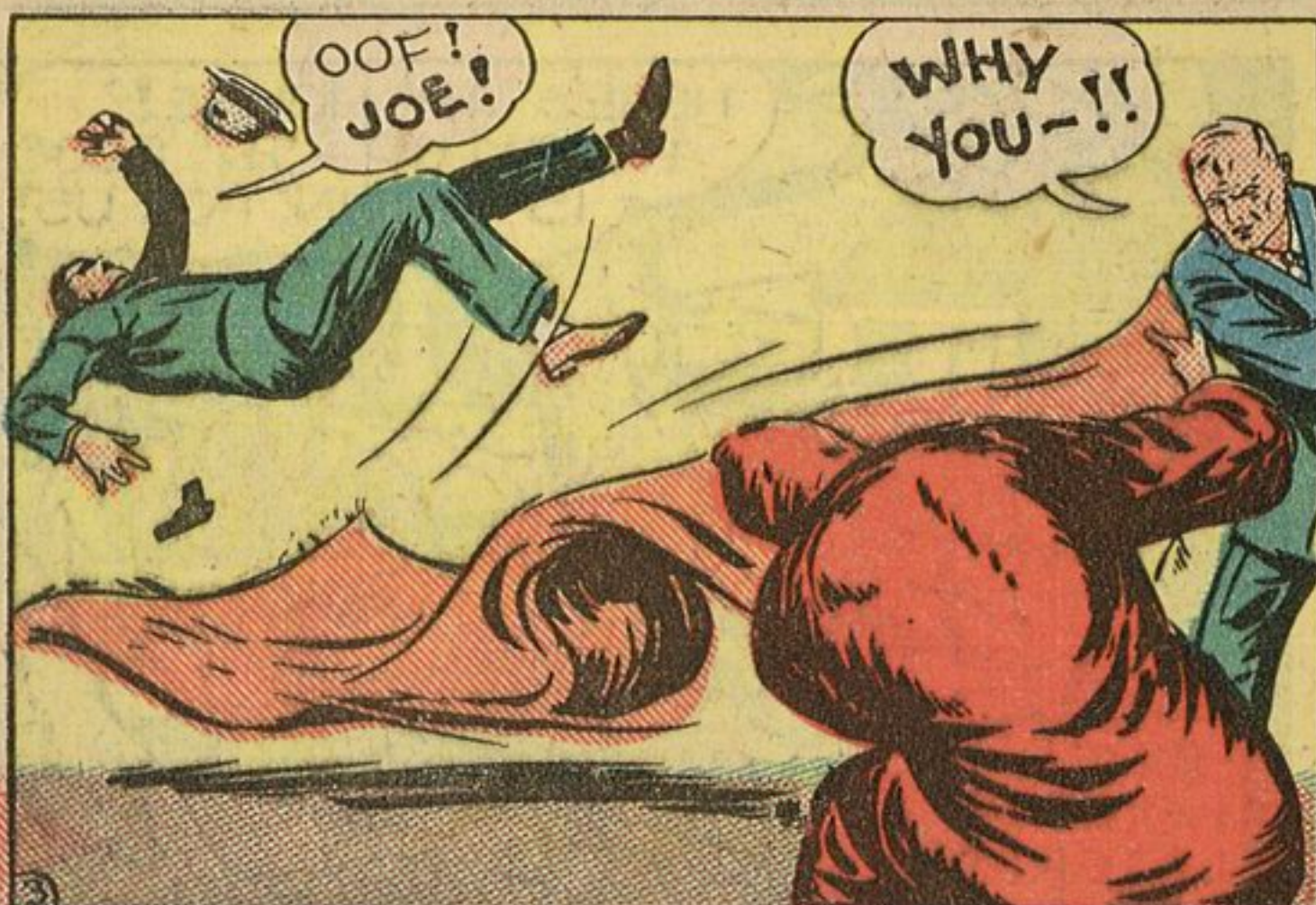


GREAT SCOTT!! IT'S TH' INVISIBLE HOOD! THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS—TAKE 'IM UPSTAIRS—WE'VE GOT WORK WITH TH' MAHARAJAH FIRST!



UPSTAIRS, THE HOOD IS GUARDED BY TWO MEN

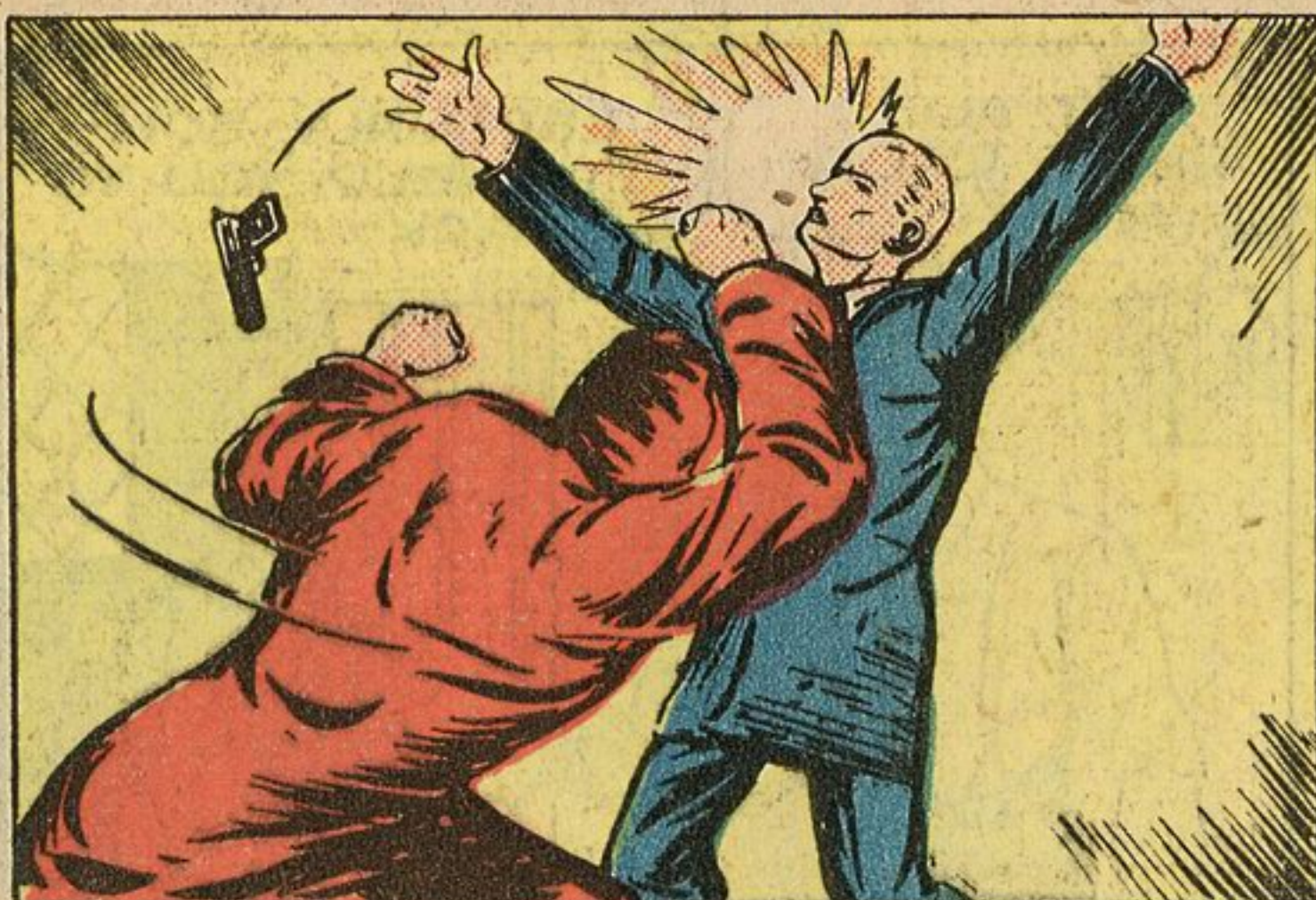
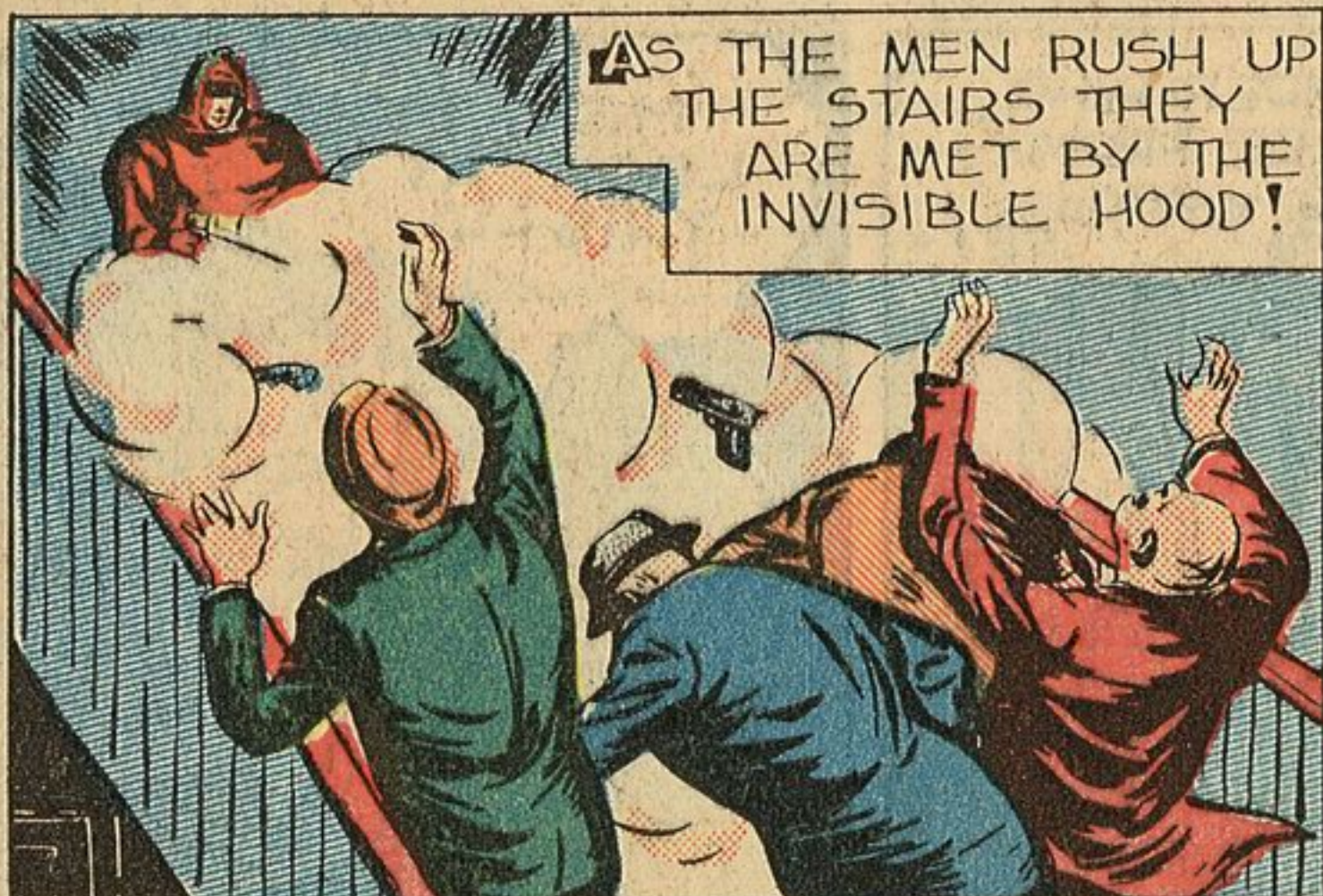
JUST ONE MOVE AN' I'LL LET MY FINGER GO!!



OOF! JOE!

WHY YOU—!!

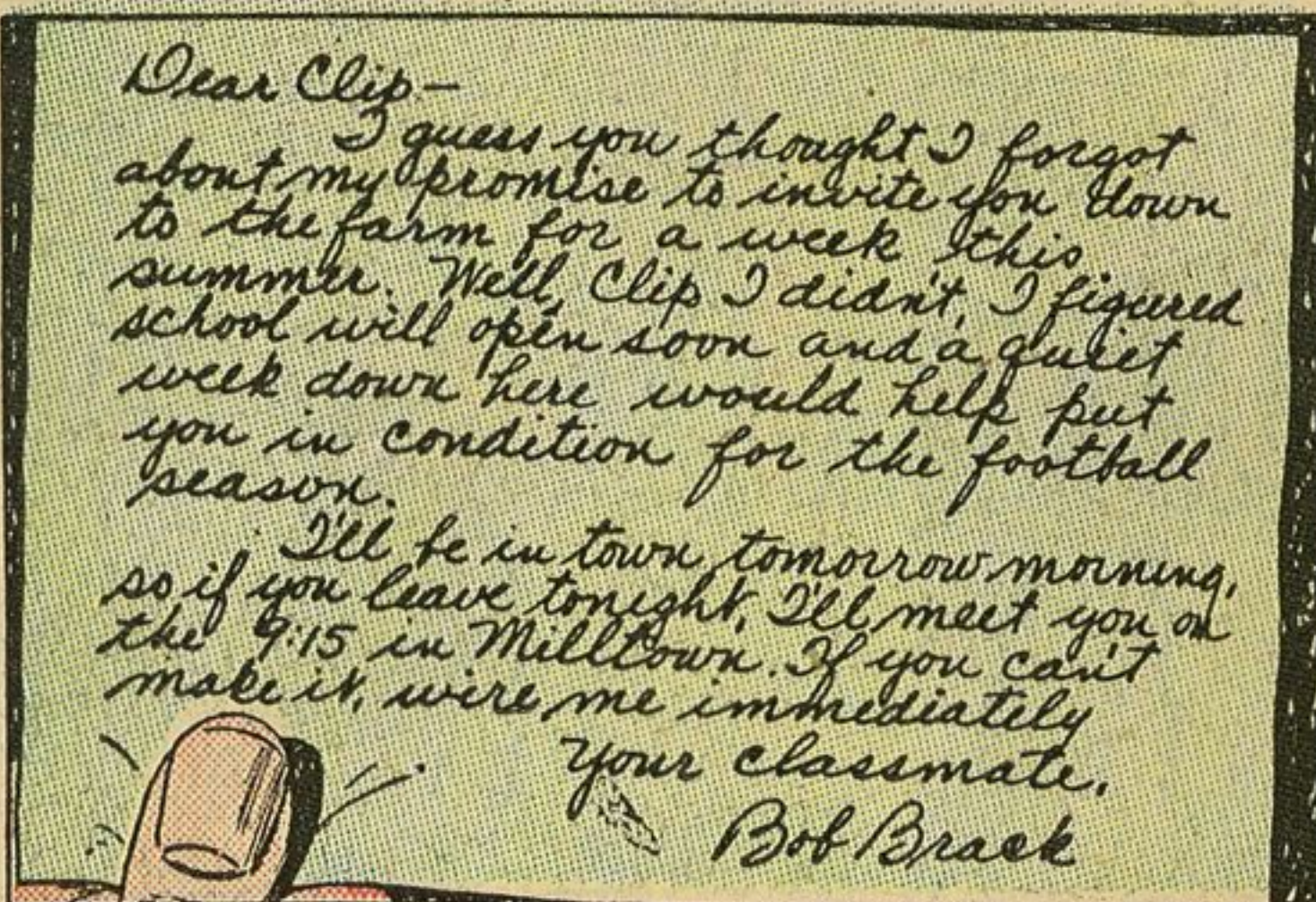


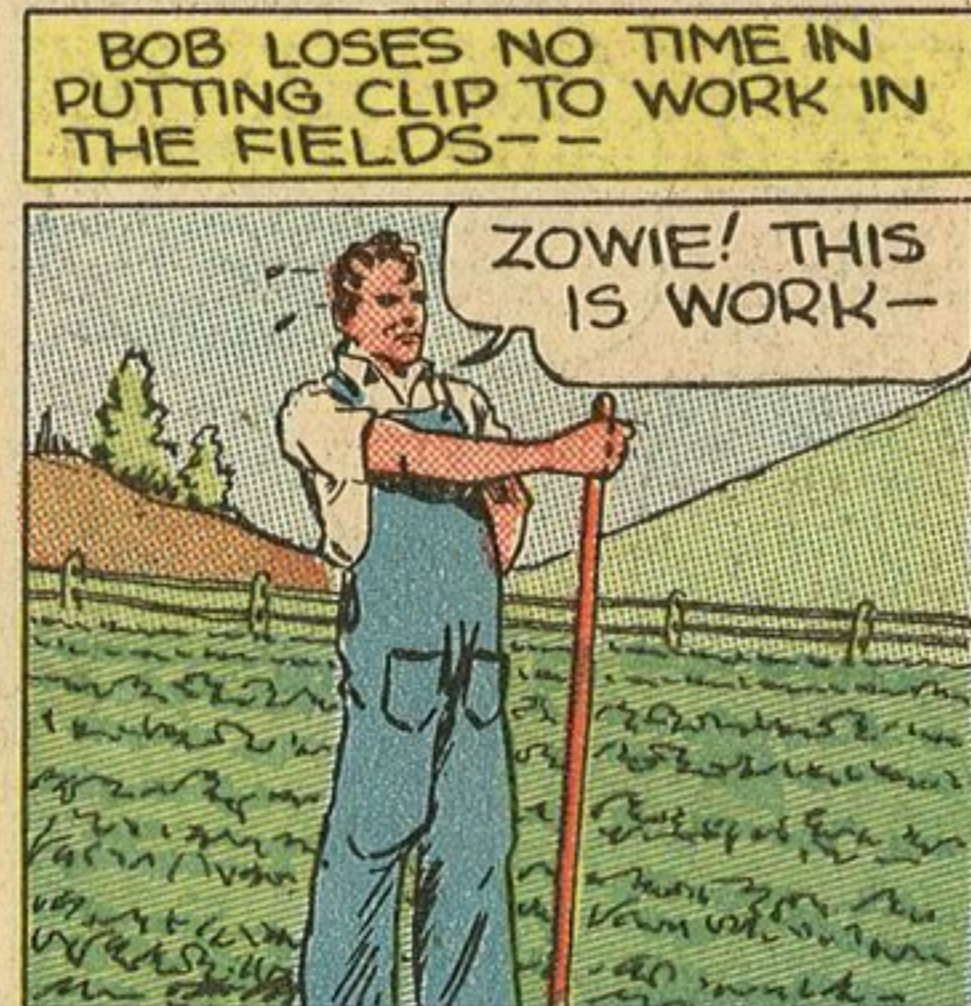


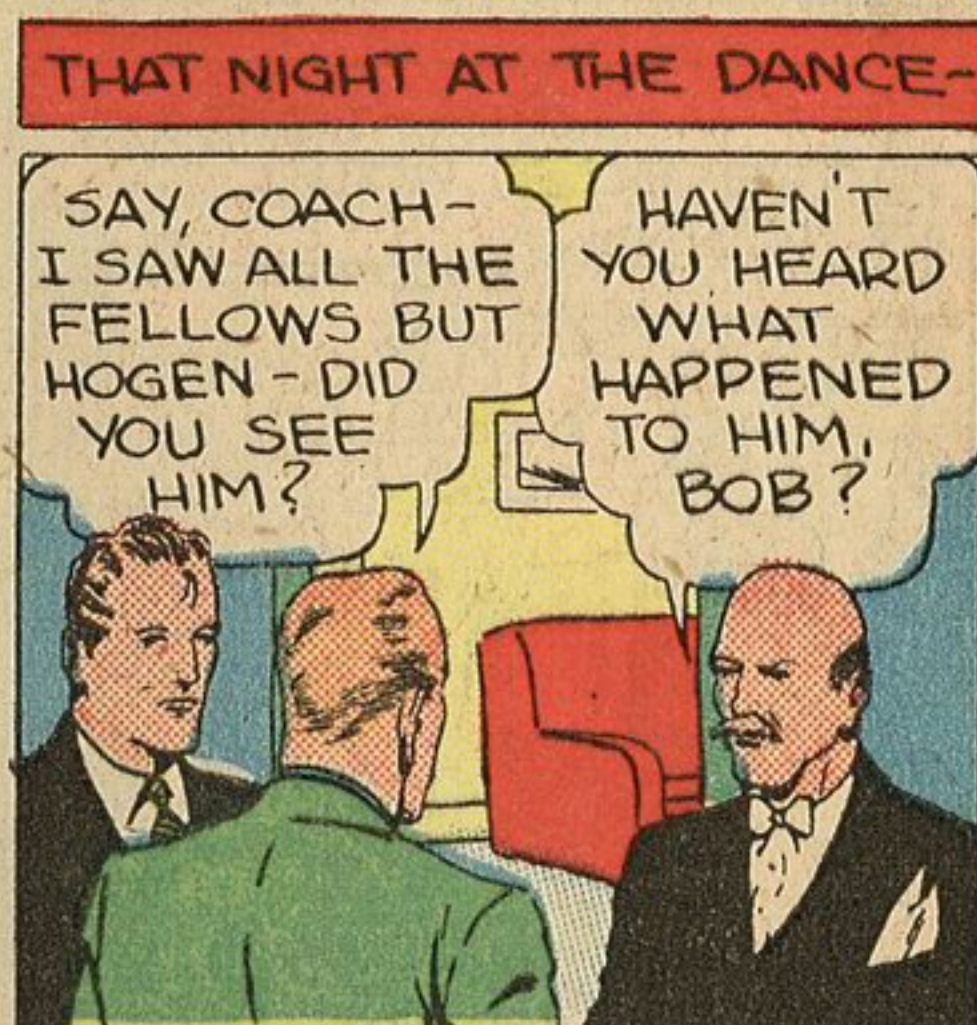
CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

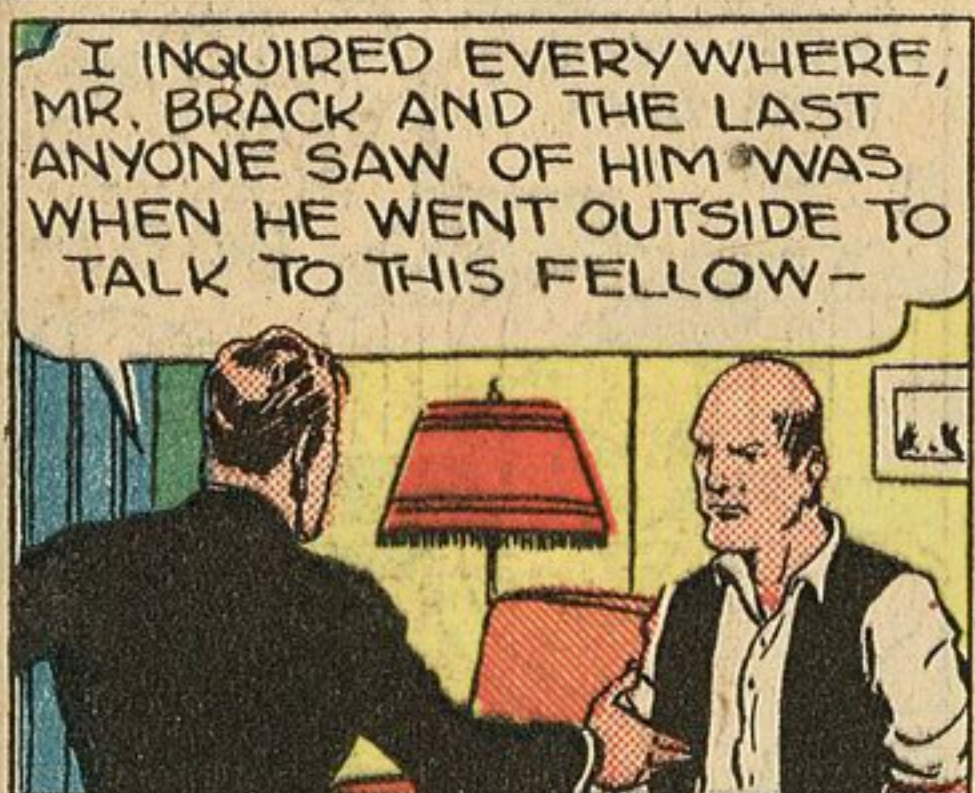
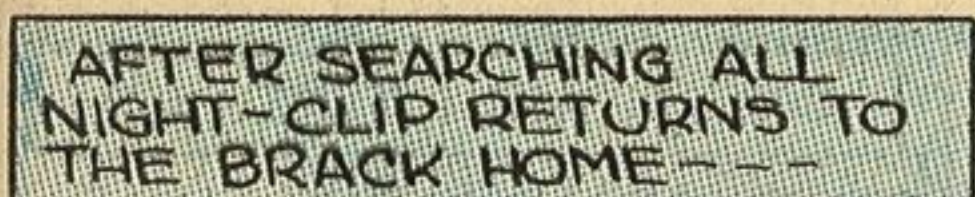


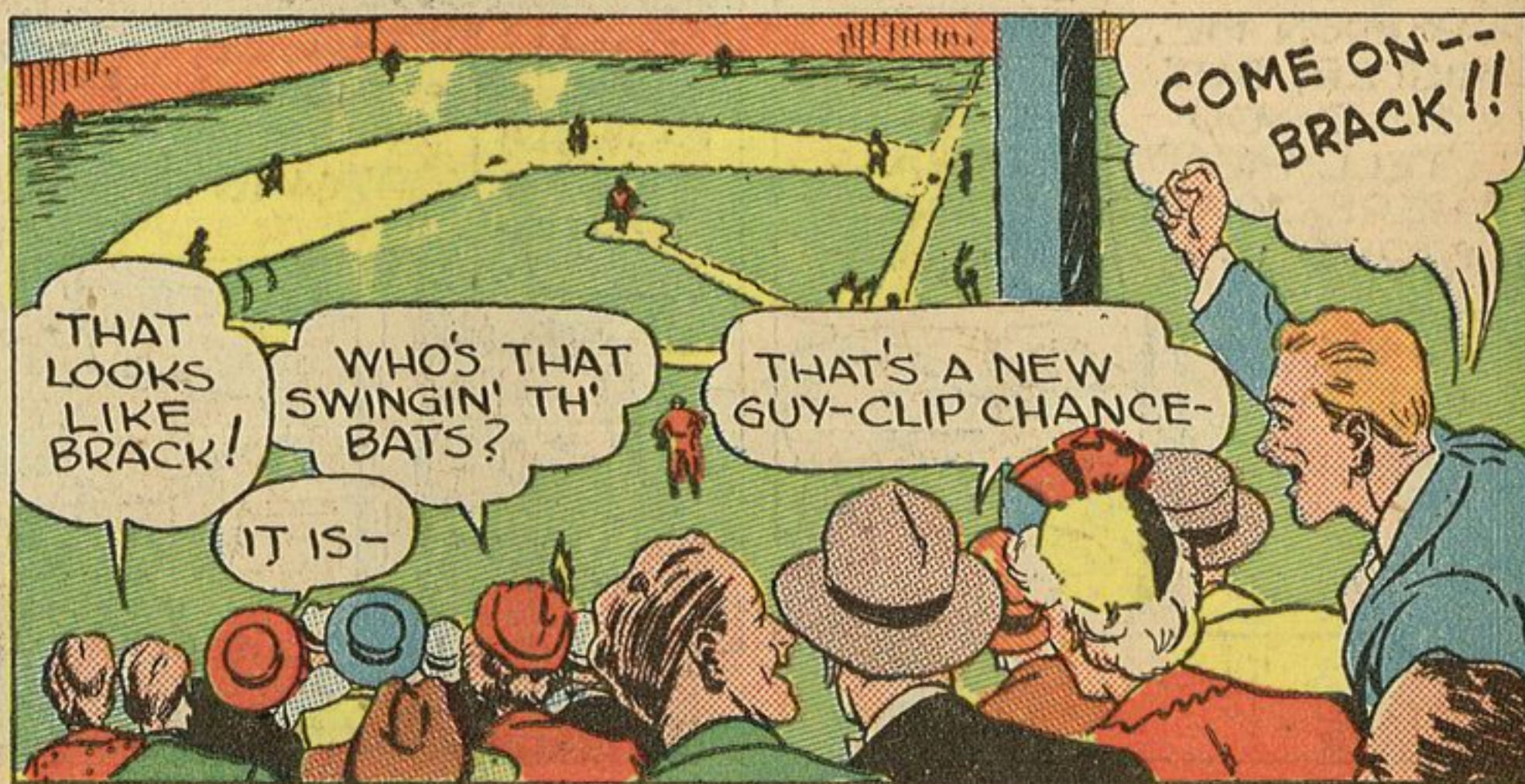
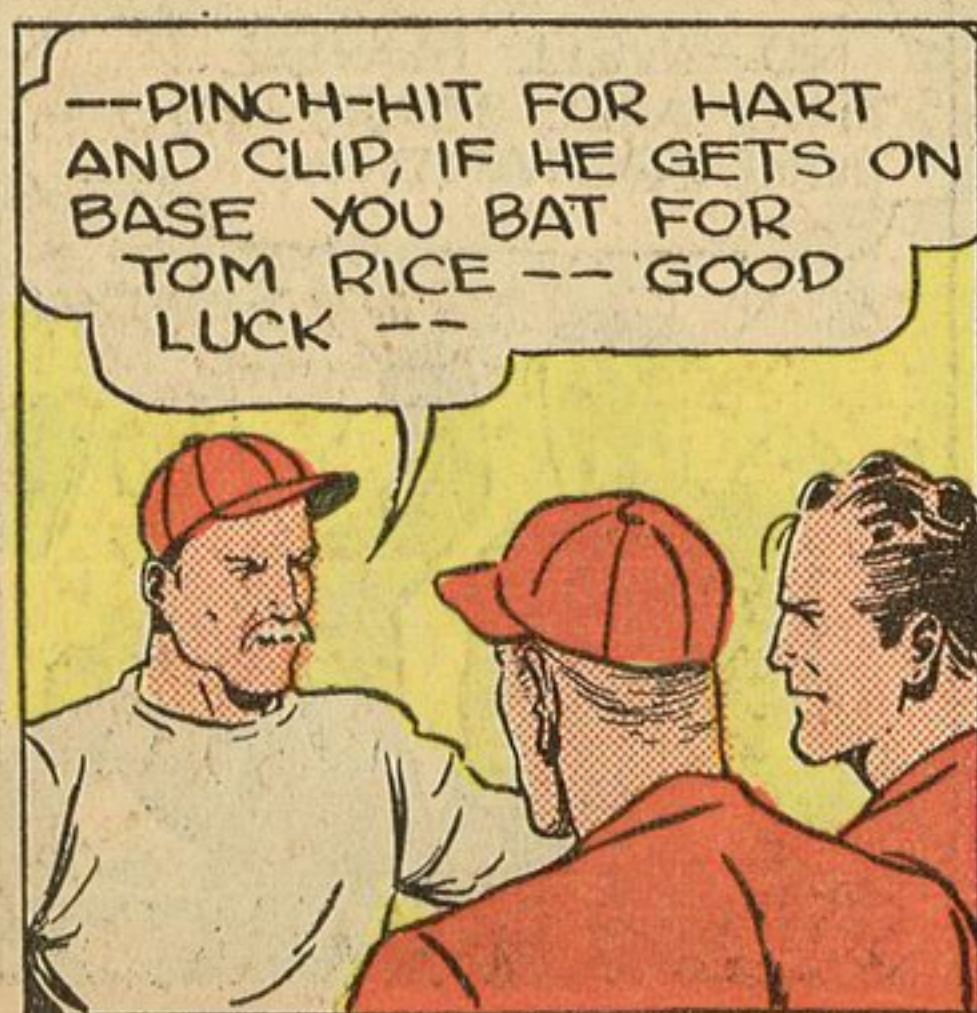
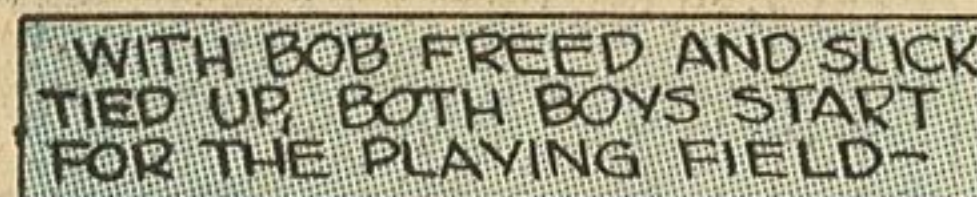
Lily SCOTT
SHERIDAN



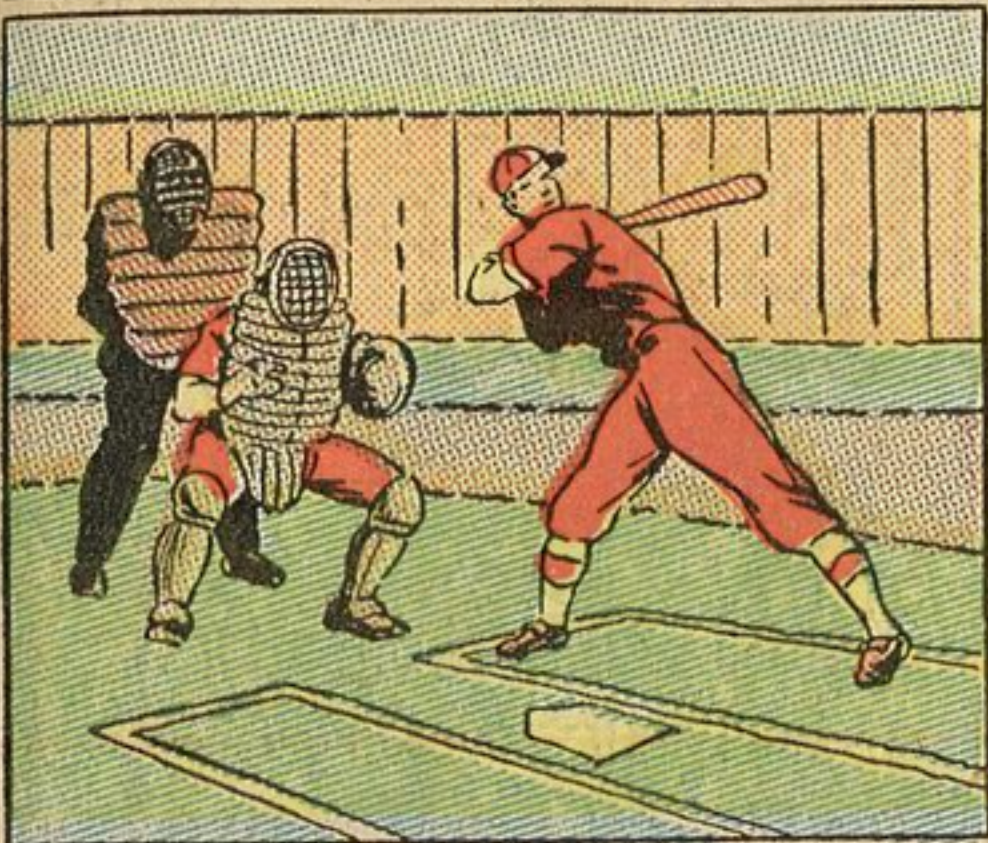




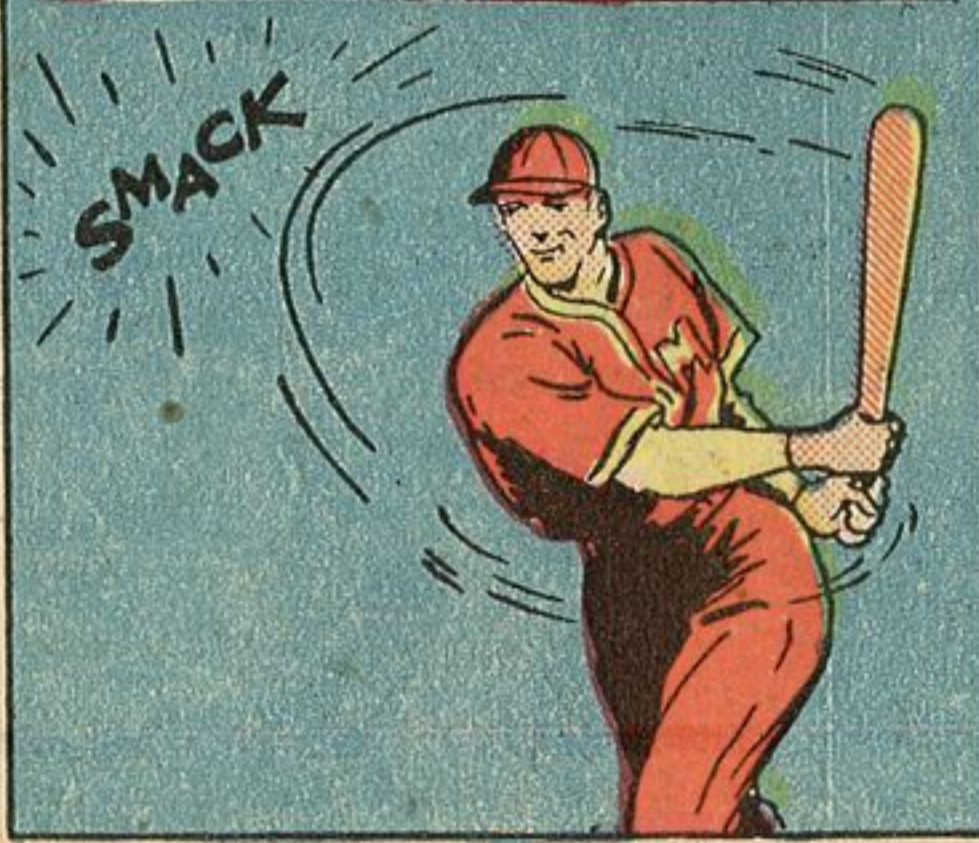




WITH THE COUNT 3 AND 2 ON HIM, BRACK SETS HIMSELF-



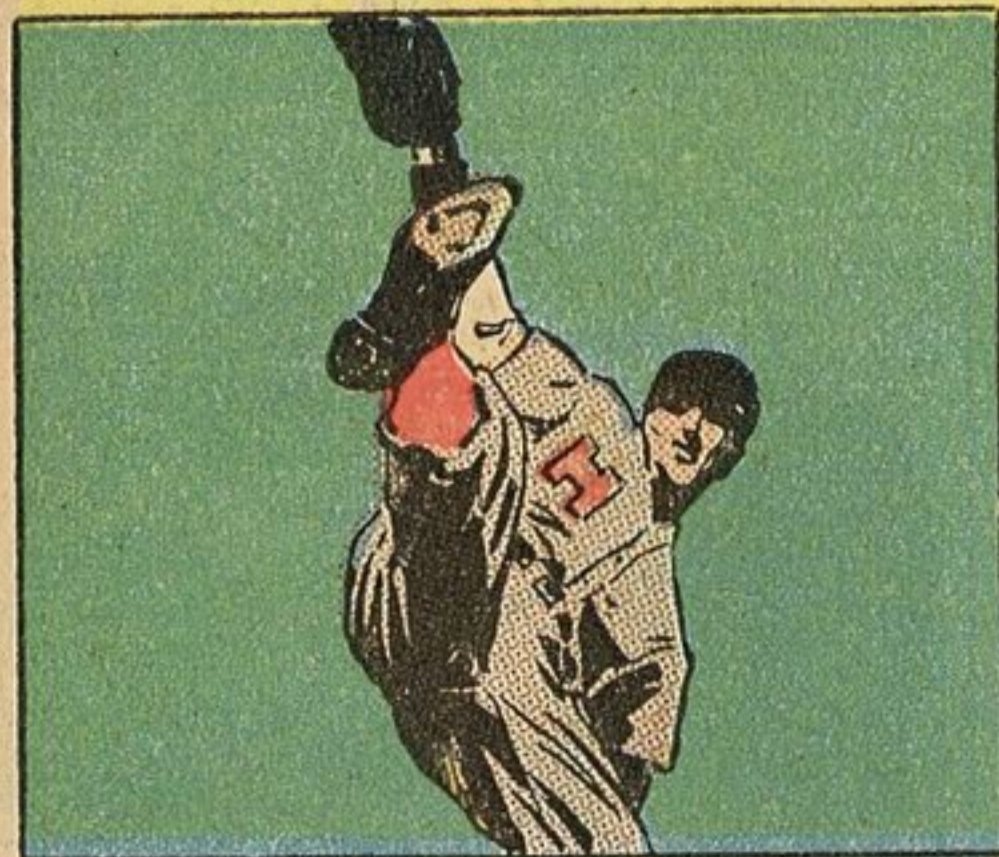
--AND HE RAPS OUT A SHARP SINGLE--



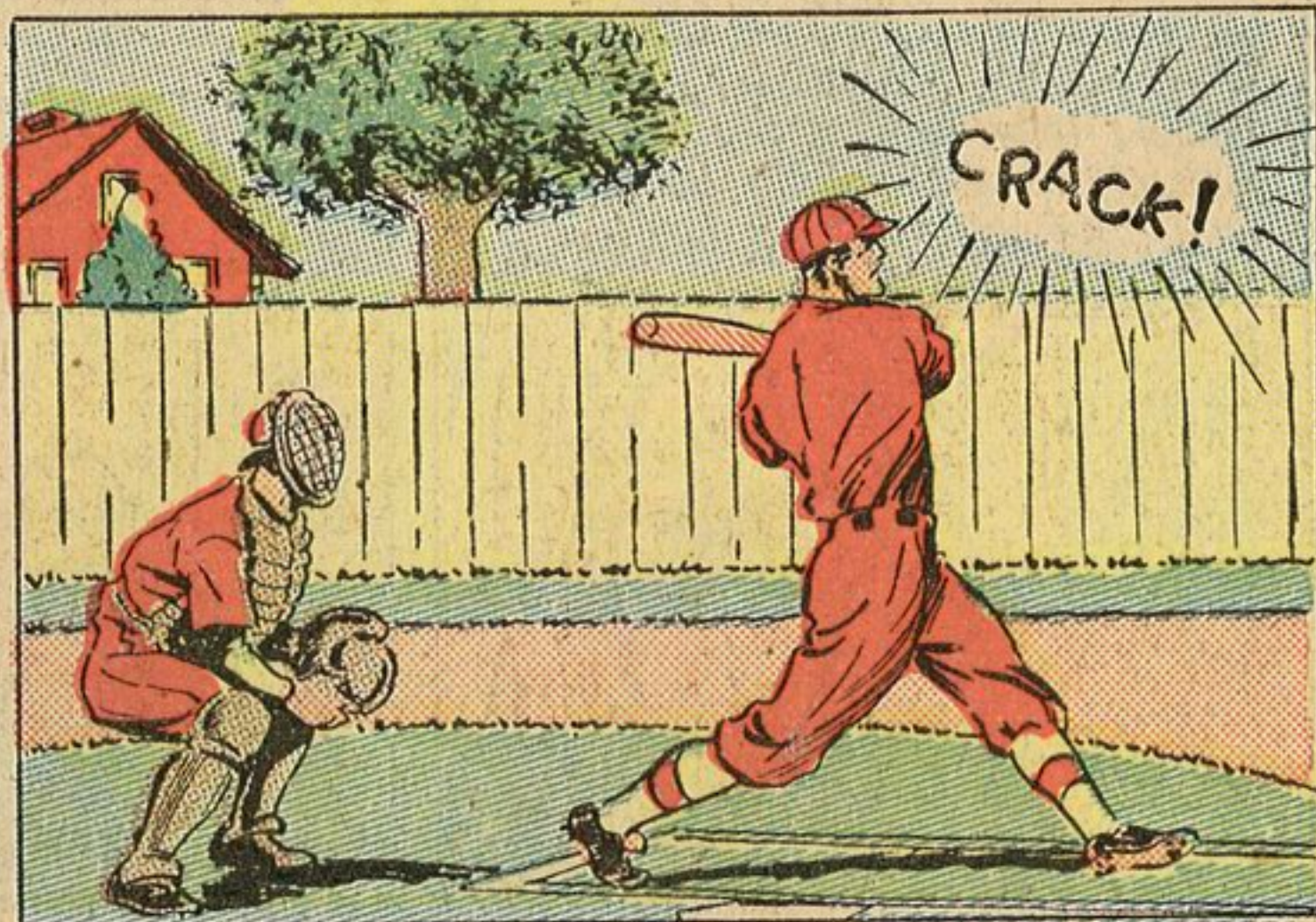
THE TYING RUN IS ON FIRST, CLIP--
MAKE IT COUNT--



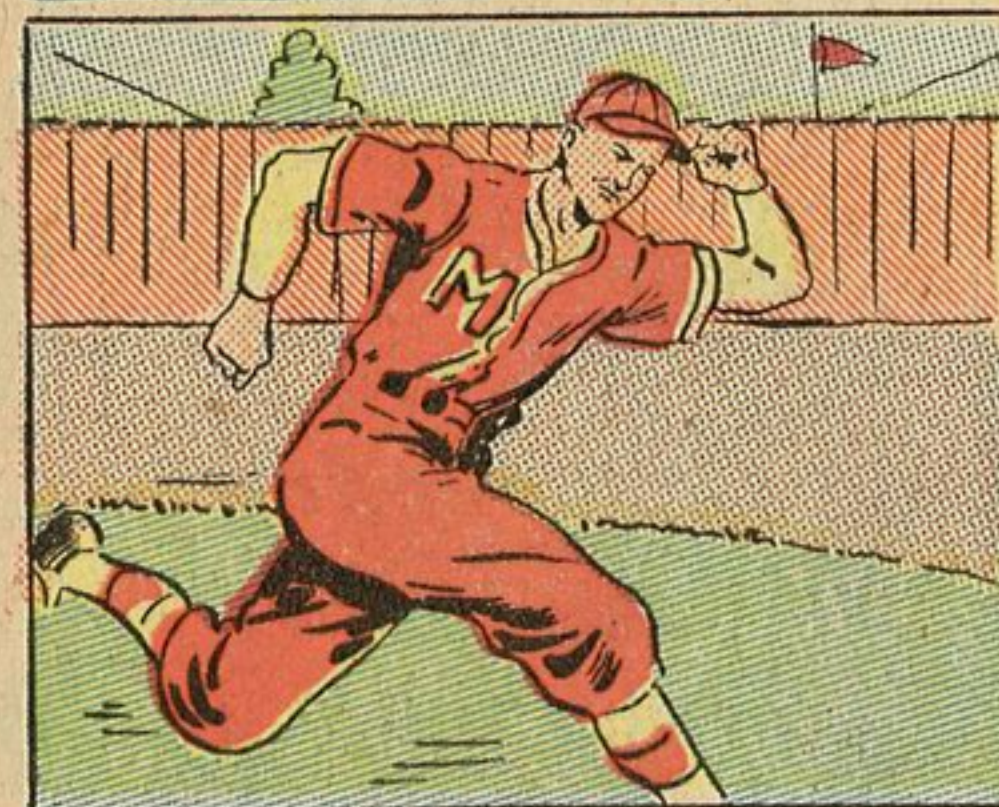
THE HILLTOP PITCHER LEANS FAR BACK-



AND AS THE BALL COMES TOWARD CLIP, HE TIGHTENS HIS GRIP AND WITH A MIGHTY SMASH, HE SENDS IT HIGH IN THE AIR-



AT THE CRACK OF THE BAT, BOB IS OFF LIKE A FLASH---



OVER TH' FENCE!

WOW!

A HOME RUN!



AND CLIP CROSSES THE PLATE WITH THE WINNING RUN--

WOW! - WHAT A SOCK!!



WHOOPEE! -
MILLTOWN
WINS - 6 TO
5--

AN' LEADS
TH' LEAGUE
YIPP-EE!



AFTER THE GAME-

WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE OTHER
CROOK, CLIP?

I
TOOK
HIM TO
THE
SHERIFF



AND
BY NOW
HE'S GOT
THEM
BOTH IN
JAIL-

AND TO THINK
I INVITED YOU
TO SPEND A
QUIET WEEK
IN THE
COUNTRY!



Follow Clip Chance in the September issue of SMASH COMICS.

CAPTAIN COOK

OF SCOTLAND YARD

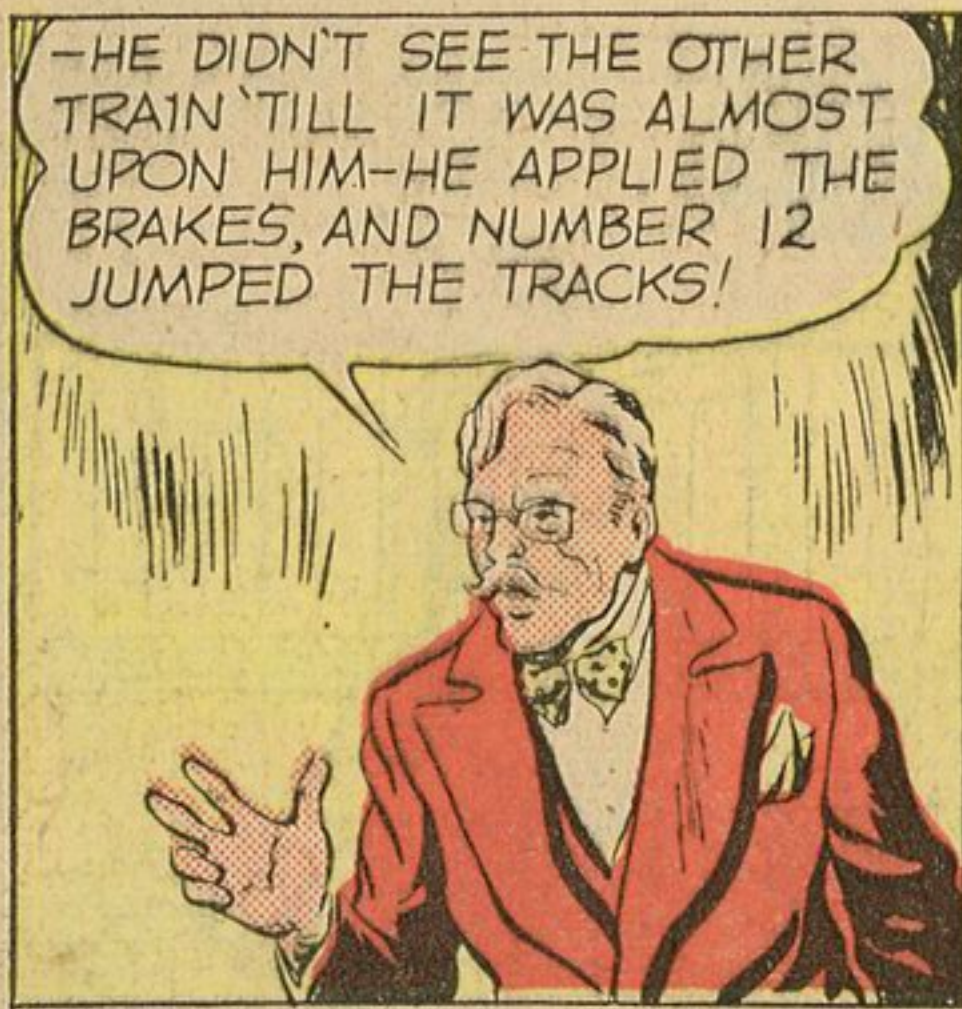
A Complete Story

OUR SCENE IS THE OFFICES OF THE CONTINENTAL RAILWAY, LONDON—AN EXCITED OFFICIAL ENTERS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...



WHAT? ANOTHER ACCIDENT?

YES! THIS TIME NEAR THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—JUST AS BEFORE—AN ENGINEER ON FREIGHT TRAIN NUMBER 12 SAW THE HEADLIGHT OF A LOCOMOTIVE COMING HEAD ON TO HIM—



—HE DIDN'T SEE THE OTHER TRAIN 'TILL IT WAS ALMOST UPON HIM—HE APPLIED THE BRAKES, AND NUMBER 12 JUMPED THE TRACKS!



THE PAPERS WILL BE FULL OF THIS! CONTINENTAL RAILWAY STOCK WILL BE RUINED!

—AND THAT'S NOT ALL—



—THE GOLDEN GLOW OIL TRUST IS PLANNING TO GRANT ITS CONTRACT TO ROYAL RAILWAYS—THAT MEANS WE WON'T TRANSPORT THEIR OIL ANYMORE!

YES—BY HEAVENS!



BREWTON, WE'RE GOING TO CALL ON SCOTLAND YARD!

BY ALL MEANS, SIR—BY ALL MEANS!



—READ ALL ABOUT THE GHOST EXPRESS!



AT SCOTLAND YARD—THE EXCITED RAILWAY PRESIDENT HAS EXPLAINED THE DETAILS OF THE ACCIDENT...

AN UNUSUAL CASE INDEED, GENTLEMEN! SCOTLAND YARD WILL DO ITS BEST TO HELP YOU!



CAPTAIN COOK GETS AN ASSIGNMENT—THE AMAZING THING ABOUT THE ACCIDENT IS, THAT THE TRAIN COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR JUST BEFORE THE COLLISION!



—SO THE COLLISION DIDN'T OCCUR! THE TRAIN WAS GOING AT HIGH SPEED WHEN THE BRAKES WERE APPLIED, AND IT JUMPED THE TRACKS!

THIS SOUNDS LIKE A CONSPIRACY AND WORSE!



SOLVING SPOOK MYSTERIES IS A FAR CRY FROM MY USUAL LINE—BUT, I'LL TACKLE IT!

FINE! ACT QUICKLY—THERE MAY BE MORE ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS!

COOK AND HIS ASSISTANT ARE OFF TO A DISTANT HOSPITAL TO SEE A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER...

THE MAN WE'RE GOING TO SEE IS THE FELLOW WHOSE TRAIN WAS WRECKED BY THE "GHOST EXPRESS" LAST NIGHT-

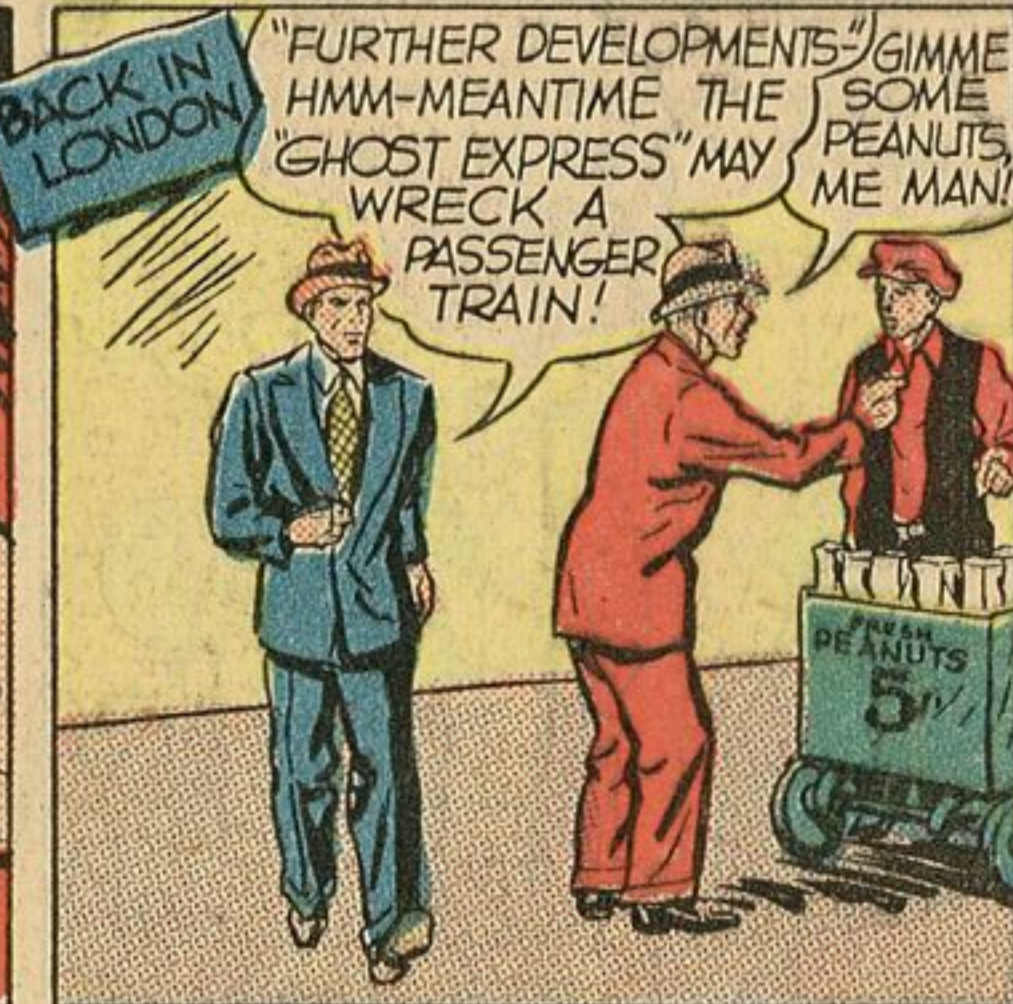
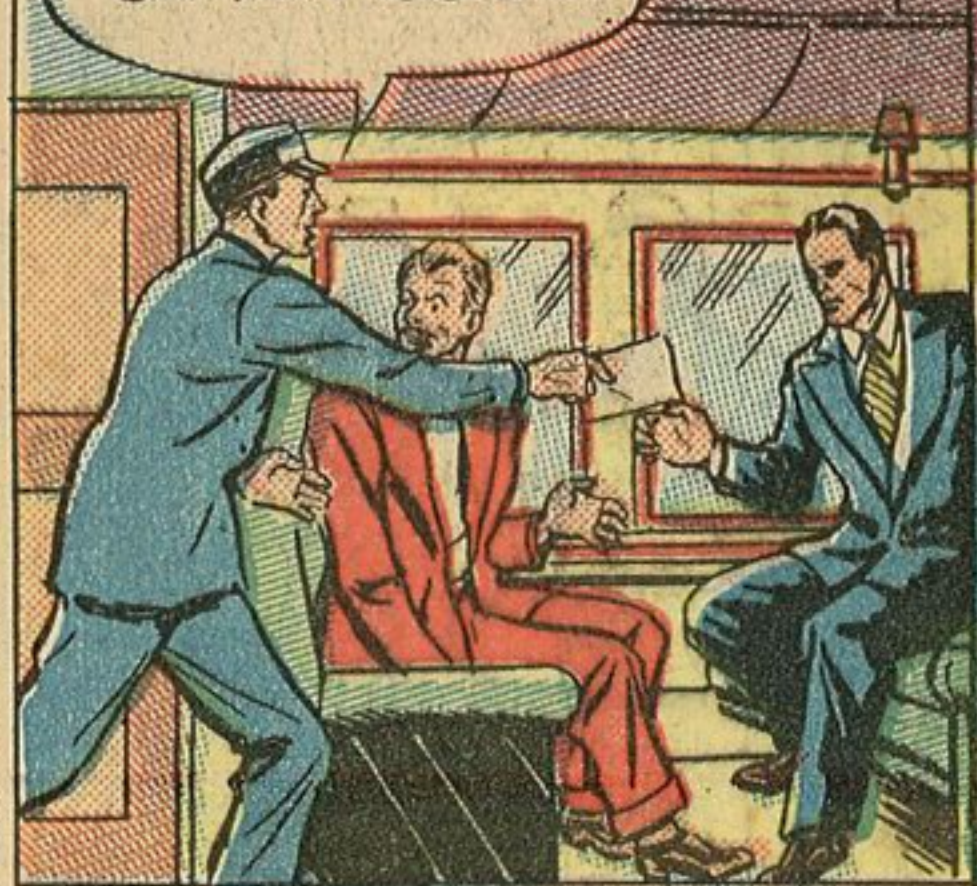


I BEEN WONDERIN' WHAT WE'D DO IF TH' ENGINEER OF THIS "GHOST EXPRESS" WAS TO COME UP TO US IN PERSON, LIKE!

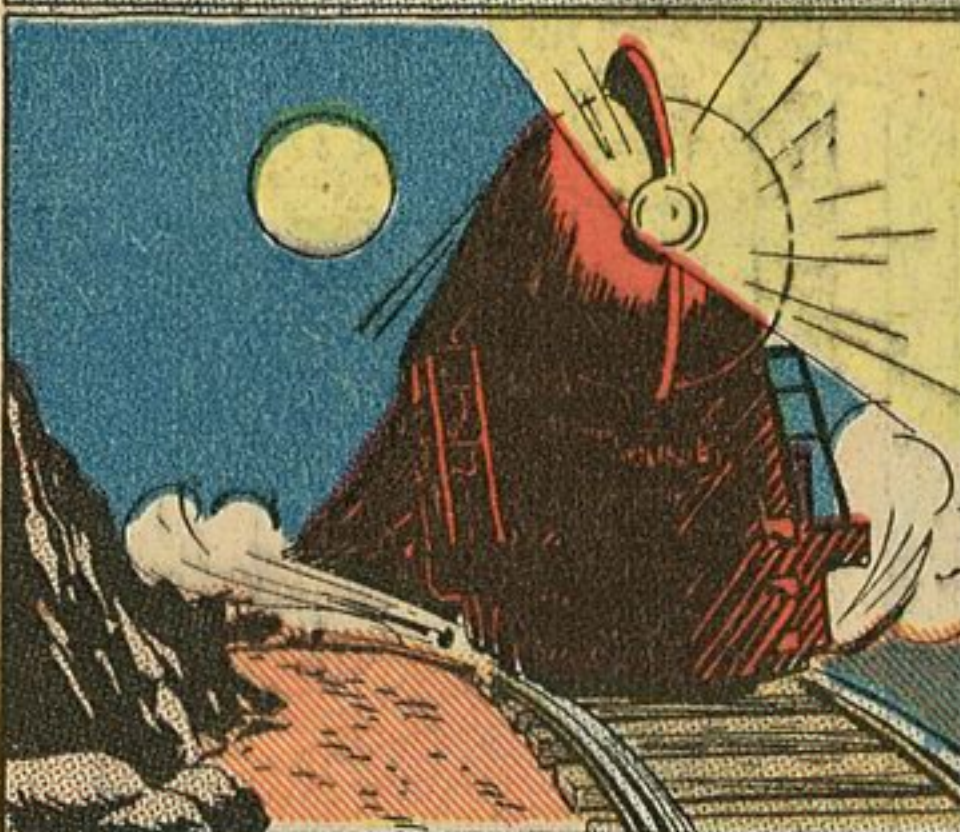
BAH-DON'T BE NERVOUS, KELLY-HE WOULDN'T BITE YOU!



TELEGRAM FOR CAPTAIN COOK!



BUT, LATE THAT NIGHT, THE "SUNSET LIMITED" CRACK TRAIN OF THE CONTINENTAL RAILWAY, IS SPEEDING THROUGH ENGLAND.

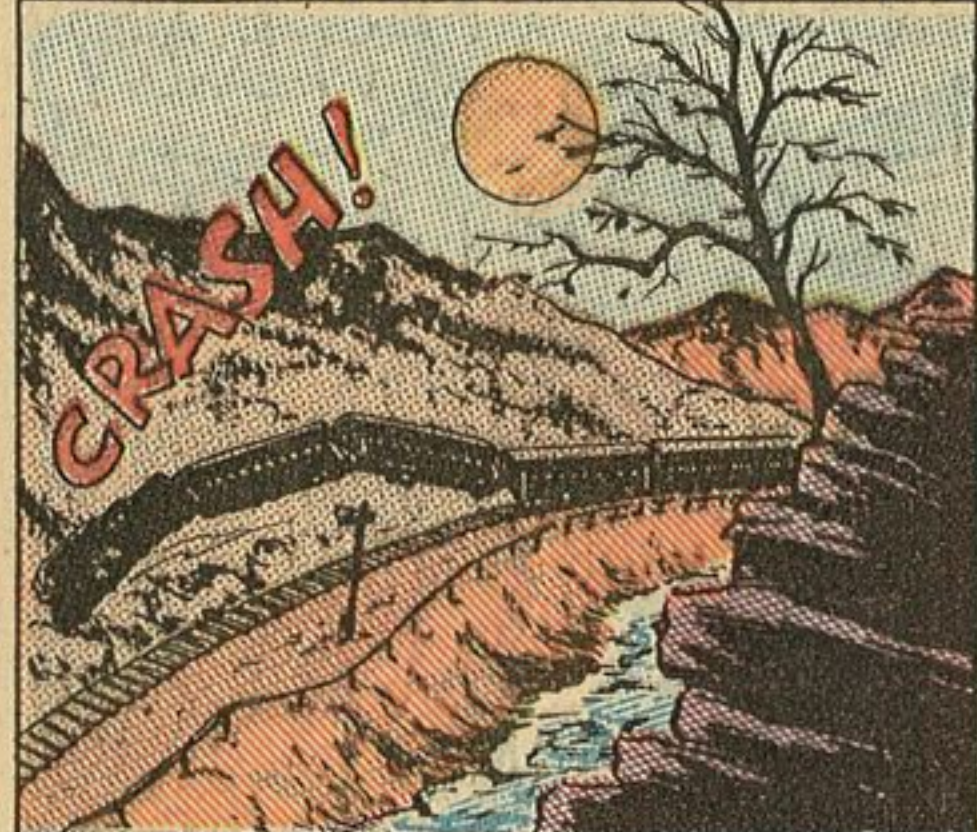


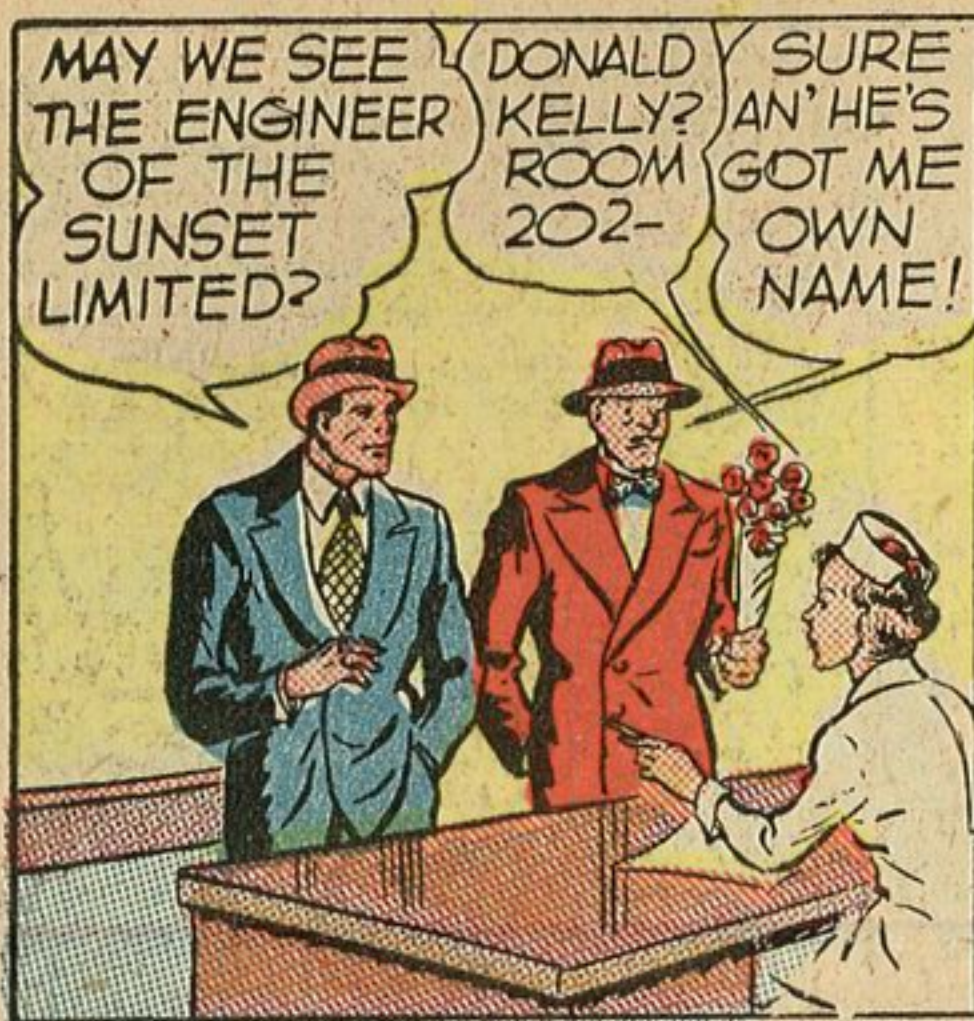
GREAT HEAVENS, DAN! A TRAIN IS BEARING DOWN ON US!

APPLY THE BRAKES, QUICK!



AT HIGH SPEED, THE BRAKES ARE SET-THEN A SCREAMING OF STEEL-AND THE TWISTED, TURNING TRAIN LEAVES THE TRACKS-





THE NEXT NIGHT-LEAVING INSTRUCTIONS WITH THE CHIEF, COOK HAS RECEIVED PERMISSION TO USE AN ARMY PLANE AND PILOT.



TAKING OFF, THE PLANE FOLLOWS THE "TRAFALGER SPECIAL" TO A SPOT NEAR WICKLOW, ENGLAND..



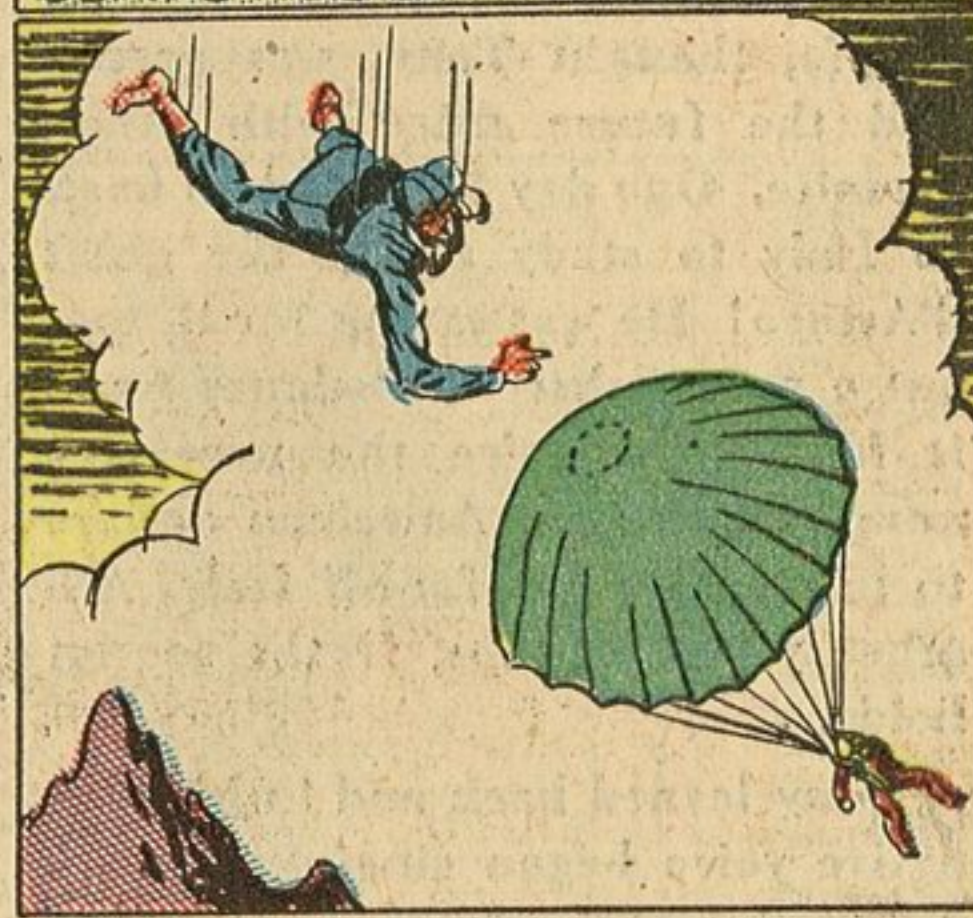
TIME PASSES-FAR BELOW A TRAIN WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS-SUDDENLY..



THE PILOT GIVES THE EXACT LOCATION TO SCOTLAND YARD MEN, WAITING NEAR WICKLOW-AN AERIAL "DOGFIGHT" BEGINS!



SUDDENLY THE UNKNOWN PILOT JUMPS-COOK FOLLOWING!



GIVEN THE EXACT LOCATION FROM THE ARMY PLANE, SCOTLAND YARD MEN ARRIVE..

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER TO THE TRAIN ACCIDENTS, CHIEF!



-AFTER I VISITED THE INJURED ENGINEER OF THE "SUNSET LIMITED", I DECIDED THAT THE ONLY POSSIBLE "MEANS" USED FOR THE "GHOST EXPRESS" WAS A PLANE, EQUIPPED WITH A LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT AND WHISTLE-AND A DEVICE TO SILENCE THE ENGINE-



-THIS MAN HAS ADMITTED THAT ROYAL RAILWAYS EMPLOYED HIM TO FLY ALONG THE TRACKS, WRECKING CONTINENTAL RAILWAY TRAINS-THEIR MOTIVE WAS TO DISCOURAGE PASSENGER-



-TRAVEL ON THE RIVAL RAILROAD, BUT MOSTLY TO SECURE A CONTRACT TO CARRY OIL, WHICH IS TO BE GIVEN TO CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS. HE INTENDED TO WRECK "THE TRAFALGER" TONIGHT-NEAR WICKLOW, BECAUSE OF THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY- PERFECT FOR ACCIDENTS!



MYSTERY AT CATALINA

By Jeffrey Spain

Chapter 1

Tragedy had never darkened Tony Parelli's life. Yet tragedy, in a strange form, was speeding toward him. Today, Tony, clad in trunks, lolled on a high embankment like some slim bronze god and gazed out at the blue Pacific. From this point he could look back on the quaint little fishing village sprawling in the afternoon sun.

Life, thought Tony, was grand, and the future filled with much promise. One day he would go back to Italy to study under the great d'Arturo! He was saving for it, too, but a poor fisher of abalones finds it hard to acquire the necessary number of round American dollars to pay passage to far-off Italy. Another year, perhaps, if the season held . . .

Tony leaned back and in his rich native voice began singing. It was a plaintive old song of moonlit Venetian nights and guitars and drifting gondolas.

Lost in his song, the youth did not see the old Chinese that came creeping stealthily up the bank, a long knife in his mouth. Crouching at Tony's feet, the aged man took an abalone from the basket he carried and placed it against a bare brown leg. Instantly the creature clamped down on yielding flesh.

Tony's song ended in a yell and he leaped up. Then he laughed. But his merriment was not the result of Sun Wang's prank; it was Sun Wang himself. The yellowed parchment of the old face was crinkled into a mask, lips drawn back to reveal toothless gums. Sun Wang was laughing!

"Sun Wang, you old one!" cried Tony, tears of mirth running down his cheeks. "It was the great joke. But look you—" He kicked the abalone over the edge of the embankment, where it plunged into the cool green depths below. "Now I go get him again, and he shall be mine!" laughed the youth.

He poised for a moment, inhaled, then dived gracefully.

Sun Wang watched the waters close over the dark head of his young friend and he smiled thoughtfully. Once he too had been young. That was long ago, so long ago, in far-off China. Then, he had had the straight limbs and the sharp eyes of youth. Now he had only wisdom—much wisdom. One could not have both. Tony was a child. He needed the watchful eye of a father. Sun Wang was satisfied.

A boisterous laugh brought the old man out of his memories. Tony, shaking water out of his eyes, leaped nimbly up the bank.

"See, my old one!" he cried, "I bring not only one, but two! Now who is the better fisherman?" Tony proudly laid the two abalones on the grass between them.

Sun Wang watched his friend and only the twinkle in his sloe eyes revealed the pride he felt in the lad's achievement. But it wouldn't do to tell the young rascal! Casually he said, "Sun Wang in no hully. One at a time they last longer."

This brought a peal of laughter from Tony. "But the abalones are in a hurry! Too much of a hurry for Sun Wang to pluck two in one dive, no? It takes the cleverness, my old one!"

Chuckling, Tony knelt to place the abalone in his basket. With a deft movement he flipped one of them into Sun Wang's basket, closing the lid quickly. The generous act did not escape the keen eyes of the old man, however. He smiled inwardly as Tony leaped to his feet and playfully made as if to toss his aged friend over the embankment. Without knowing just how it happened, Tony suddenly sprawled on his back while Sun Wang stood grinning over him.

"Oh!" grunted the lad, surprised, "the jiu-jitsu trick! You must teach me some time, Sun Wang."

The sun came up out of the sea, casting golden lances after the de-

parting night. Sleepy birds chirped and sped away into the cool morning. Gulls, caught in the golden glory of early skies, wheeled with raucous cries and dived into the waves for their breakfasts.

It was dawn. Yet, before the day was fully born, the abalone fishermen trudged forth to begin their hard toil. Early morning was the best time to capture the luscious mollusks clinging to rocks in the shadowy depths.

Tony's curly head bobbed above the water and a few strokes brought him to shore. Dripping golden rivulets, he ran up the bank. There was nothing in his hands, except the long knife used to pry the quarry from their anchorage. He was excited.

"Sun Wang! Old uncle, it's a giant—the grandfather of all abalones!" He indicated the spot from which he had just emerged. "Not over a fathom!"

Sun Wang snorted in mock contempt. "Why not bling back, eh? Huh! You weak—only boy. Not wise. Me, I catchee beeg ab'lone!"

The old Chinese stepped to the edge of the water. His warped body, supported on thin, crooked legs, looked grotesque in the morning light, like some misshapen bronze.

Tony laid a hand on his arm. "Let us try together, no? He is very big, Sun Wang—most as big as you."

Sun Wang gave the youth a look that said, "This is a man's job—stand back!" Then, drawing himself taut, he inhaled deeply, and dived.

Tony lounged on the sand and hummed a tune. Out in the bay a trim yacht rode at anchor, its white hull shining in the sunlight. Signor Moroni was a lucky man, mused Tony. By a mere command he could sail away to any part of the world—yes, even Italy! The signor was a kindly man, too, for had he not hinted that one day Tony might go with him back to . . . what was keeping Sun Wang?

Tony rose and glanced into the smooth water. It was transparent and he could see the bottom clearly. His old friend was long over-due. What was that? A swaying movement near a huge rock caught his

eye. A billow of "mud smoke" floated upward. Tony saw the flash of Sun Wang's knife. The old man was fighting—something!

Instantly Tony dived. Straight to the threshing figure of Sun Wang, whose left hand was held in the vise-like grasp of the giant abalone. The Chinese' knife-thrusts were weak. Tony could glimpse the look of fear in the old man's eyes.

In a moment he had sunk his own knife under the big shell and pried. The shell gave. The abalone came loose and Tony grabbed it. He shot to the surface, just behind Sun Wang who, though gasping for breath, disdained to allow Tony to assist him up the bank. But there was a grateful light in his eyes. Tony had saved his life.

Saturday night in the little Catalina fishing village was always looked forward to. It was the only night in the week when the simple fisherfolk might relax and enjoy themselves. Tomorrow was the Sabbath, and most of them would rise early and trudge to the tiny clapboard chapel at the edge of town, where the good Padre Perez would minister to their soul needs. They were few, for these poor folk knew little of the greeds and hates of the outside world.

Saturday night was the big night! There were so many interesting things to be done, so much chatter to exchange with old friends, and, of course, later in the evening, after a soda or two in Luigi's combination store, there was the movie. Always, on Saturday nights, the little house boasted a full quota of patrons. What did it matter that the features it showed were often a year or more old?

Tony hustled about his evening chores, and after a noisy bath in the big tub, set out for Luigi's in spotlessly clean white trousers and shirt open at the throat.

Smiling a greeting at the old Indian behind the counter, he climbed on a stool and said, "And how about a banana split, Luigi?"

A commotion near the door halted Luigi's answer and the small talk of the few villagers in the store ceased. They all turned toward the source of the sound, an angry yell

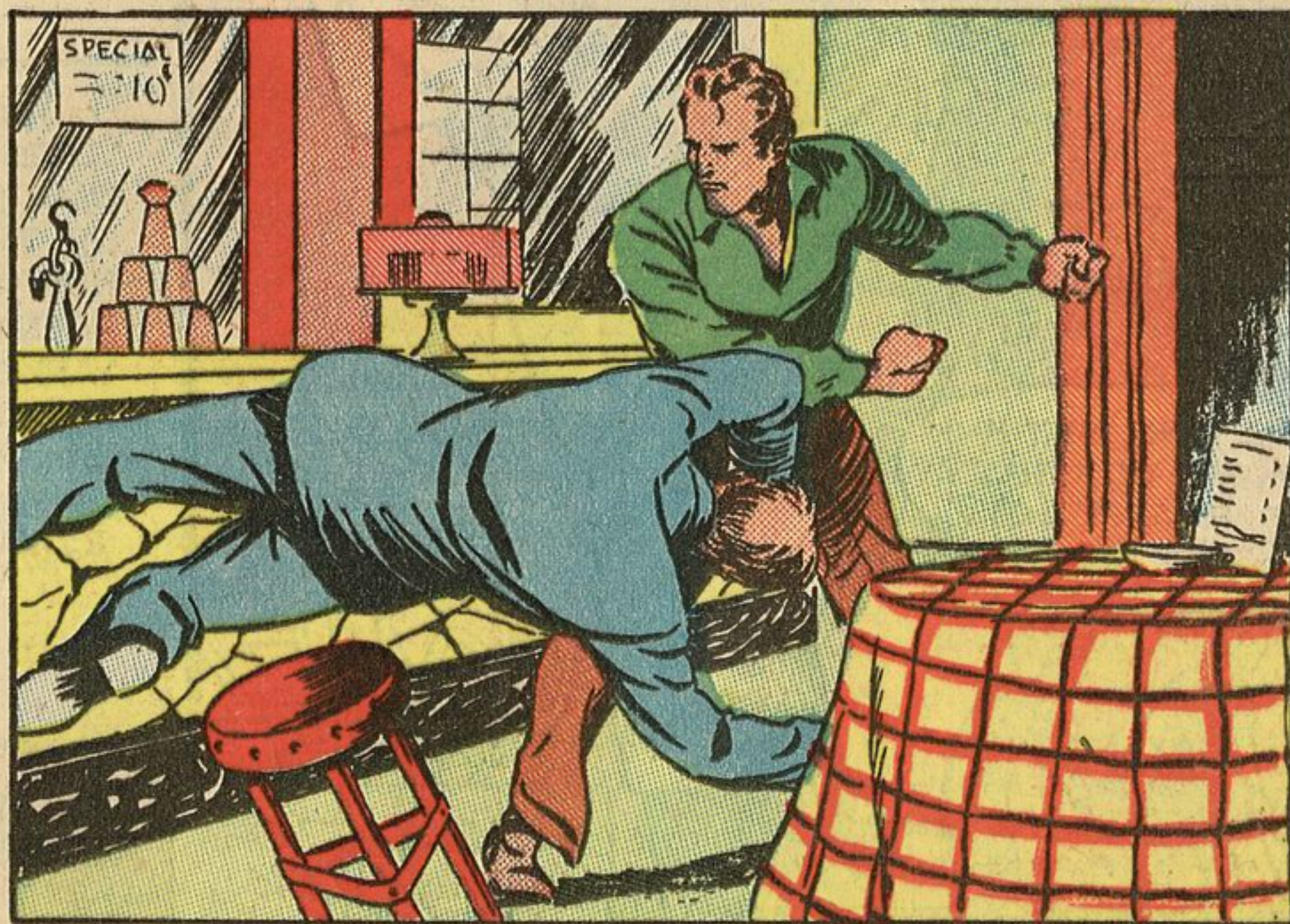
in English, and the harsh tones of a man answering.

"Break that, you clumsy ox, and I'm out fifteen hundred slugs!"

"Aw, forget it," snarled the author of the yell. "Why'n heck ain't they got a light so's a feller can see where he's goin'?"

The screen door banged open and two men entered, one of them carrying a black box to which was attached three long, spindly legs. The man set his burden down in a corner and slouched to the counter. He was beefy-faced, scowling, with small, reddish eyes.

"Whaddya got to eat?" he growled to Luigi.



The other man, tall, faultlessly dressed, sat down and looked around him. Tony began eating his delicacy slowly, keeping an eye on the newcomers. The well-dressed man gave an order to Luigi and when his daughter, Maria, carried it in, Tony stood up to greet her.

"Good-evening, madonna," he said, smiling.

Beefy-face roared with laughter. "Madonna! Didja hear that, huh? Madon—"

Before he finished, Tony's fist smashed against his mouth. He seemed to lift off the stool, and went crashing across the room in a heap. Tony watched him stagger to his feet, while a dead silence held

the room. Then, deliberately, he turned his back and bowed low to Maria.

"It is a great honor to defend you, madonna," he said, like some gallant out of an Old World drama.

"I'll madonna you!" bellowed Beefy-face with a rush. There was a piercing shriek from the girl, but as Tony side-stepped, the well-dressed man barked:

"Cut it out, Nigg. Don't be a fool. And you—" He turned to Tony—"Take it easy, kid. He didn't mean anything."

Luigi and the other villagers seemed stunned by this unusual occurrence and Tony had a premoni-

tion of evil as Nigg and his companion started for the door. Nigg turned, after gathering up the black box.

"I ain't done with you yet, kid," he snarled. "Don't forget that." Then they were gone. Tony looked at Luigi and Maria, and the old man shook his head slowly as if he, too, felt the forces of evil which had descended with the arrival of the two strangers. Little did any of them know just how fearful these forces would prove to be!

MYSTERY AT CATALINA
is continued in the September
issue of SMASH COMICS

SPORTSPICANTS



ALL RIGHT, WHAT HAS GOMEZ GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?
MORE SPEED!



GOMEZ IS AN OFF AND ON PLAYER WHO IS ONLY AS GOOD AS HE WANTS TO BE...

THIS IDEA IS ALL RIGHT...UNTIL I PITCH MY FAST BALL!



GOMEZ'S UNCANNY CONTROL CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO HIS UNIQUE METHOD OF TRAINING. HE PITCHES BALLS AT A BATTER AND CATCHER PAINTED ON A PIECE OF CANVAS!

-VERNON-
GOMEZ

ACE PITCHER OF
THE NEW YORK
YANKEES



-GILL FOX-

IT'S GOMEZ'S IDEA TO SAVE TIME, HE PITCHES NINE FAST BALLS AND HE'S GOT THREE OUT!!

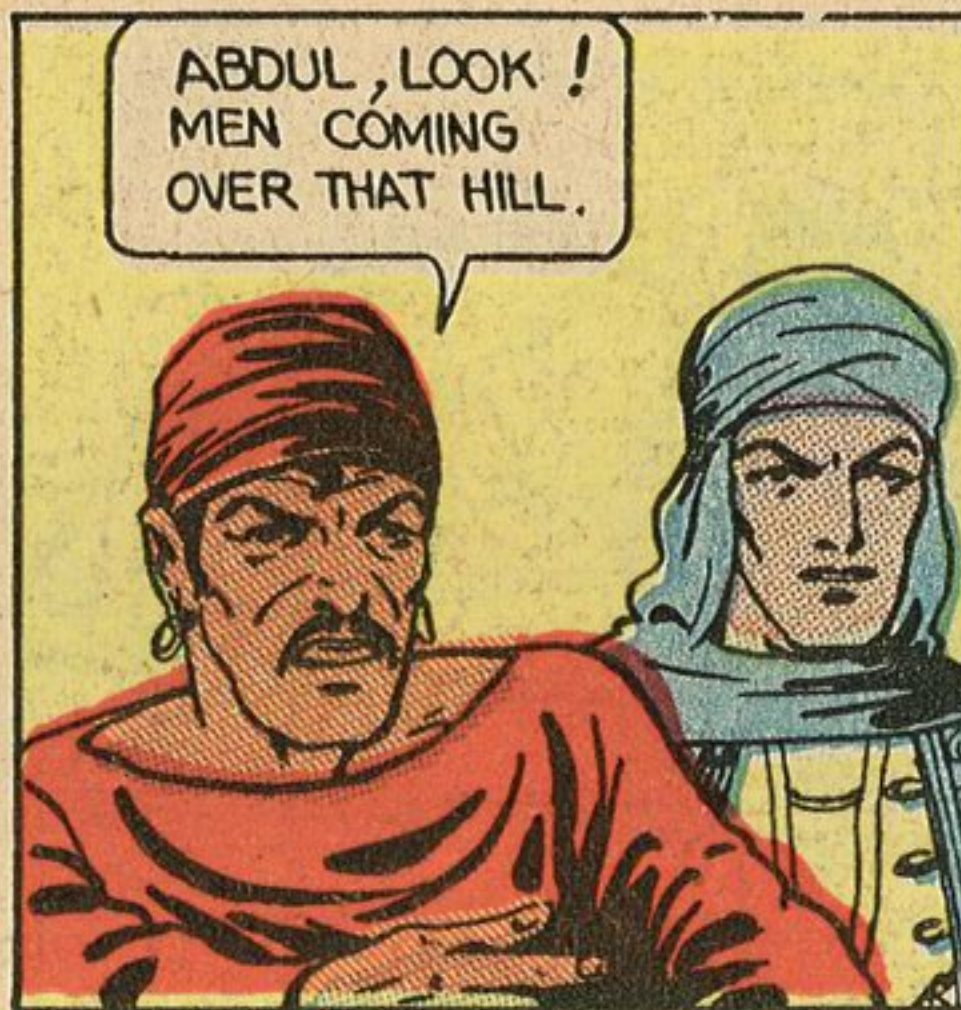
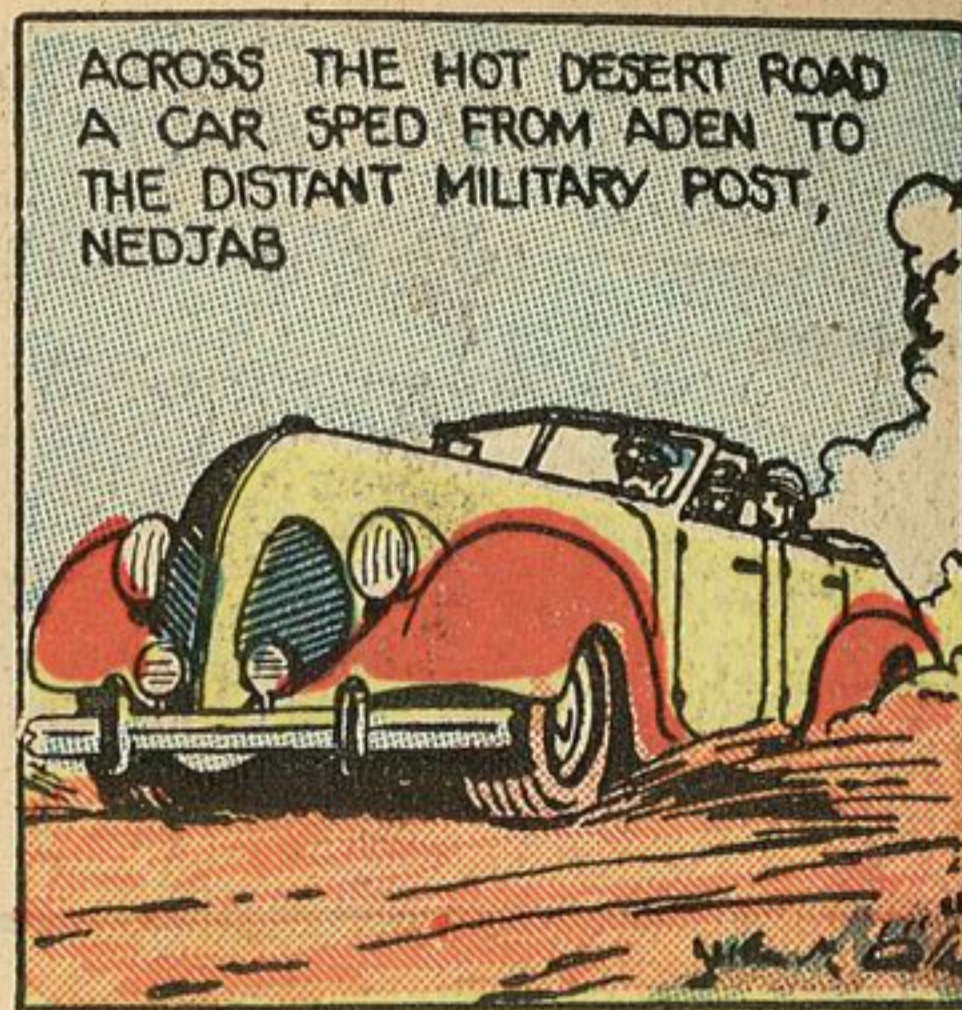
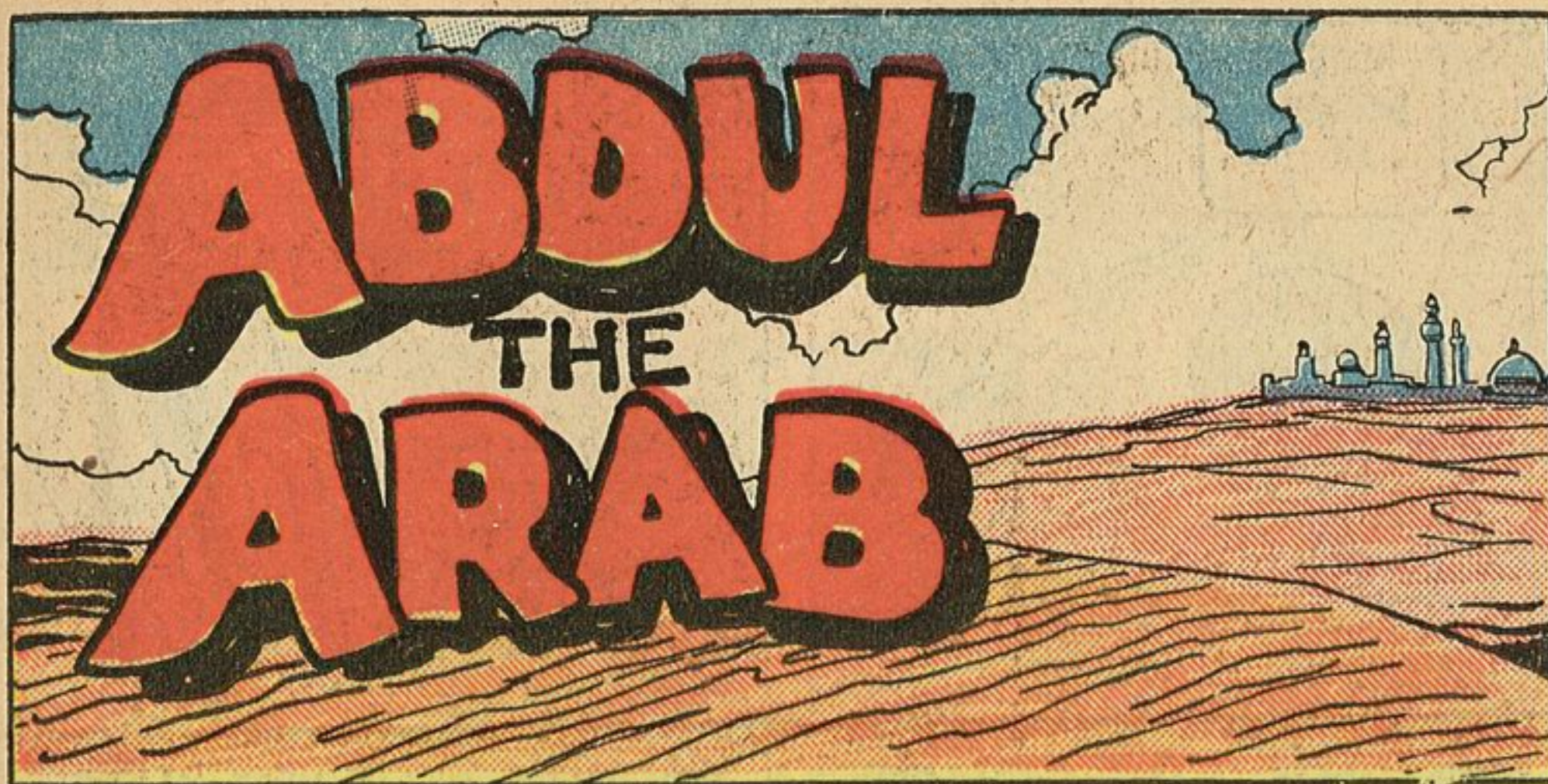


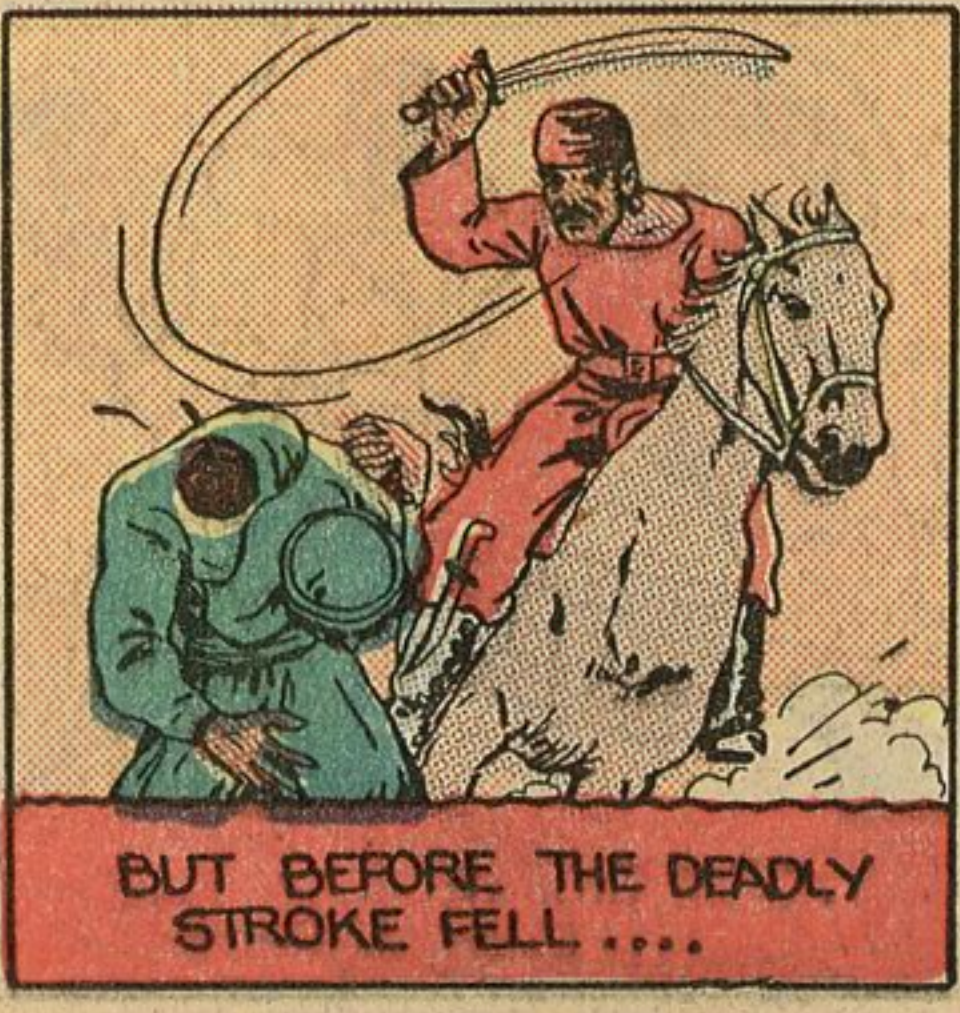
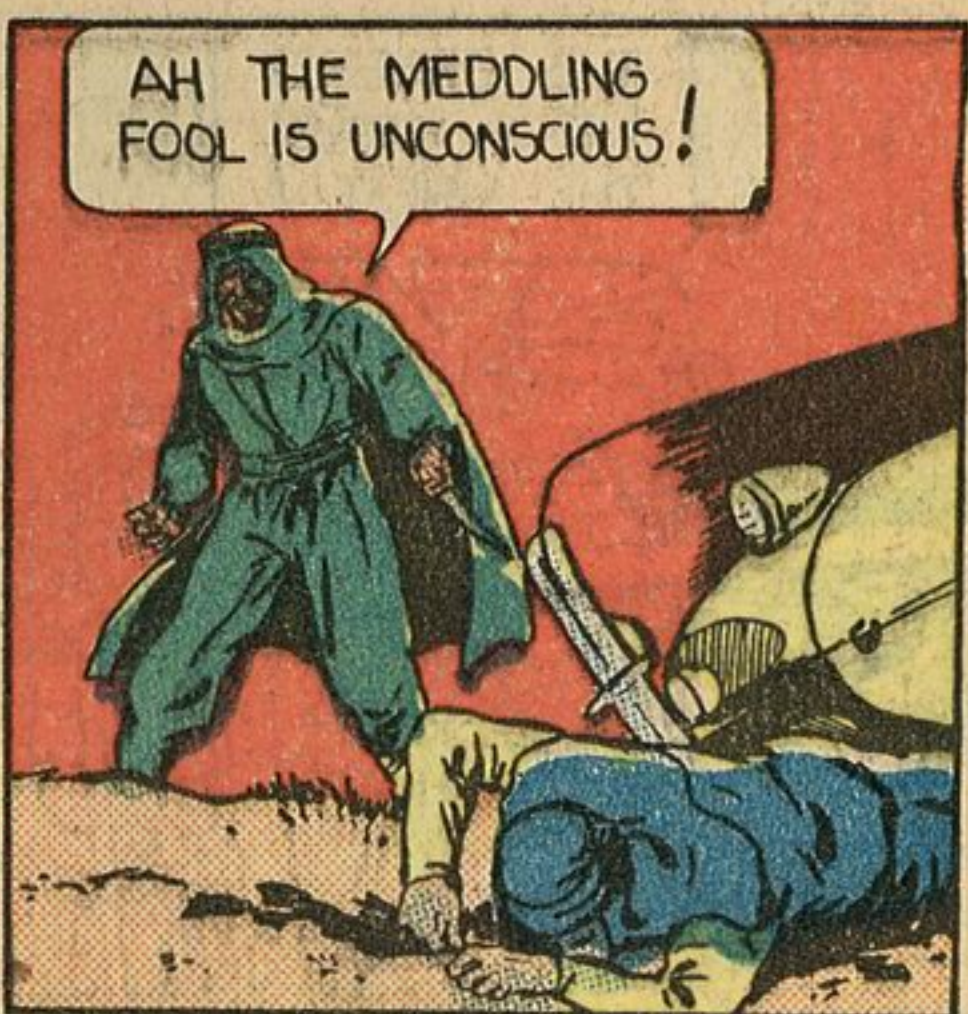
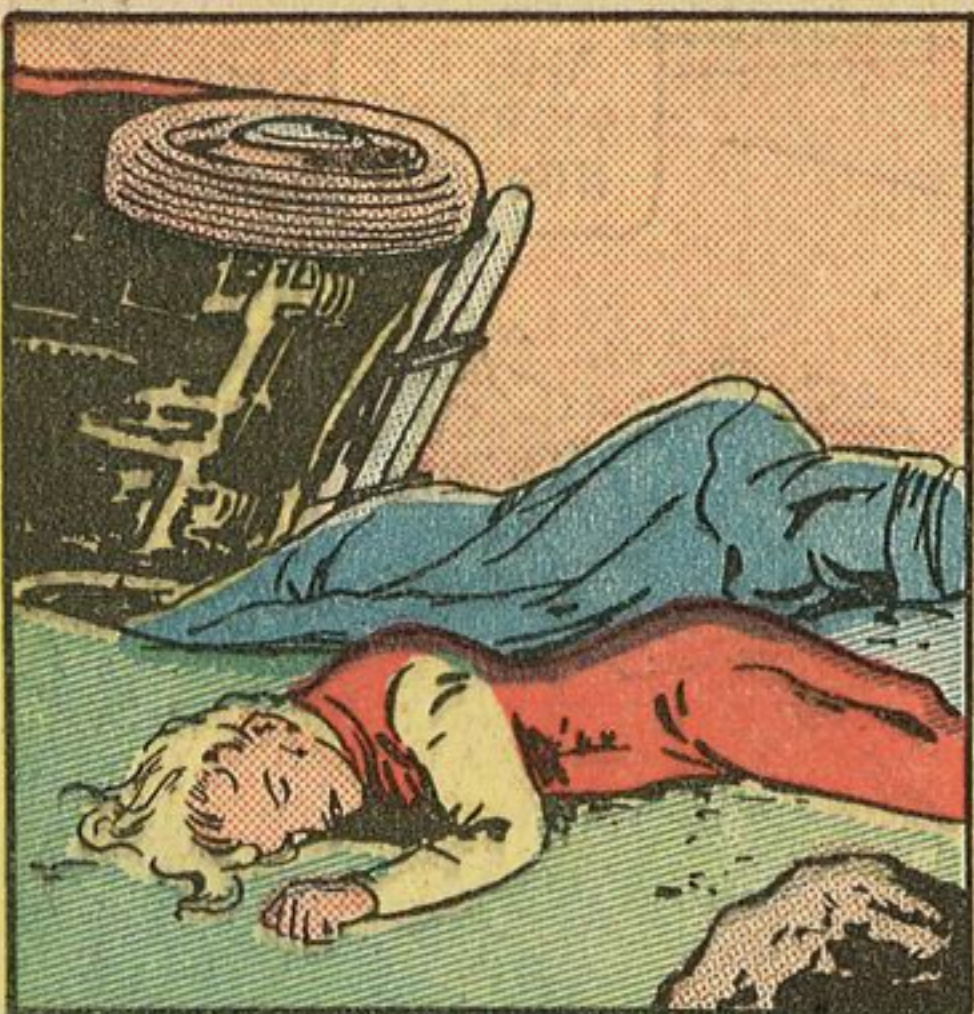
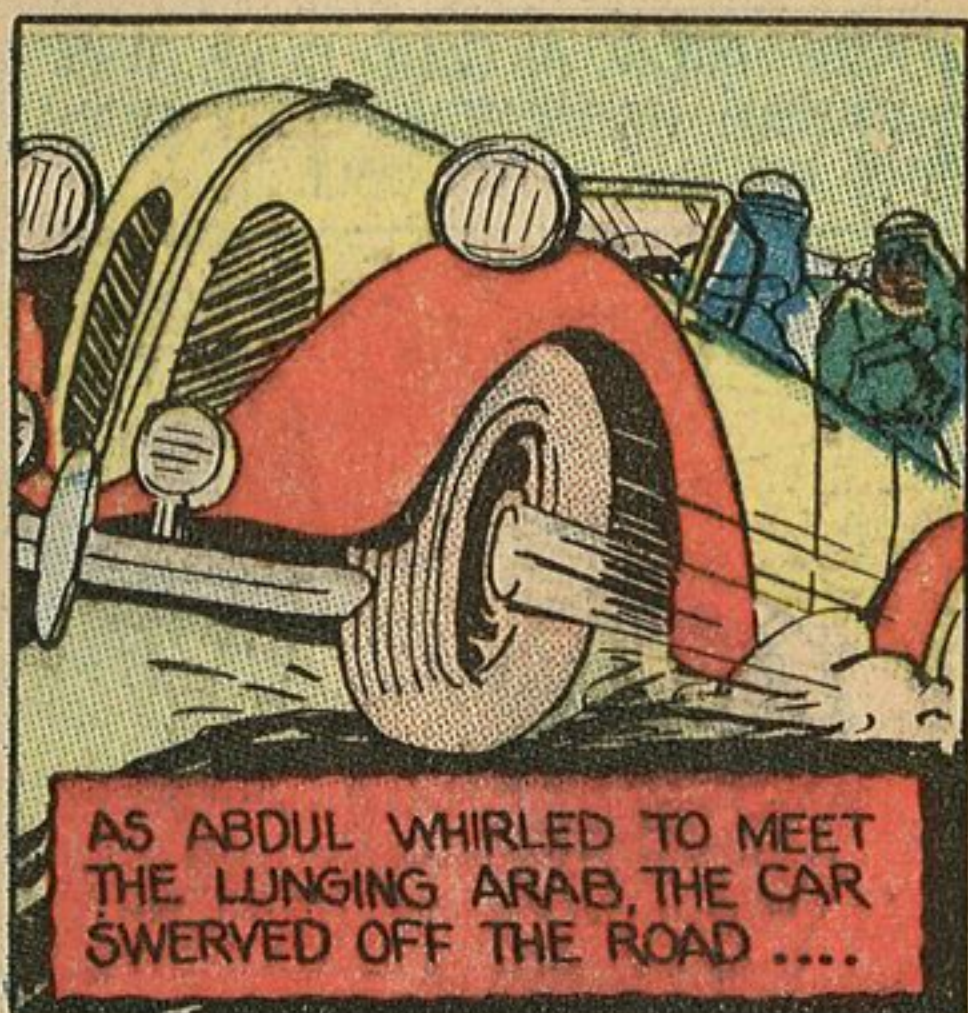
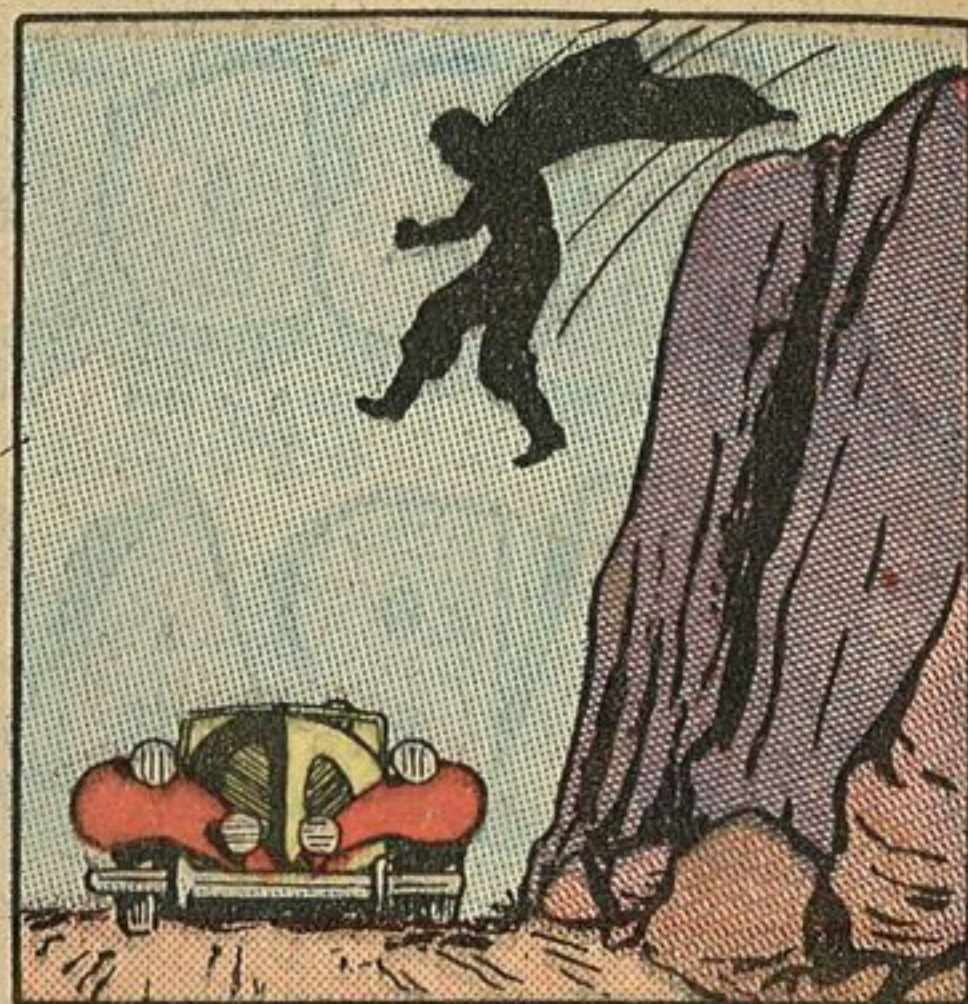
FOR THE TWO CONSECUTIVE YEARS OF 1937 AND 1938, IT WAS THE **BRILLIANT** PITCHING OF THIS MOUNDSMAN THAT WON THE WORLD SERIES AND PENNANT FOR THE NEW YORK YANKEES....

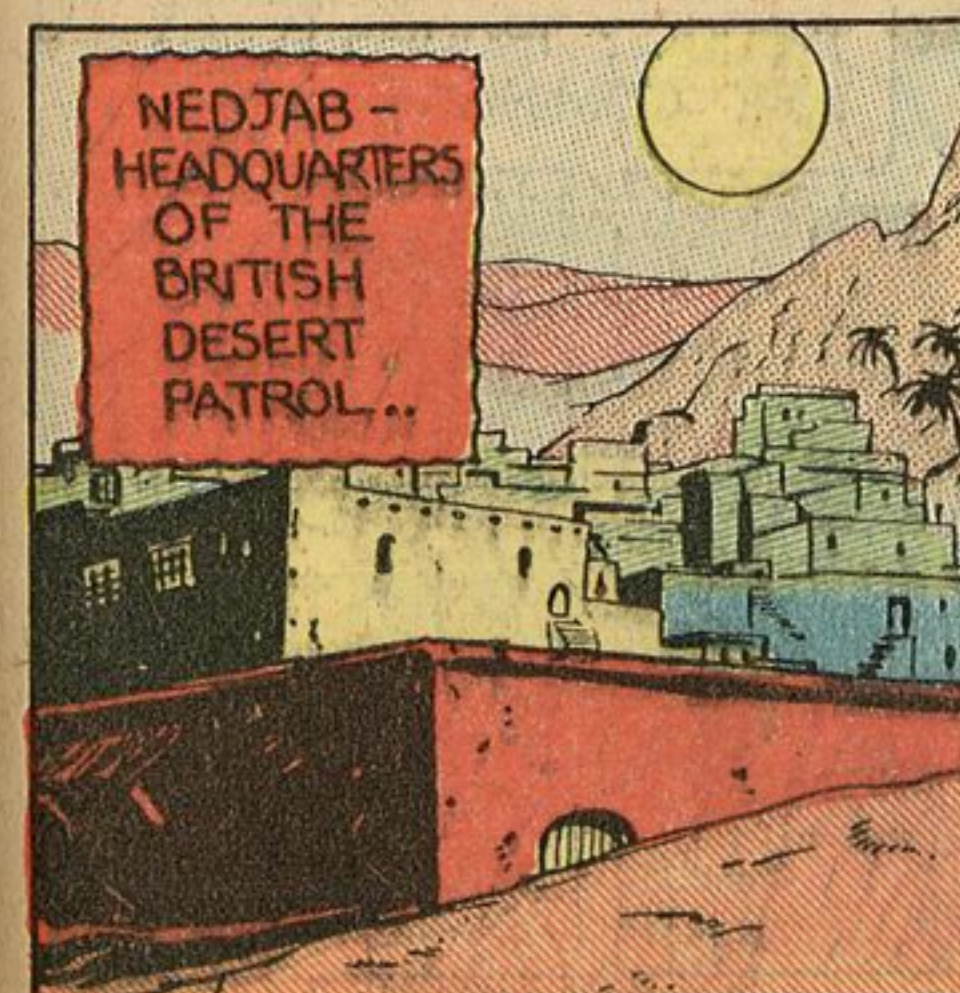
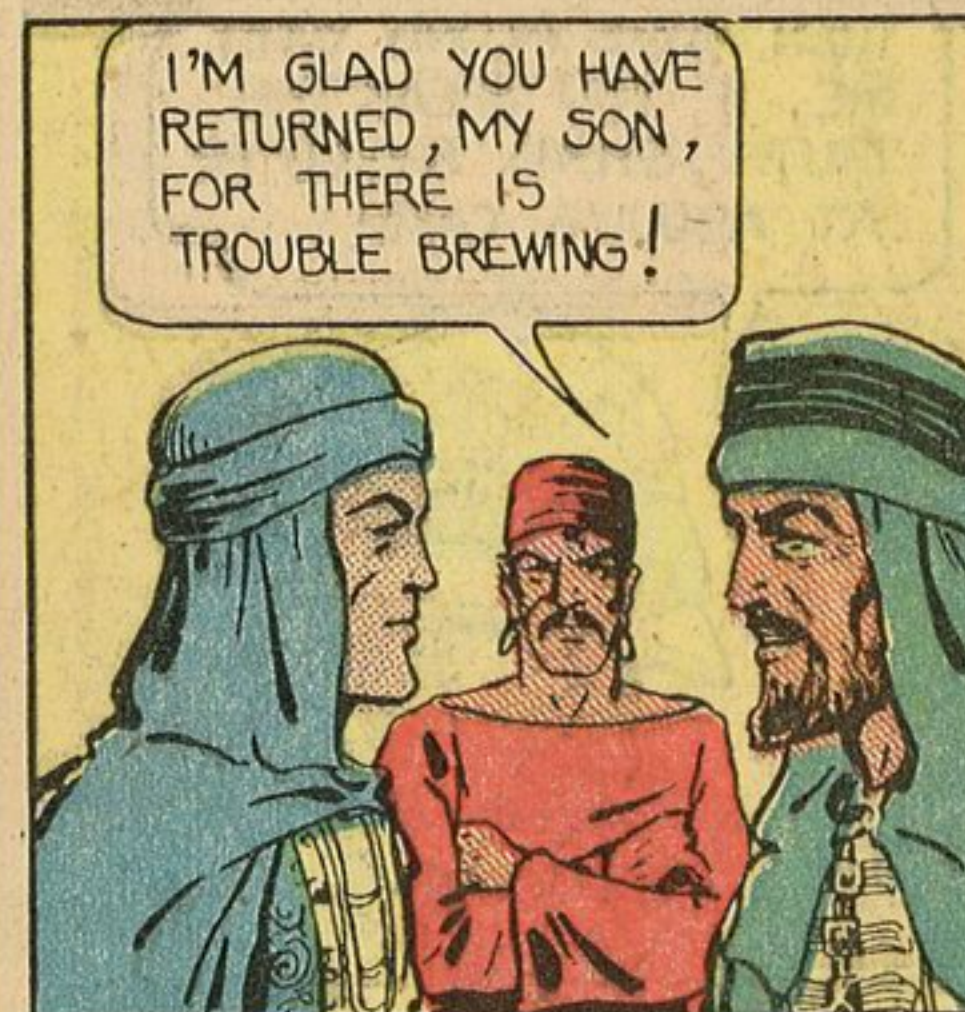
DURING THE 1937 SERIES GOMEZ EQUALLED THE LIFETIME RECORD OF **FIVE** SERIES GAMES WON!!

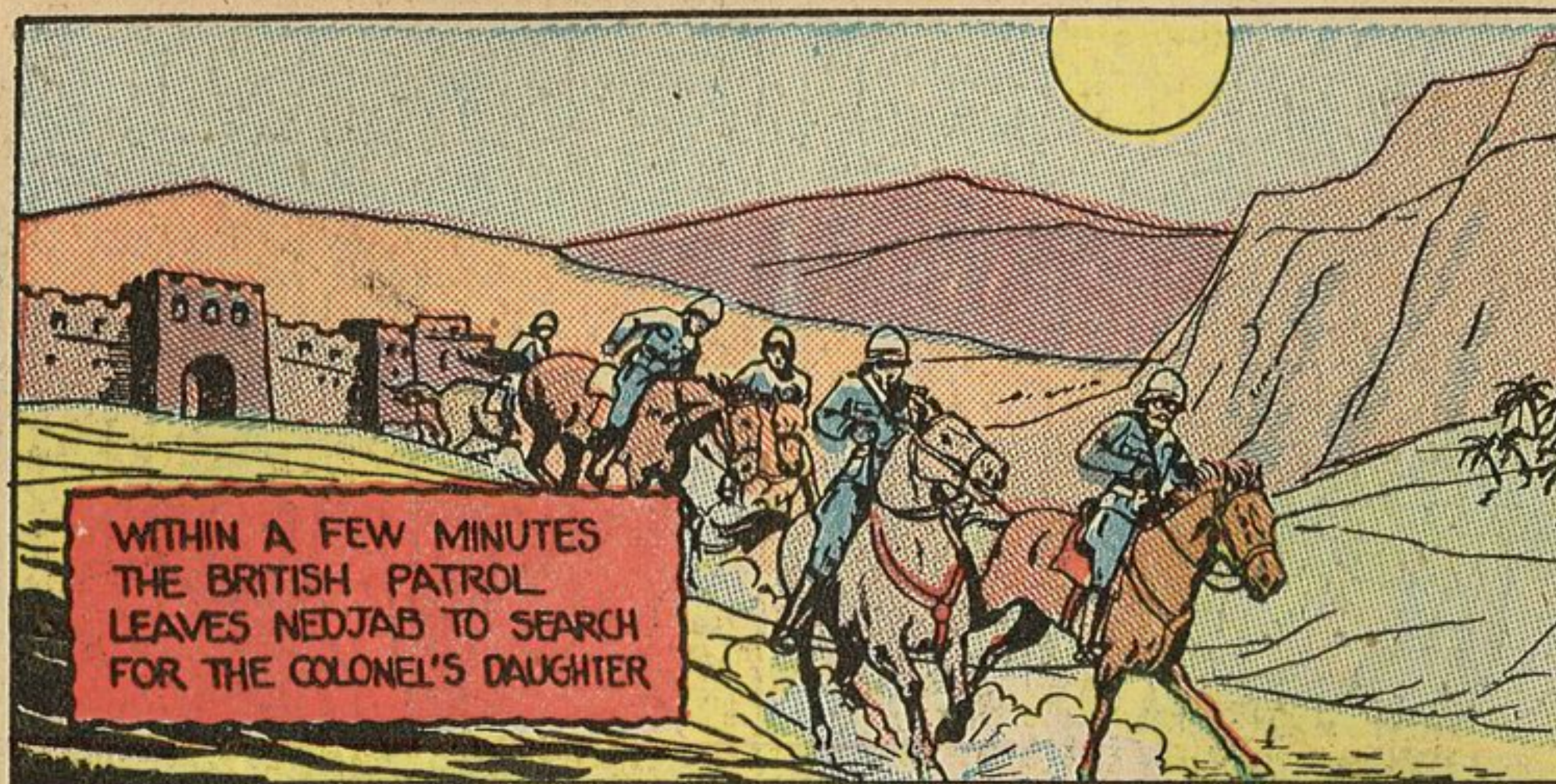


VERNON, AS YOU WILL NOTE FROM HIS STANCE ABOVE, USES THE ENTIRE WEIGHT OF HIS BODY TO THROW A BALL AND THEREFORE HAS ONE OF THE **BIGGEST** BREAKING CURVES OF ANY PITCHER TO-DAY!!









WITHIN A FEW MINUTES
THE BRITISH PATROL
LEAVES NEDJAB TO SEARCH
FOR THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER



AND BY ANOTHER ROUTE THE
RIDERS OF THE WHITE OUTLAW
GALLOPED FORTH BOUND FOR
THE SAME DESTINATION ...



HALT!
WHAT'S THIS?



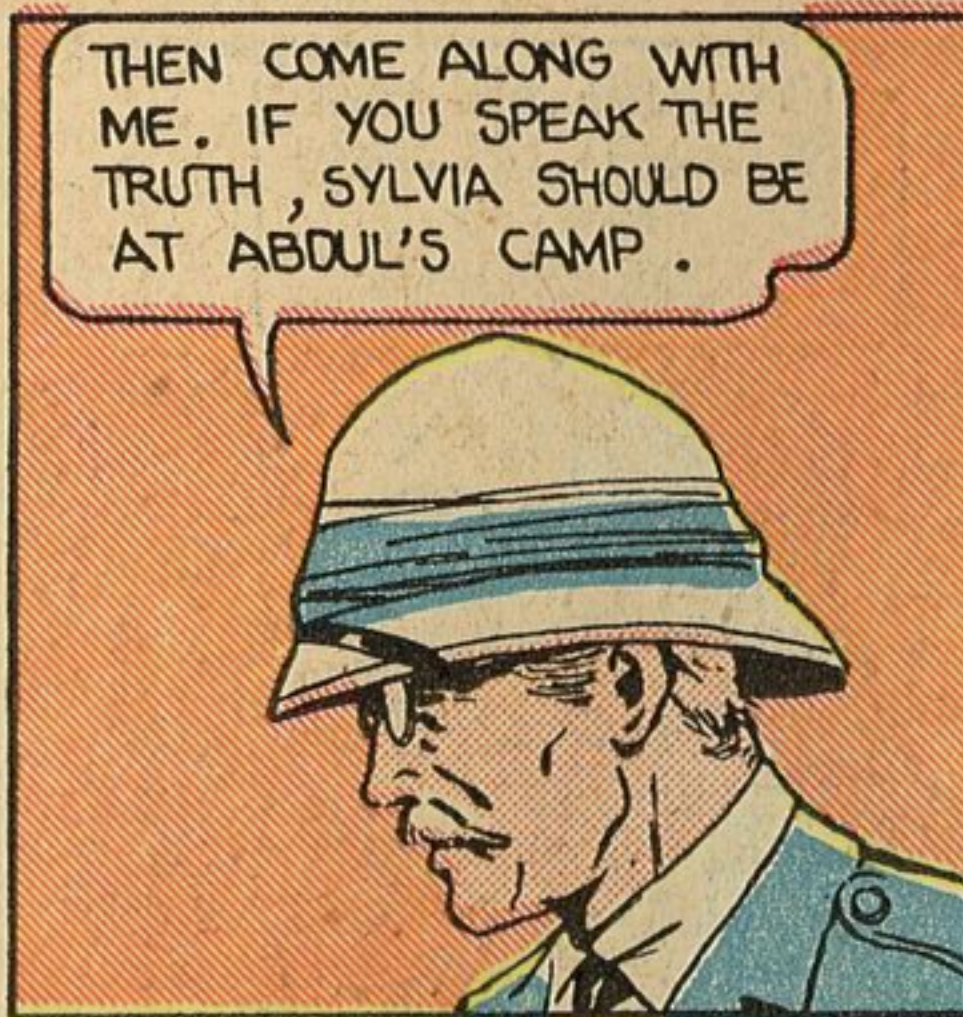
CAREFUL, MATES
IT'S THE BLOOMIN'
SOLDIERS!



MY DAUGHTER'S CAR!
WHAT HAPPENED,
MURDOCK?



I SAW IT ALL - IT WAS
ABDUL AND HIS MEN WHO
AMBUSHED AND KIDNAPPED
YOUR DAUGHTER!



THEN COME ALONG WITH
ME. IF YOU SPEAK THE
TRUTH, SYLVIA SHOULD BE
AT ABDUL'S CAMP.



WHO ARE YOU?
WHY HAVE YOU
BROUGHT ME HERE?



HAVE NO FEAR - I
AM ABDUL, WHO WAS
FORTUNATE ENOUGH
TO AID SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL LADY!



I'M SYLVIA SIMPSON -
MY FATHER IS THE
COLONEL AT NEDJAB!
OH! PLEASE TAKE ME
TO HIM!



ABDUL, TROOPS
ARE COMING!



FATHER !



YOU ARE SAFE ! SO
YOU SPOKE THE
TRUTH , MURDOCK !



YOUR DAUGHTER'S PRESENCE
HERE IS PROOF ENOUGH --
YOU NEED NO MORE
EVIDENCE !



WHAT IS THIS TALK ?
HASSAN AND I RESCUED
THIS GIRL FROM DESERT
OUTLAWS !



TELL ME
WHAT
HAPPENED !

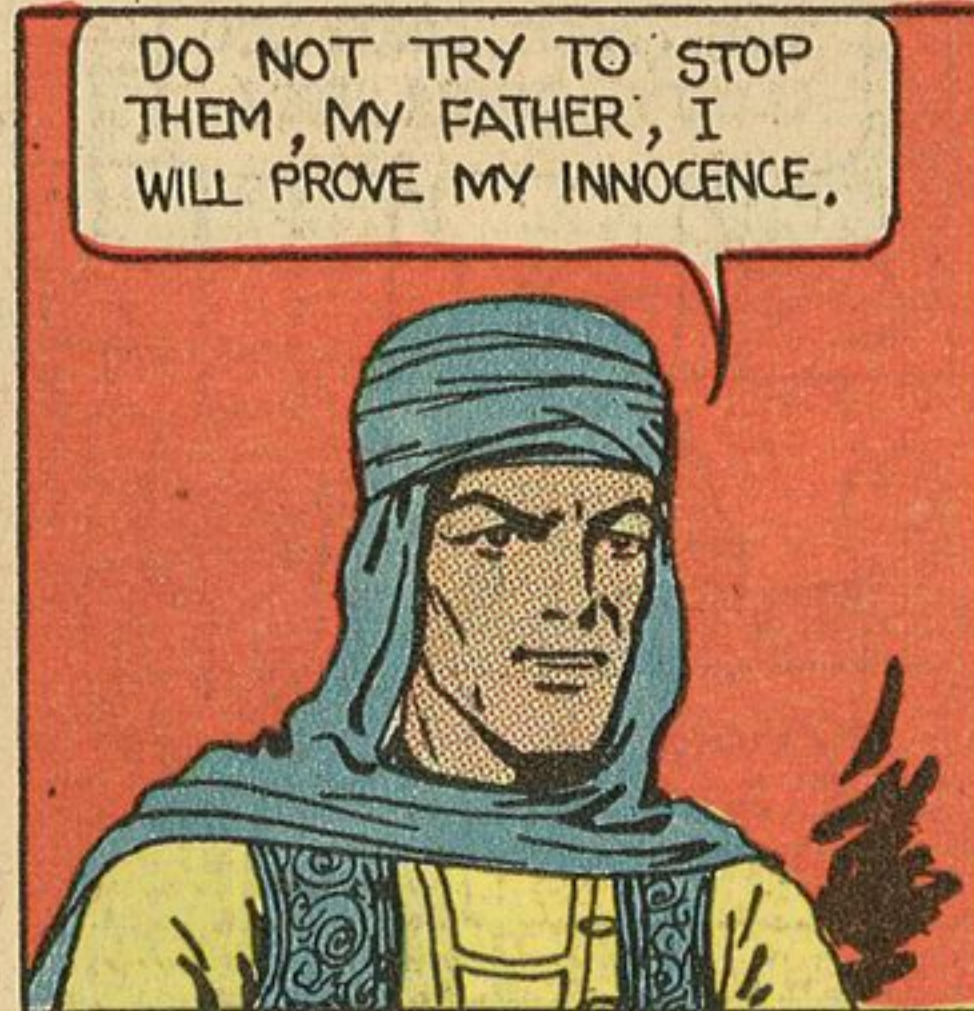
BUT I KNOW
NOTHING - I WAS
UNCONSCIOUS
UNTIL I AWAKENED
IN THIS PLACE !



THAT IS ENOUGH -
SEIZE THE TWO OF
THEM !



NO !



DO NOT TRY TO STOP
THEM, MY FATHER, I
WILL PROVE MY INNOCENCE.



BUT THE STRONG-ARMED HASSAN
COULD NEVER SUBMIT TO ARREST...



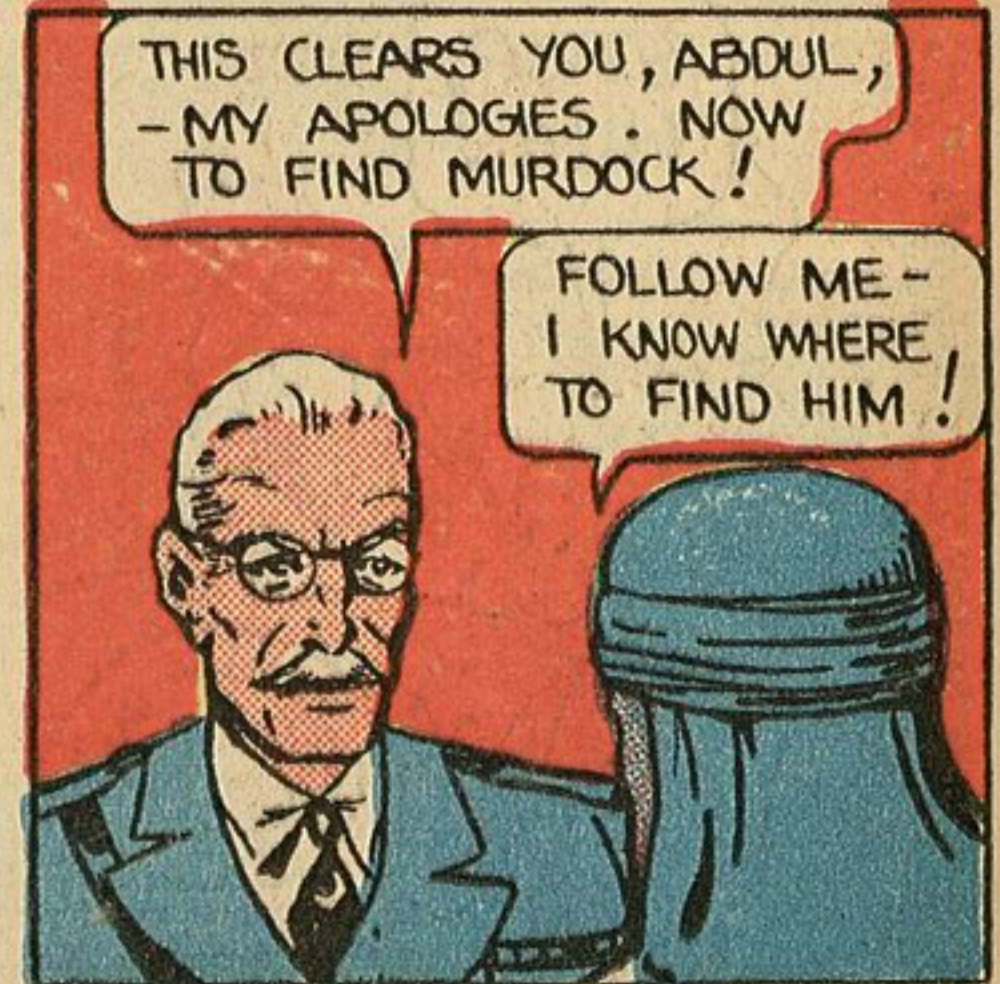
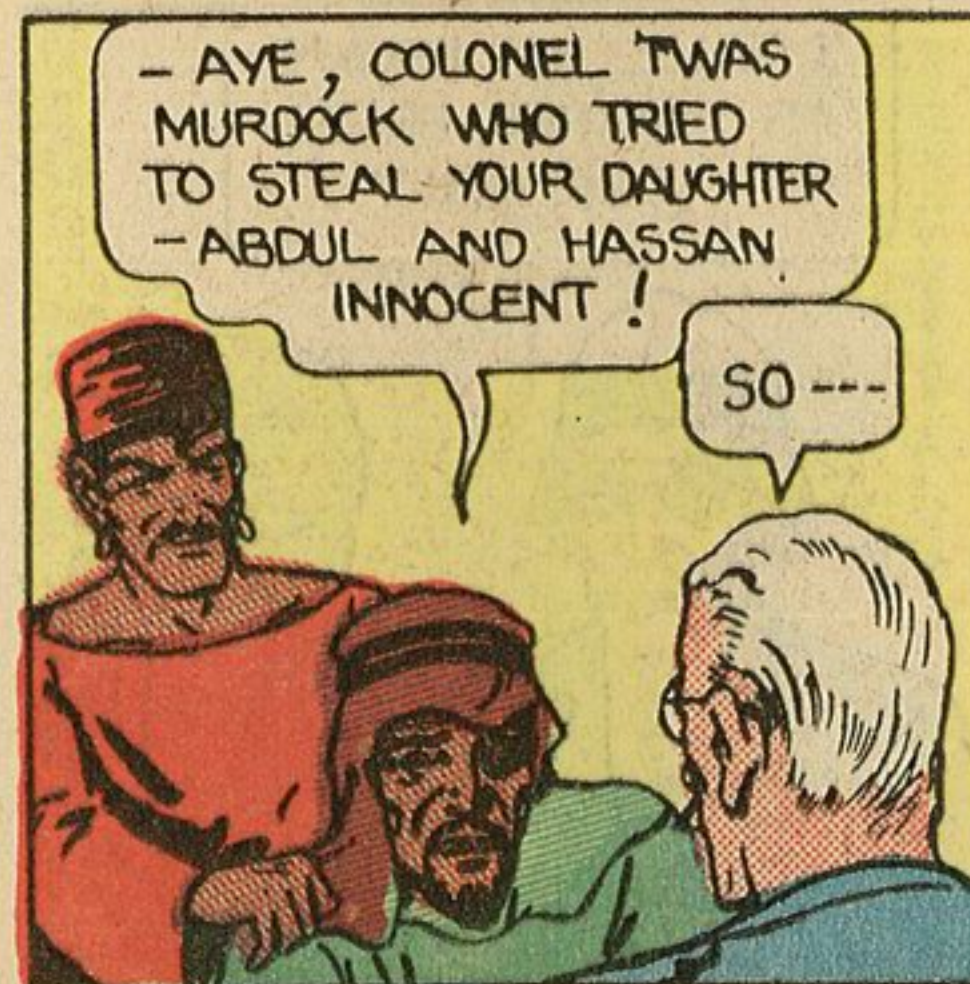
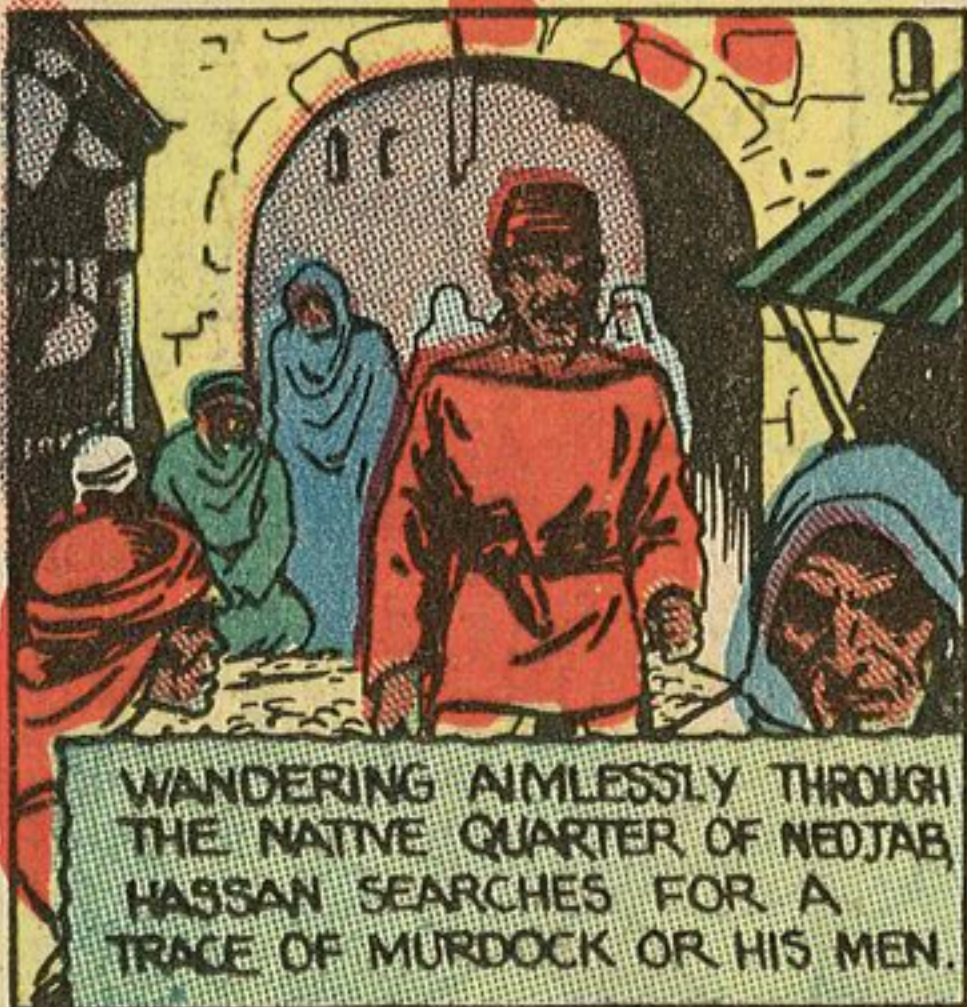
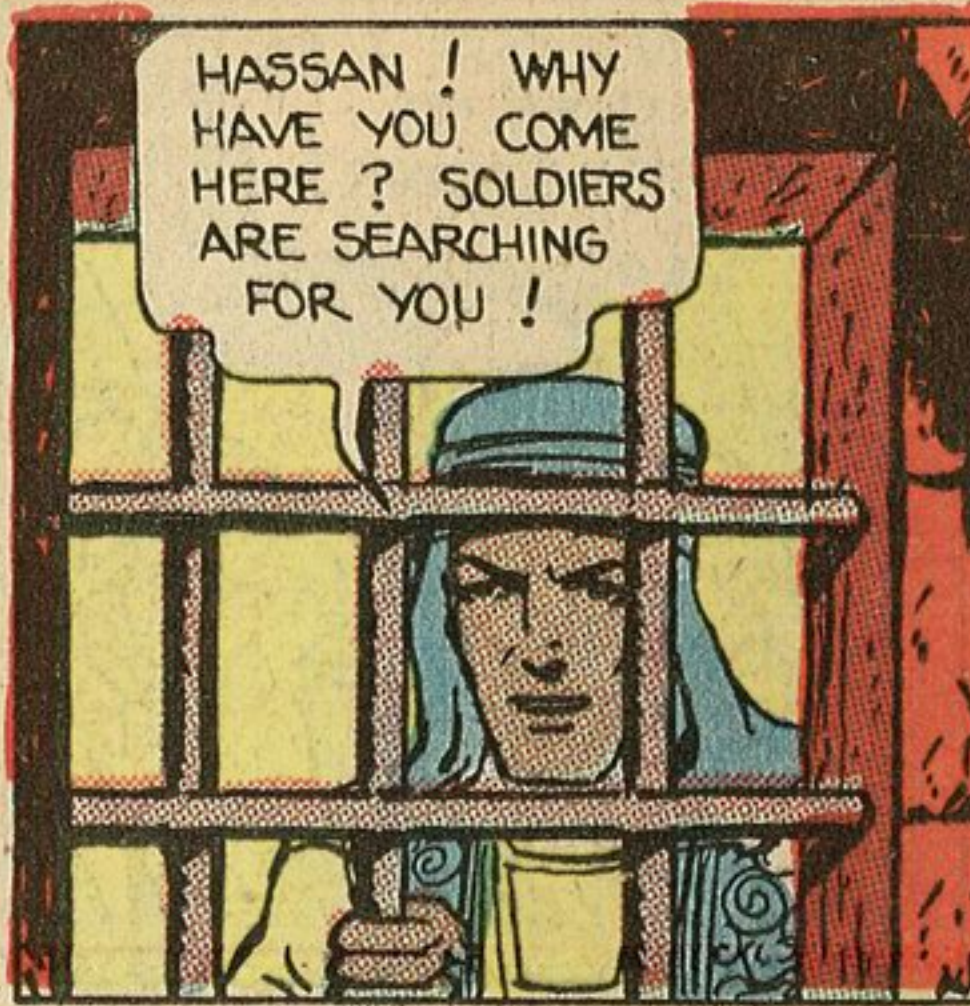
STOP
HIM !

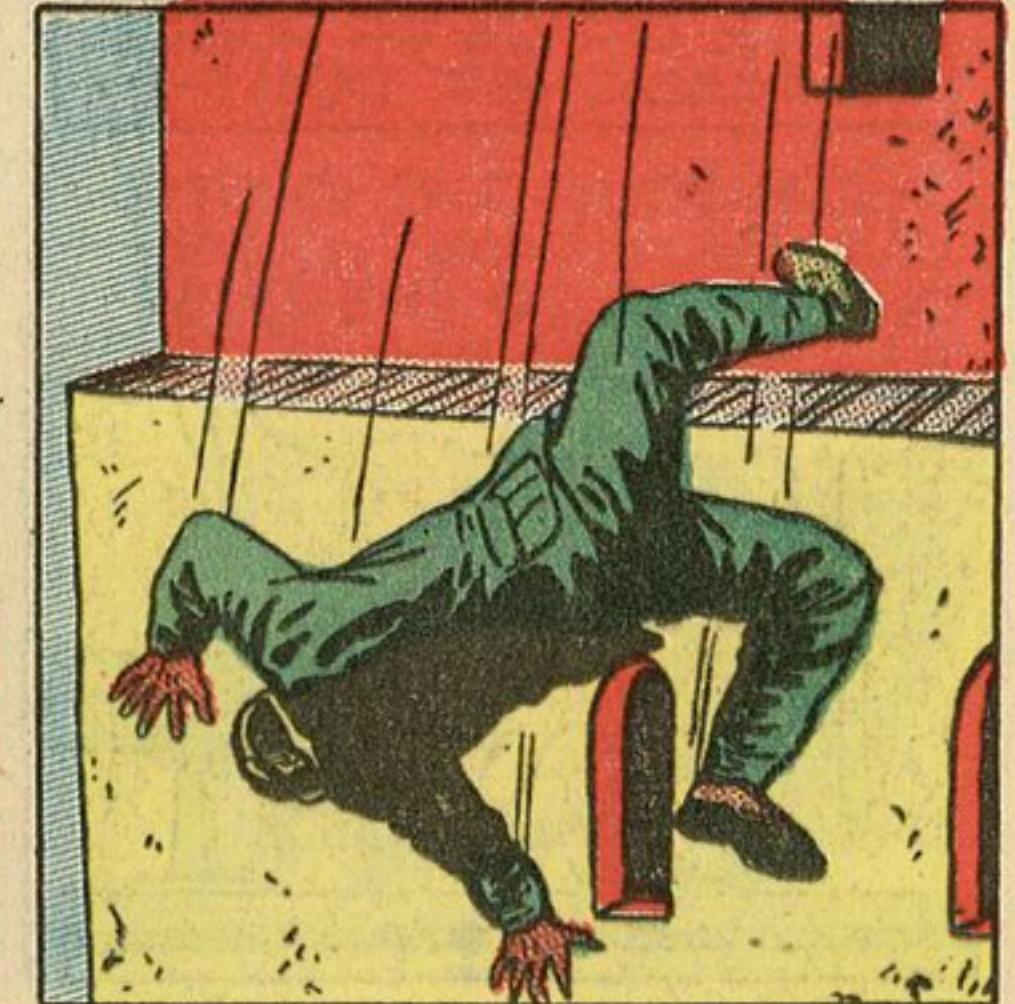
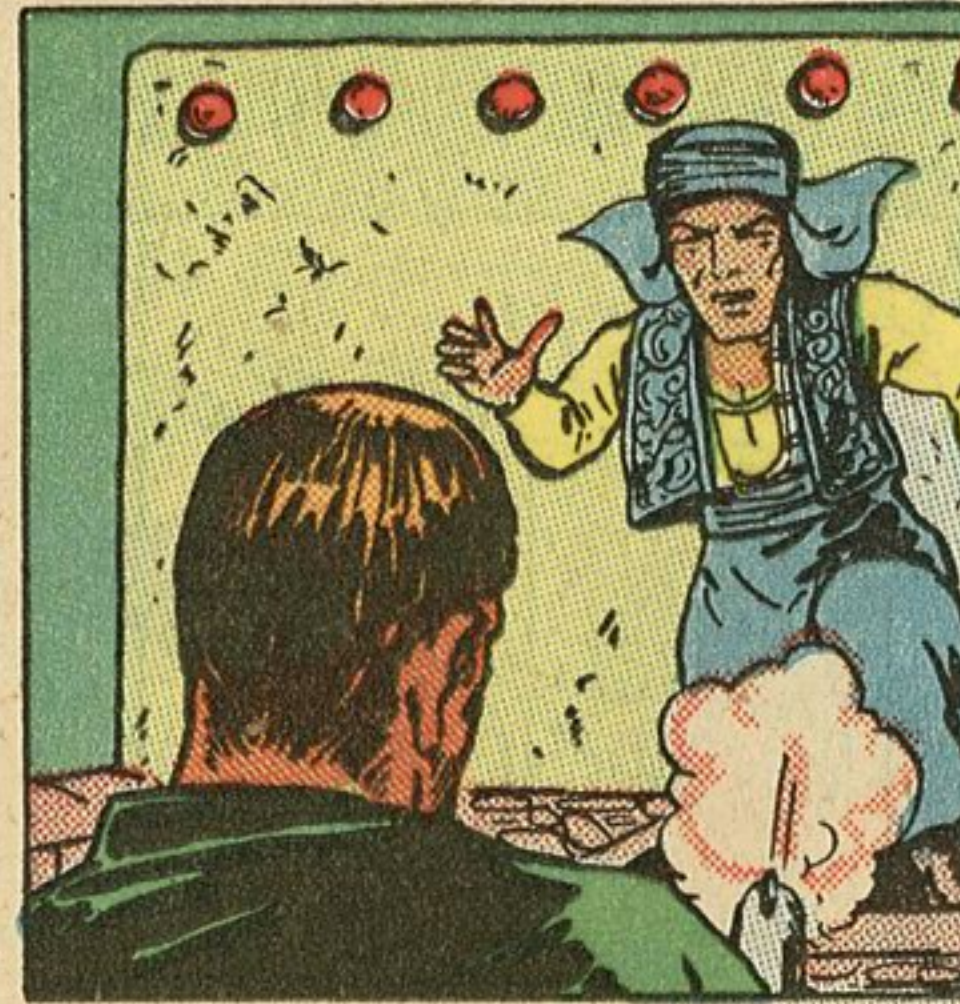


I TAKE HIS ESCAPE
AS FURTHER PROOF
OF YOUR GUILT !



I HOPE HASSAN
GOT AWAY... BUT
WHY IS MURDOCK
SO INTERESTED ??

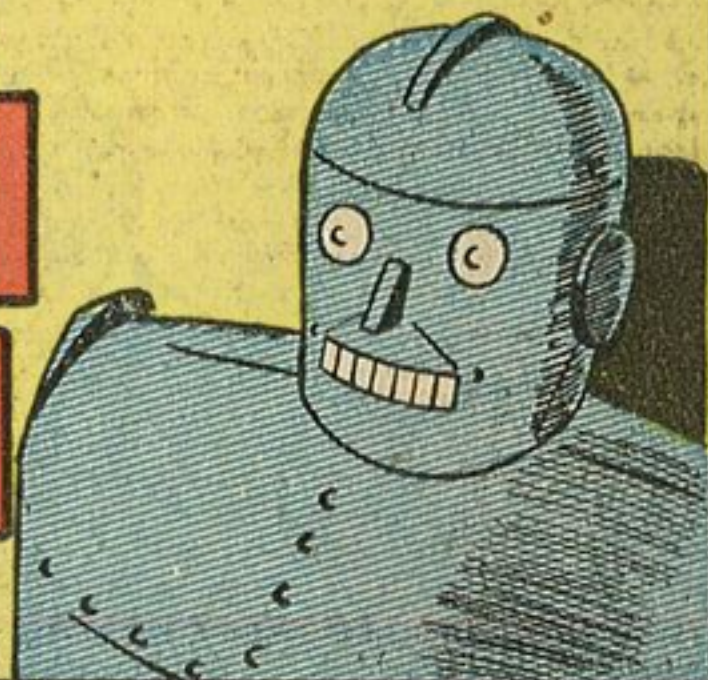




HUGH HAZZARD

AND HIS IRON MAN

by
WAYNE REID.



EXTRA DAILY 
**IRON MONSTER
AT LARGE AGAIN.**

**SPREADS
HAVOC AND
FEAR
THROUGHOUT
CITY.**

**ROBS,
PLUNDERS,
AND KILLS.**

KIDNAPS BABY
FROM IN FRONT
OF HOME.

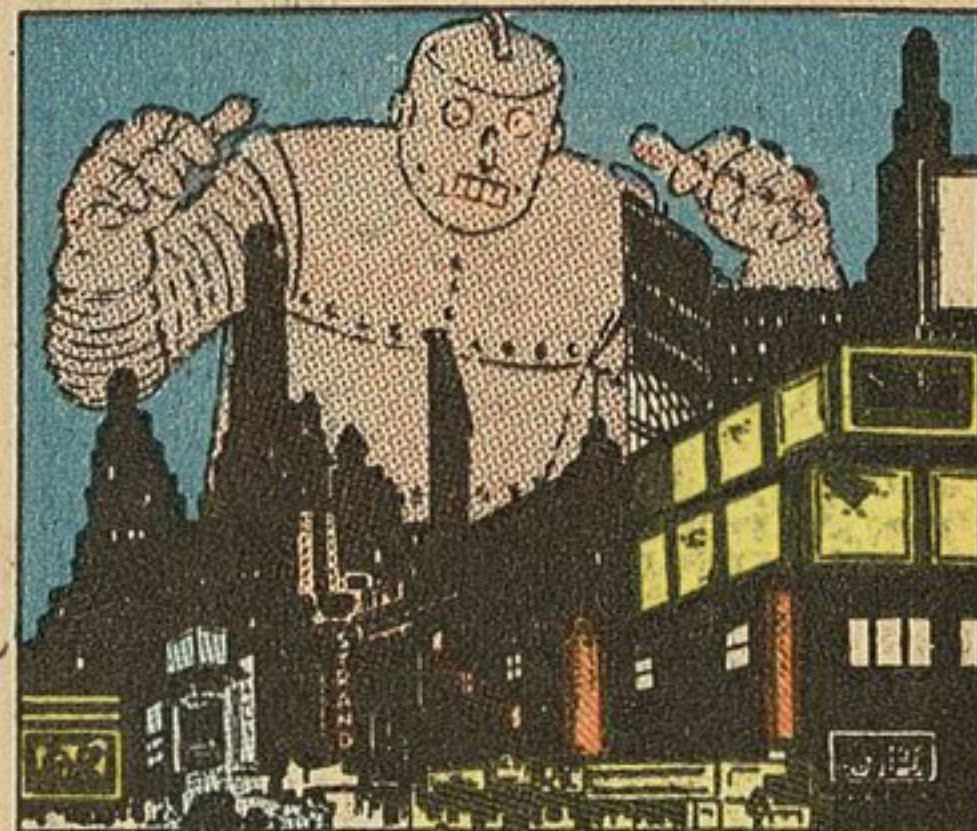
FAMILIES ARE ROUTED
FROM THEIR HOMES---



LOVED ONES ARE SNATCHED
FROM THE ARMS OF THEIR
PARENTS---



AND THE SHADOW OF TERROR IS
OVER A ONCE PEACEFUL
METROPOLIS!



IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE
COMMISSIONER HUNT---

--I'M DOING THE BEST I
CAN, MR. MAYOR--OKAY--
OKAY--I'LL DO THE BEST
I CAN- GOOD BYE !!



**BURKE - INSPECTOR
BURKE-- COME IN
HERE !!**



BURKE, THE MAYOR JUST
CALLED-HE SAID IF WE DON'T
GET THAT METAL MONSTER
AND THE FIEND BEHIND IT,
WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS,
HE'LL TURN THIS DEPARTMENT
UPSIDE DOWN--



WHAT DOES HE THINK WE'VE
BEEN DOIN' ALL ALONG---
SLEEPIN'?

IT'S NOT WHAT
WE DID, IT'S
WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO
DO!



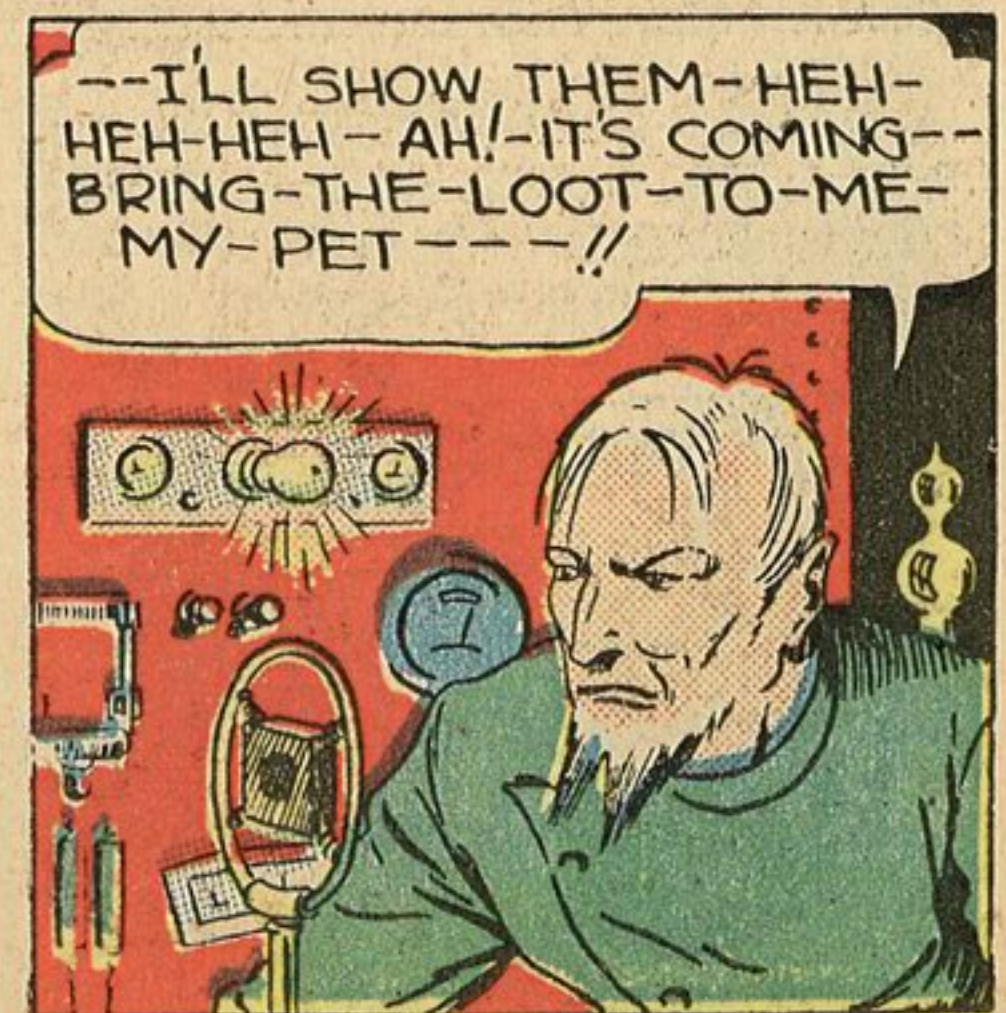
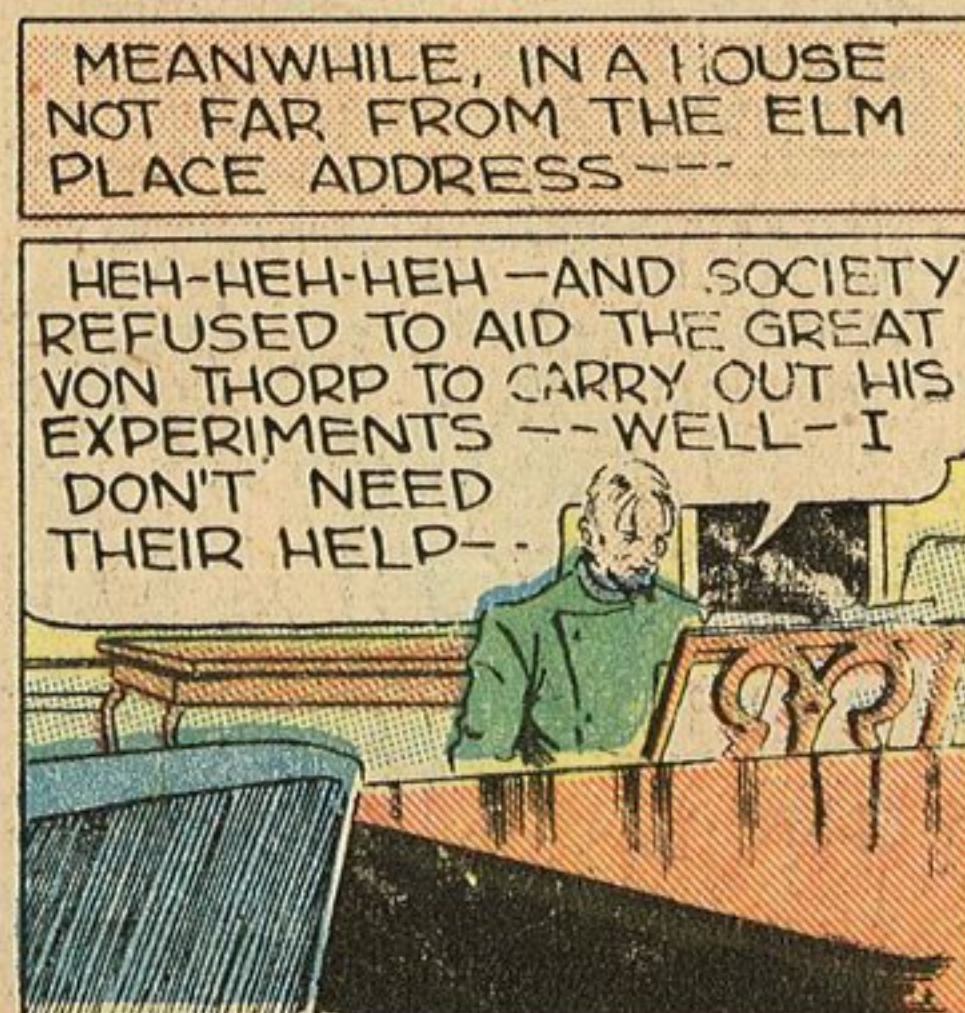
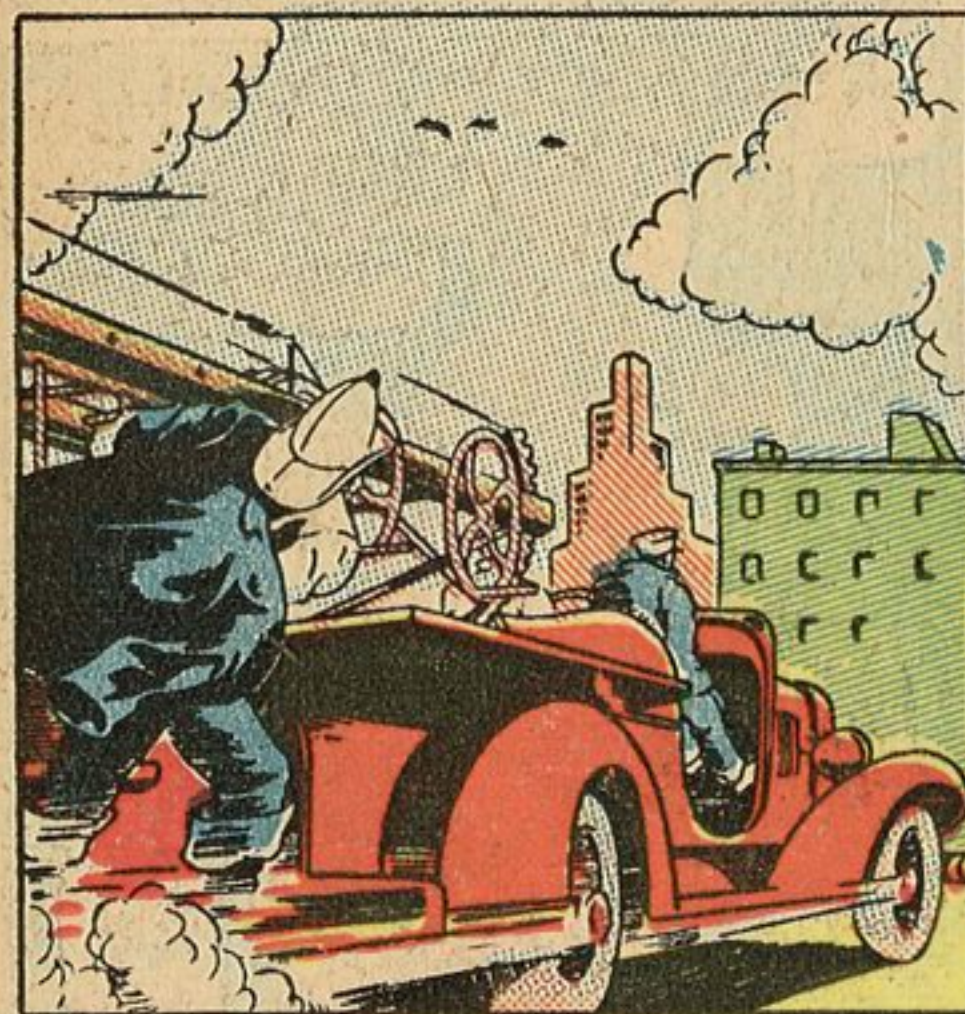
CANCEL ALL LEAVES
AND VACATIONS- AND
ISSUE ORDERS TO
ALL PRECINCTS
TO KEEP EVERY
MAN ON TWENTY-
FOUR HOUR
DUTY--

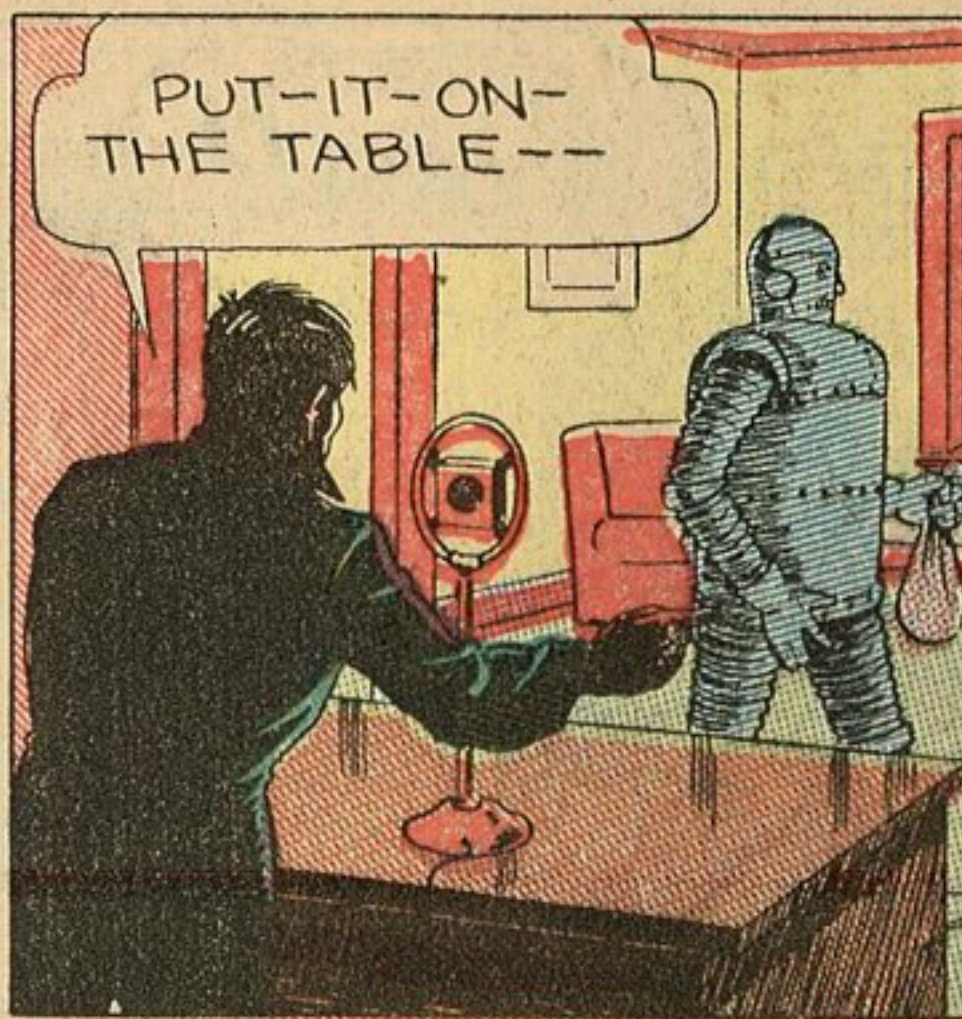
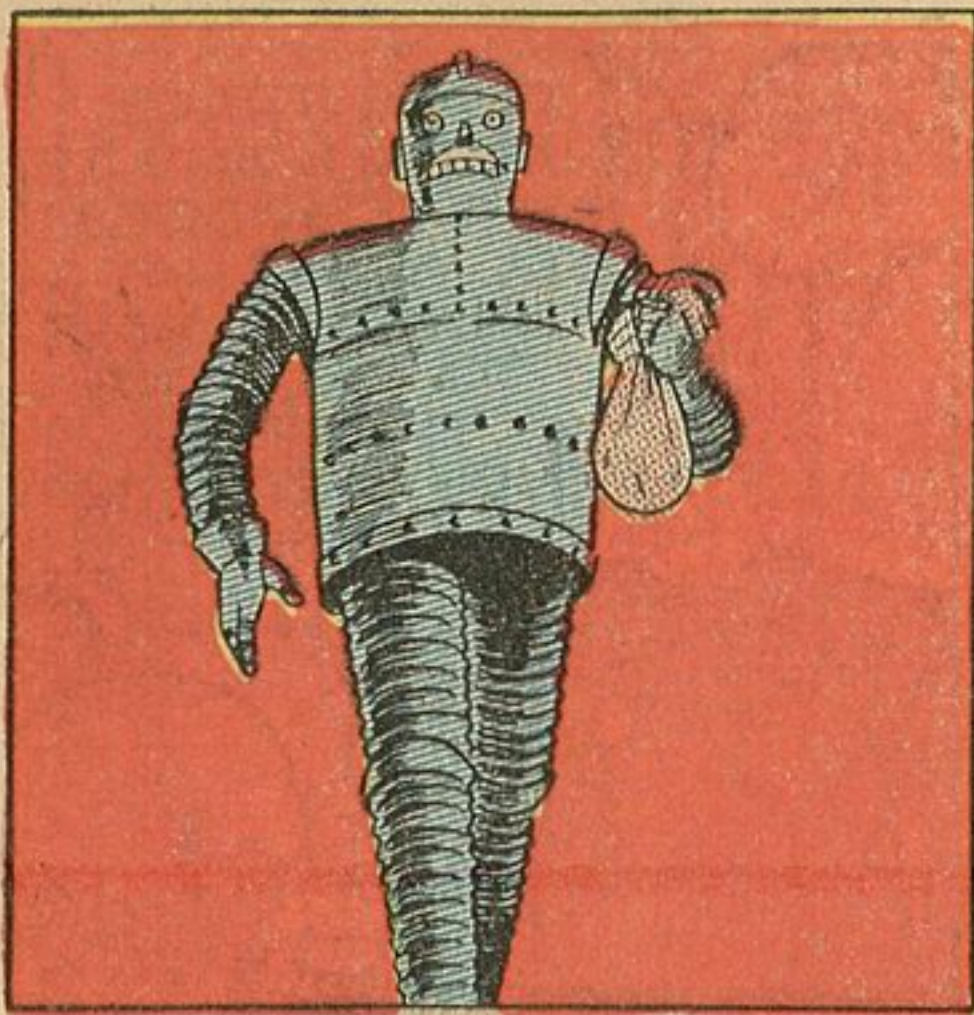


-AND ONE OTHER
THING--HAVE ALL
CALLS PERTAINING
TO THIS CASE
DIRECTED TO ME
IMMEDIATELY--
THAT'S ALL!

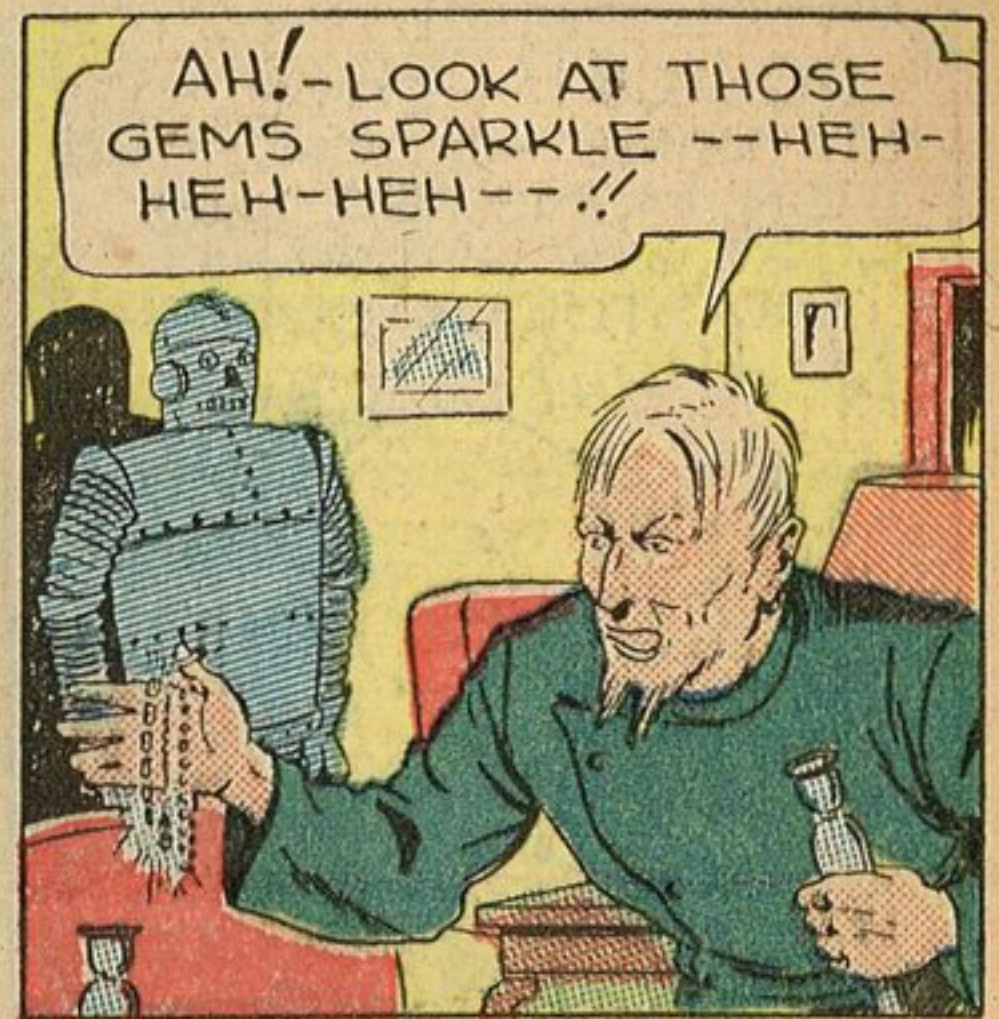
YES,
SIR!







PUT-IT-ON-
THE TABLE--



AH!--LOOK AT THOSE
GEMS SPARKLE --HEH-
HEH-HEH--!!



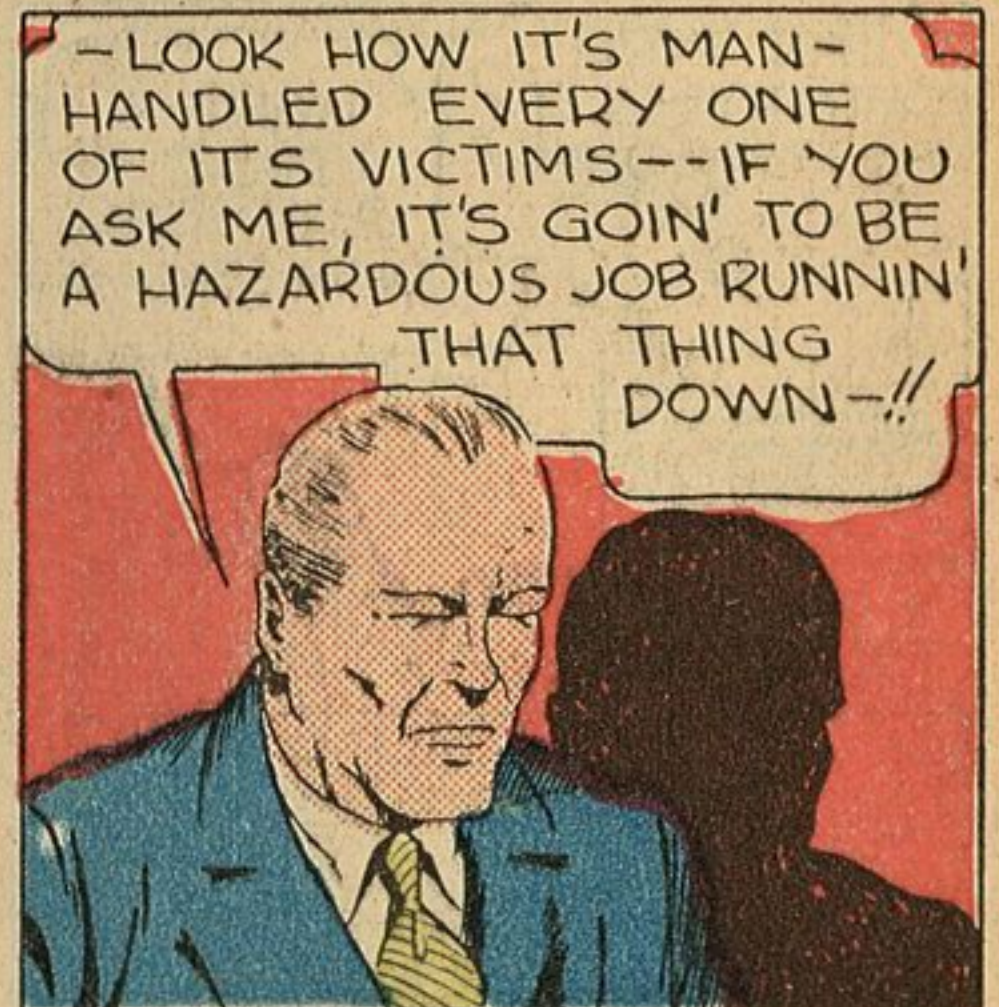
LATER, BACK IN HEAD-
QUARTERS--

WHAT I'D LIKE TO
KNOW, BURKE, IS
HOW A THING LIKE
THAT CAN
DISAPPEAR
SO QUICKLY--



OH, HOW I'D
LIKE TO GET
MY HANDS
ON THAT
METAL FIEND--

SURE, AND
WHAT COULD
YOU DO,
COMMISS-
IONER?



--LOOK HOW IT'S MAN-
HANDLED EVERY ONE
OF ITS VICTIMS--IF YOU
ASK ME, IT'S GOIN' TO BE
A HAZARDOUS JOB RUNNIN'
THAT THING
DOWN--!!



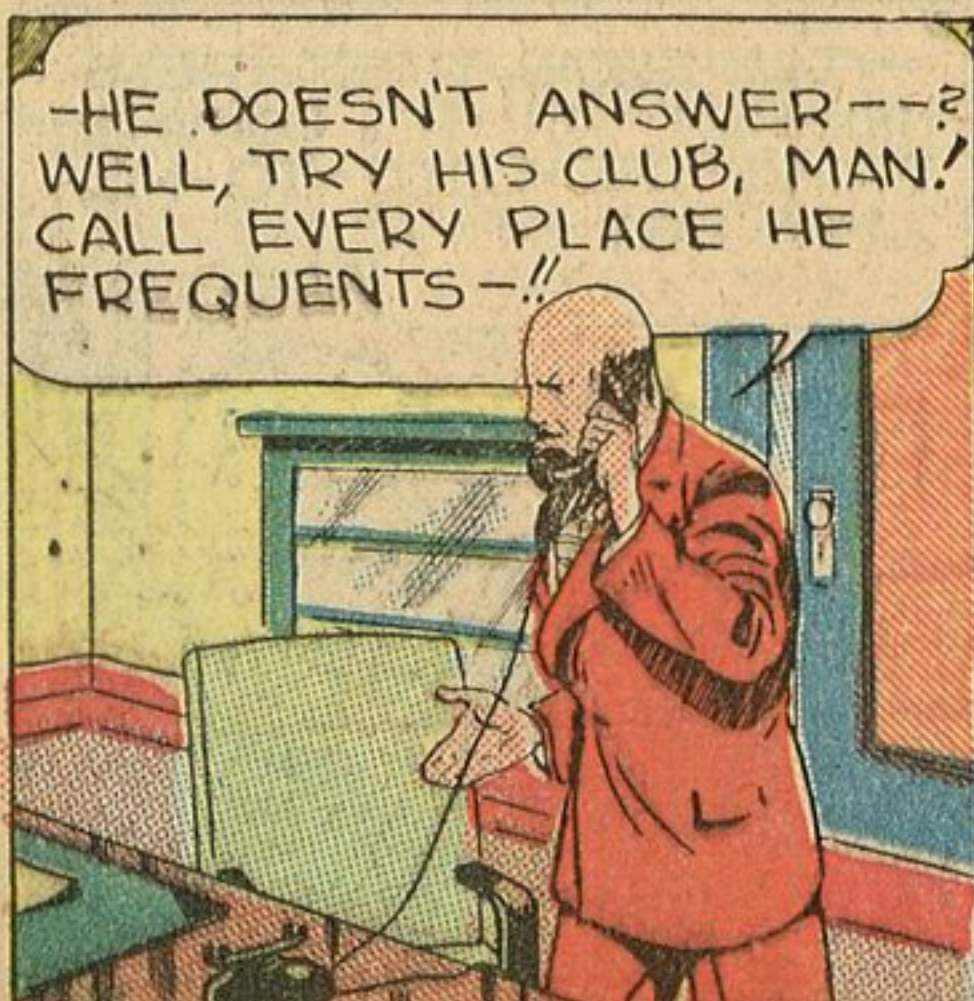
HAZARDOUS ?? YES,
BURKE, 'HAZZARD'-OUS
IS RIGHT--!!



HUGH HAZZARD - WHY
DIDN'T I THINK OF HIM--IF
ANYONE CAN SOLVE THIS
CASE, IT'S **HE**!



RYAN, GET ME HUGH
HAZZARD--
I'LL HOLD
THE WIRE--



--HE DOESN'T ANSWER--?
WELL, TRY HIS CLUB, MAN!
CALL EVERY PLACE HE
FREQUENTS--!!



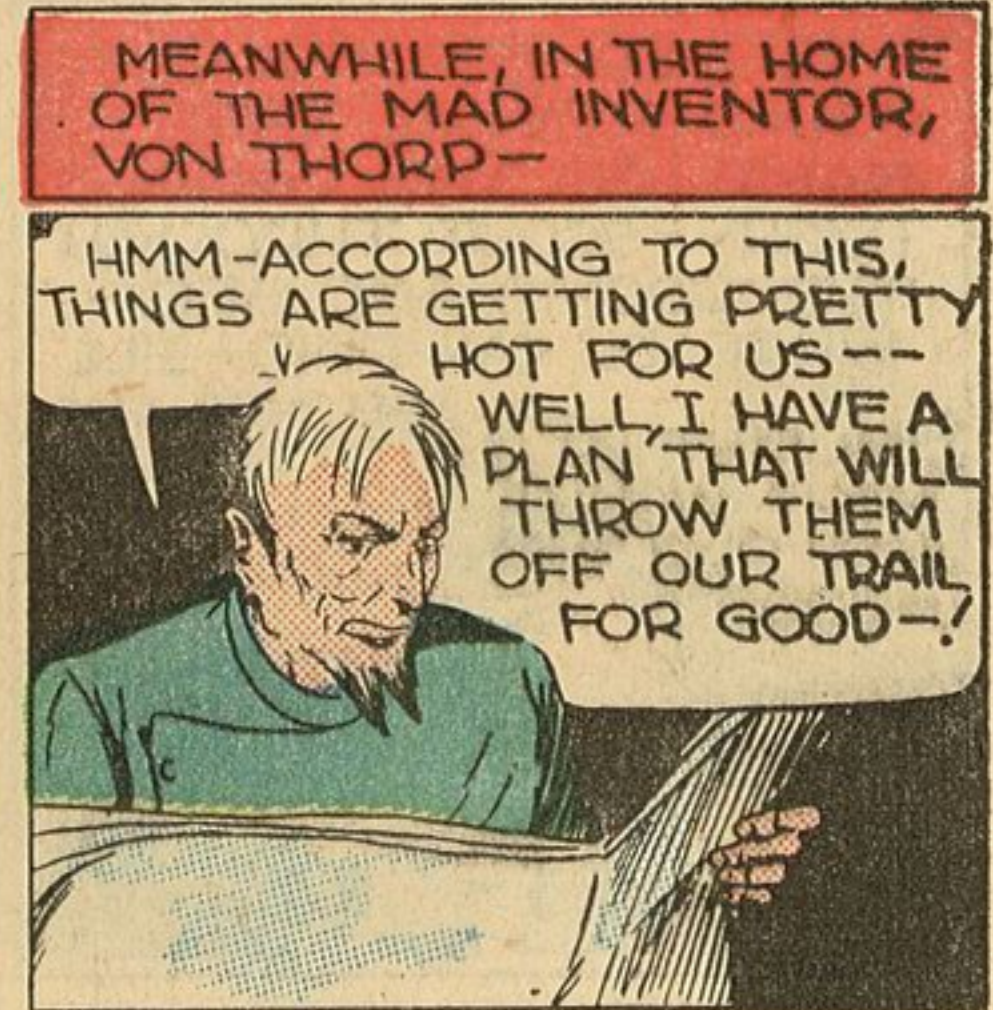
AND THE REASON HAZZARD
CAN'T BE REACHED BY PHONE--

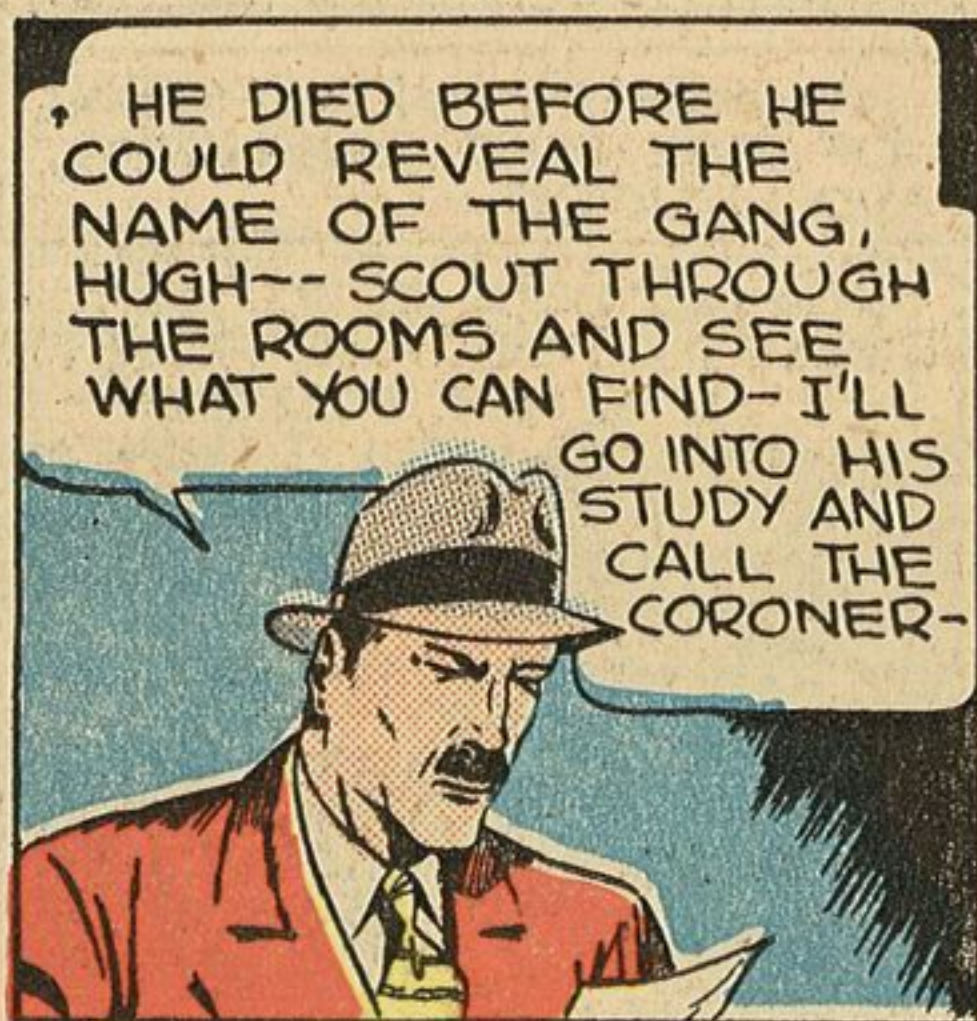
I DON'T FEEL
MUCH LIKE
SITTING
THROUGH
A SHOW
AFTER
THAT
SUPPER,
PAT--

IS THAT
SO?--



WELL, YOU LISTEN TO
ME, MY BIG MOMENT--THIS
IS ONE EVENING WE'RE
GOING TO FINISH AS WE
HAVE PLANNED, AND
NONE OF THIS LEAVING
ME FLAT AS YOU
USUALLY DO--!!





Police Commissioner -

Indirectly I am responsible for the killings and robberies committed by my invention, the iron robot. I was held captive by a gang of thieves and made to operate the robot at their will.

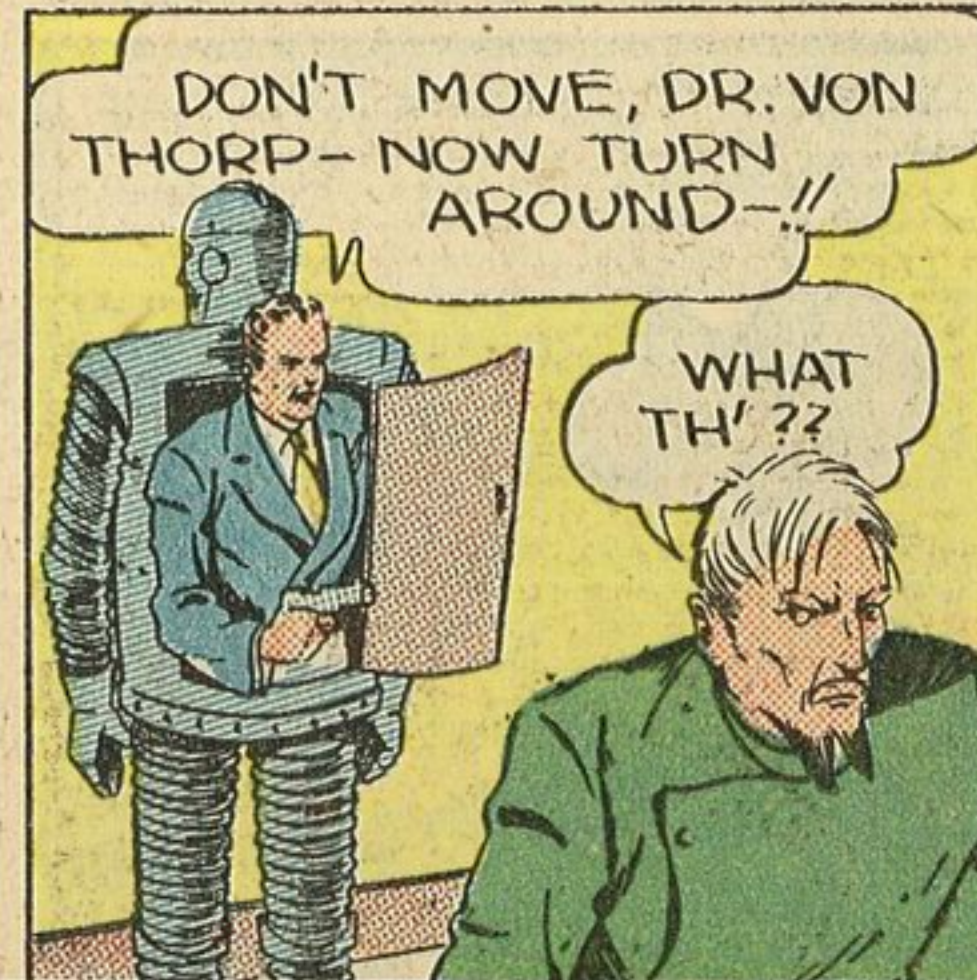
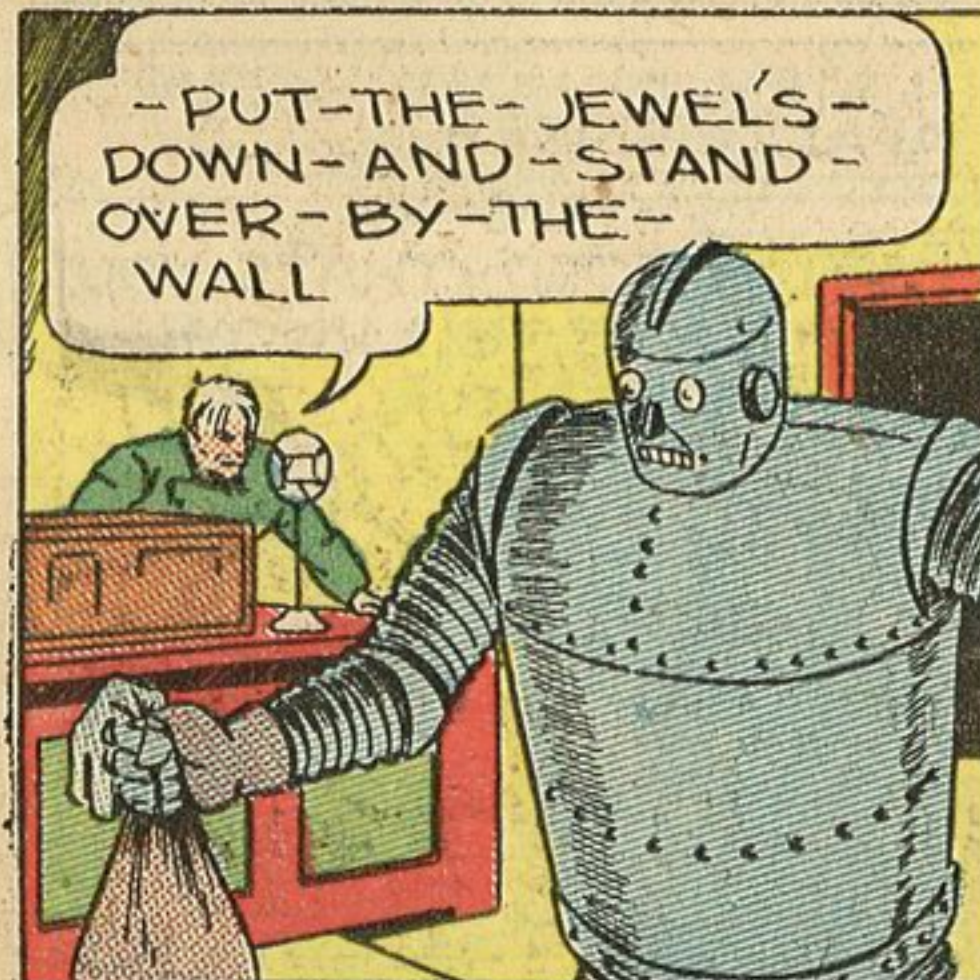
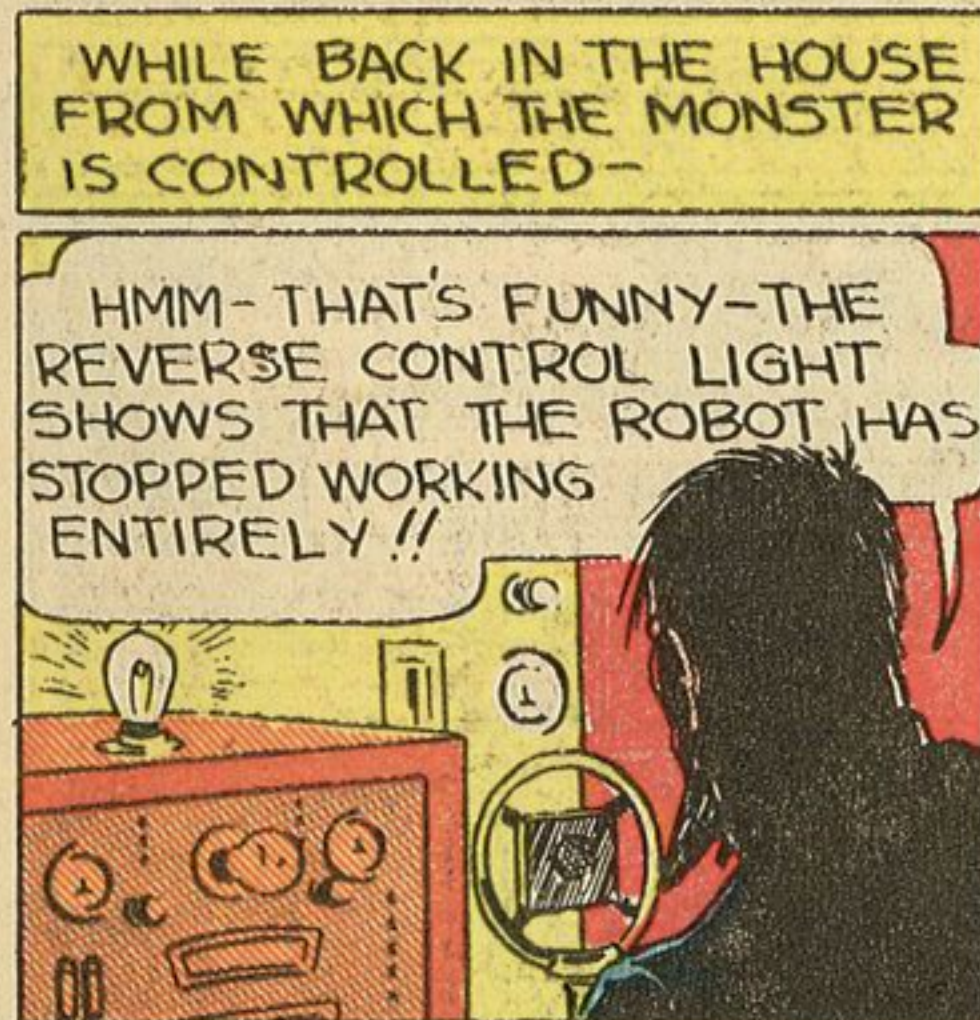
When one of the gang learns the secret of operating my invention, I expect to be put to death, to seal my lips.

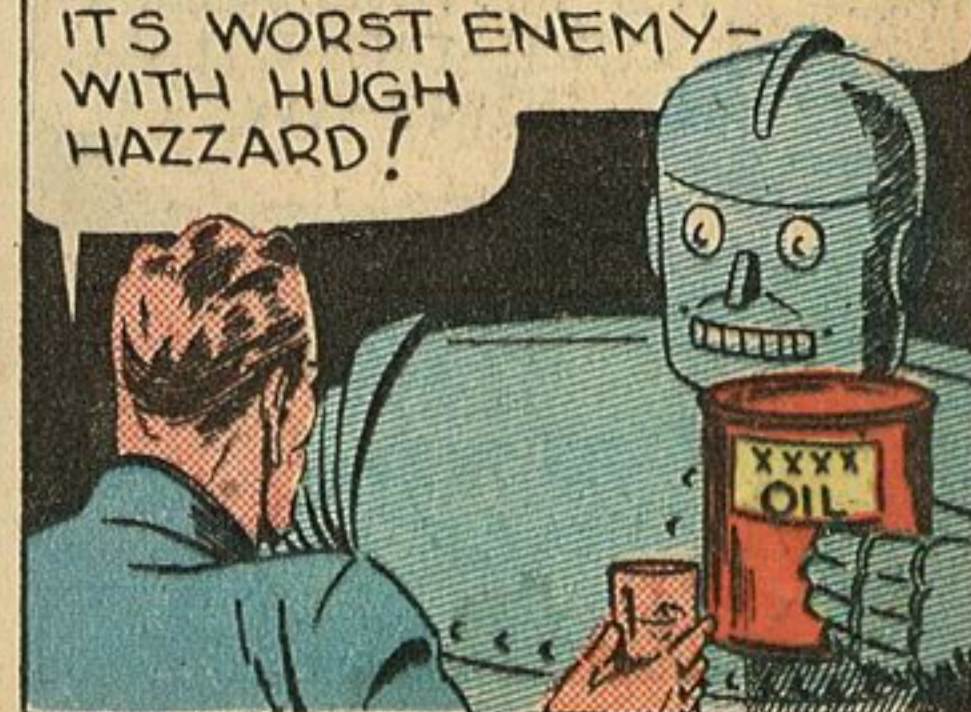
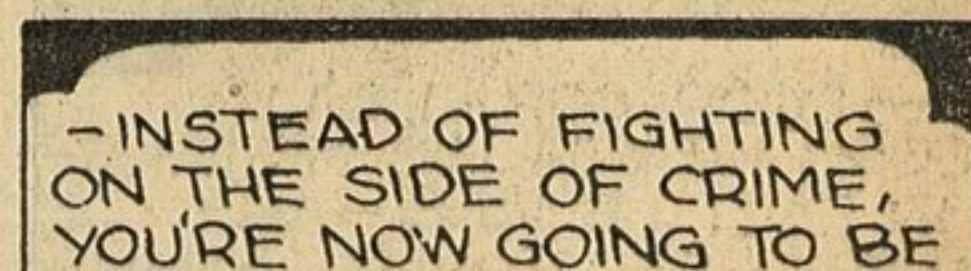
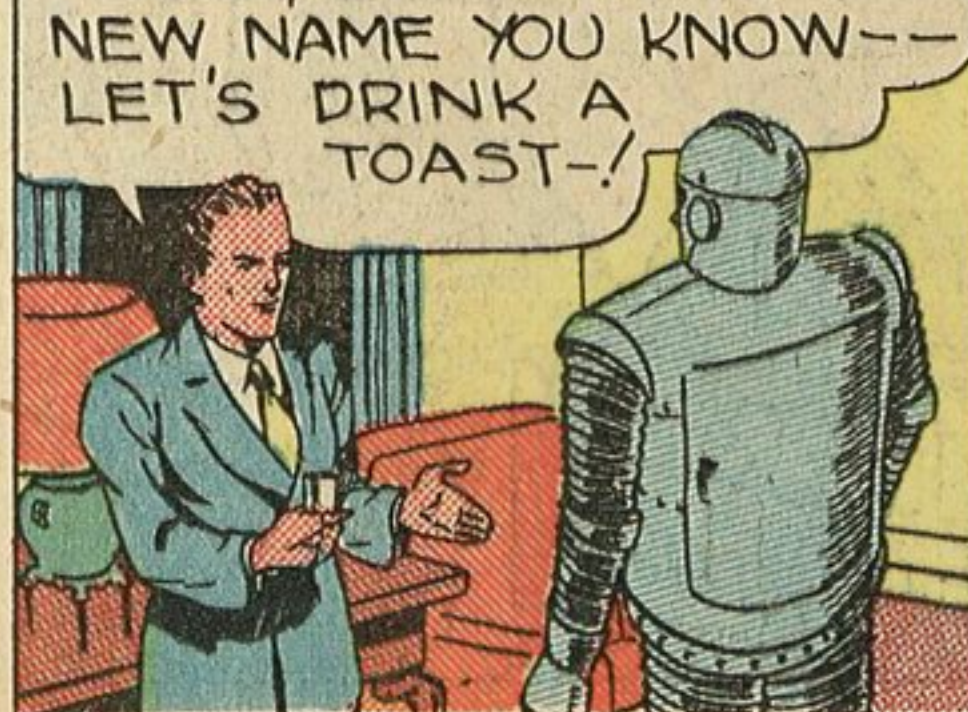
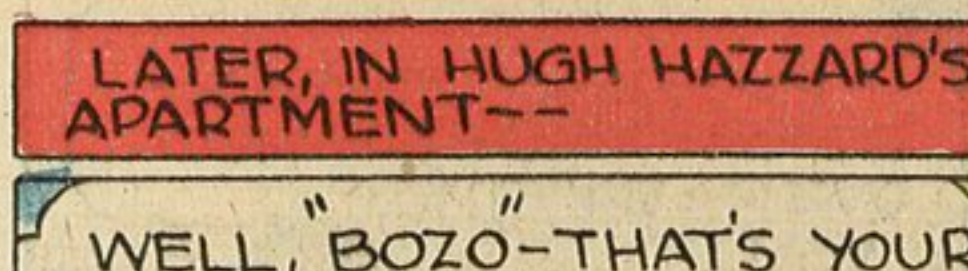
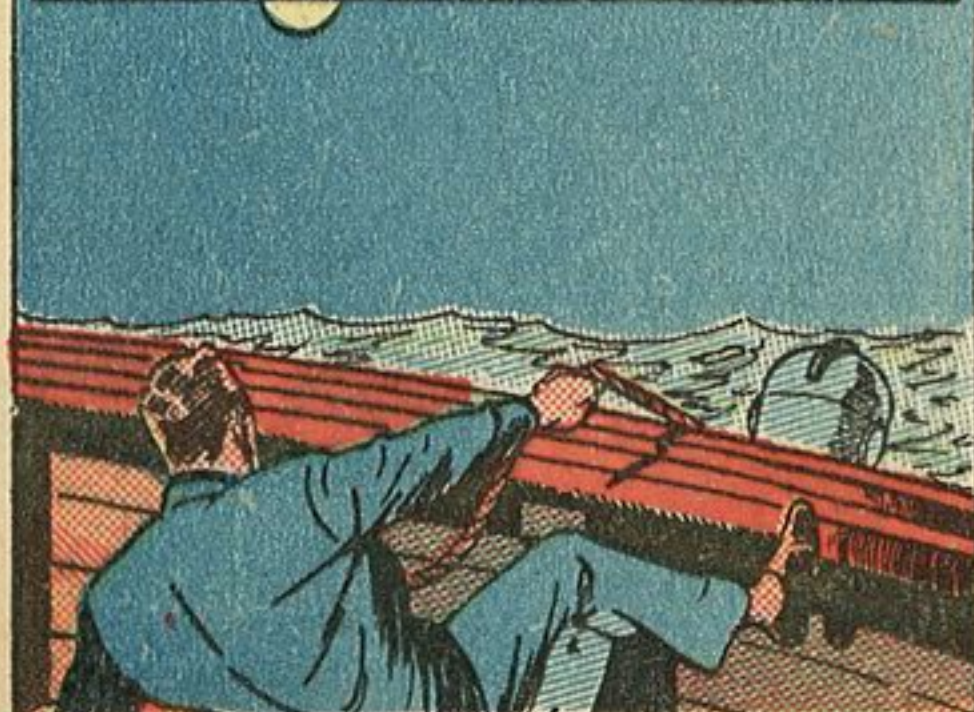
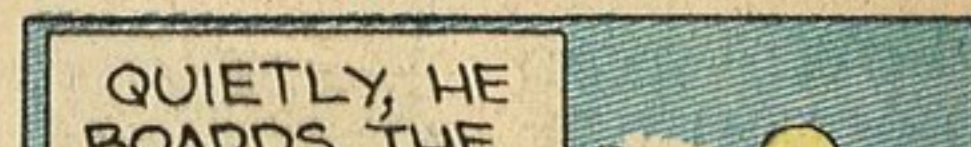
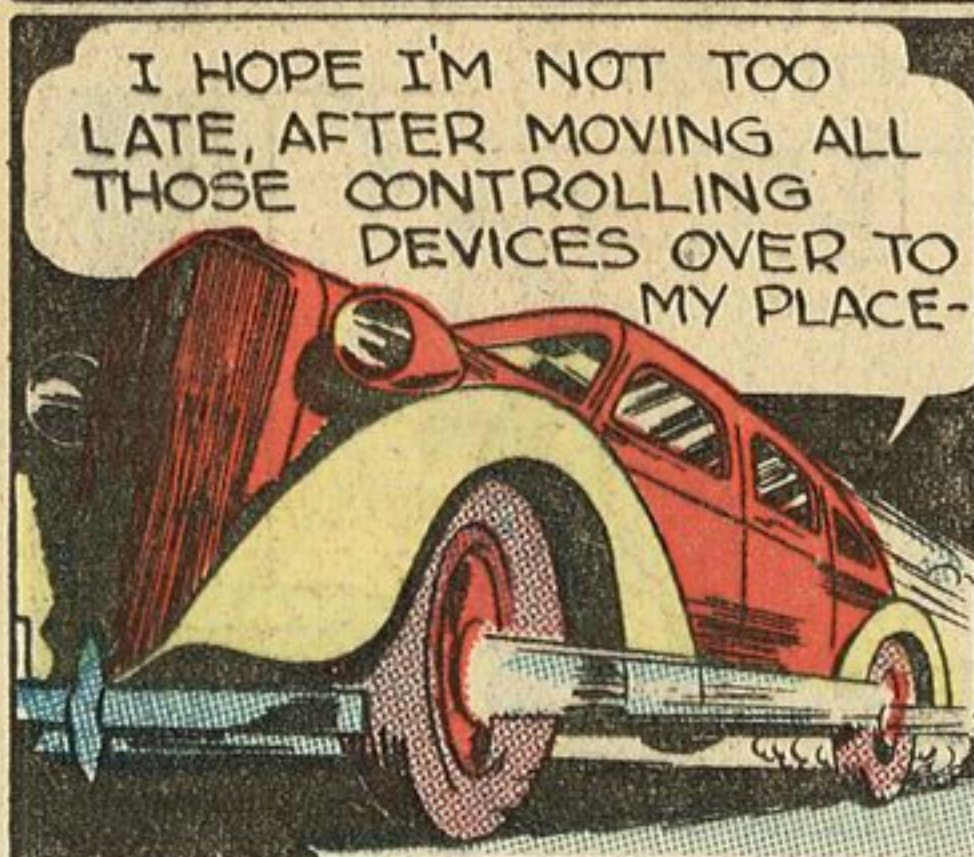
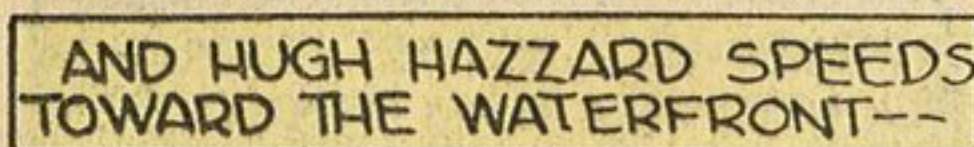
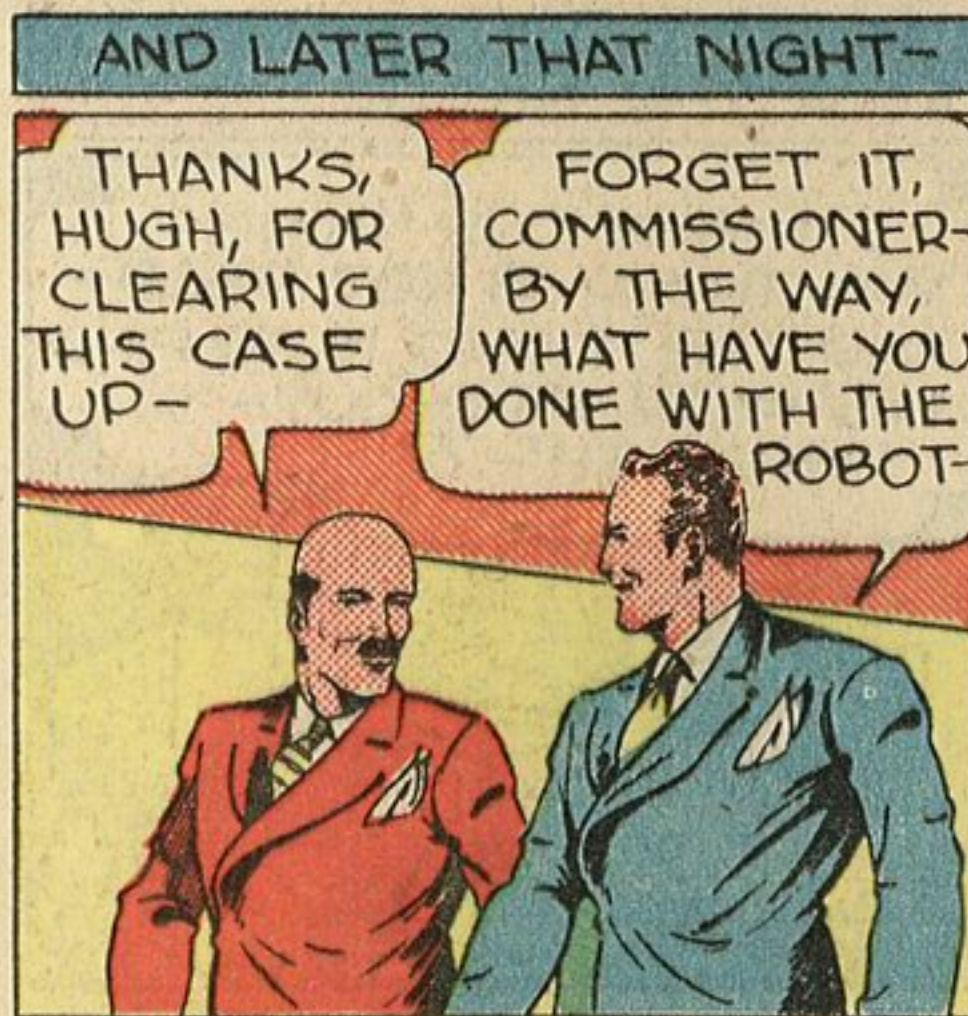
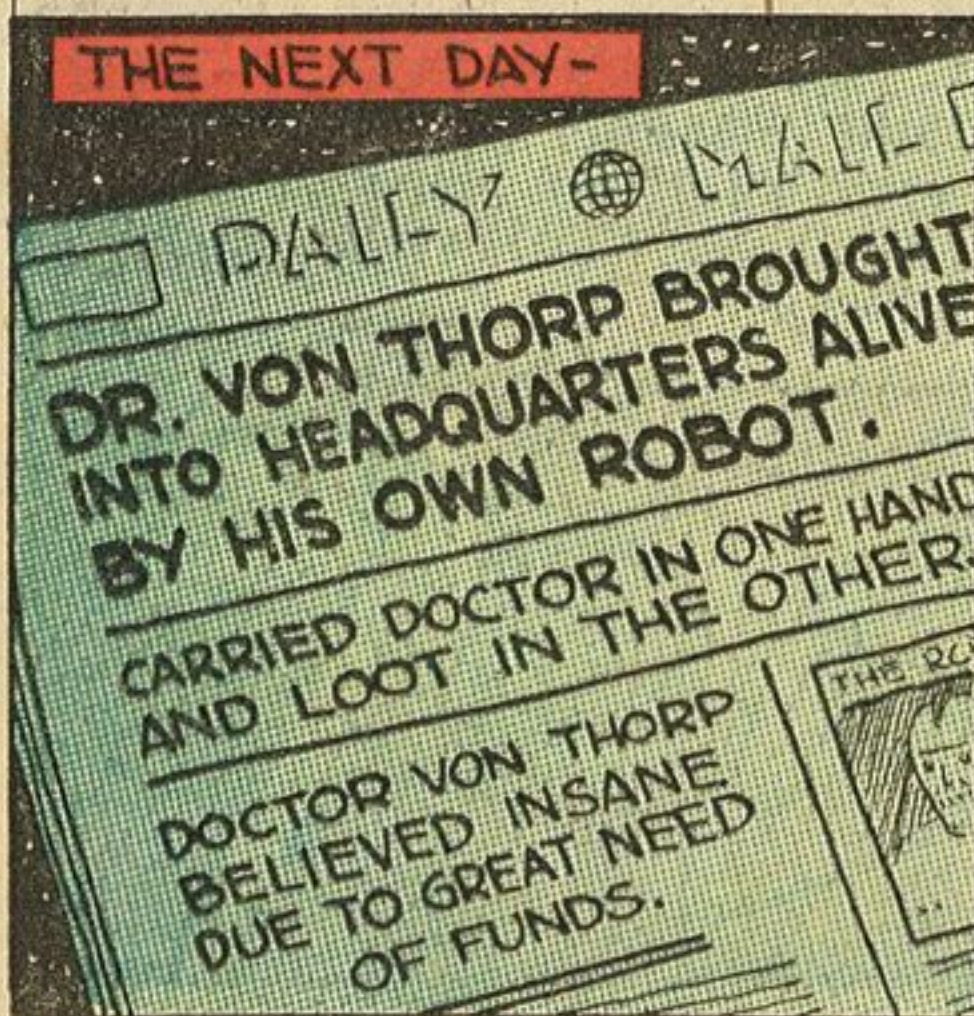
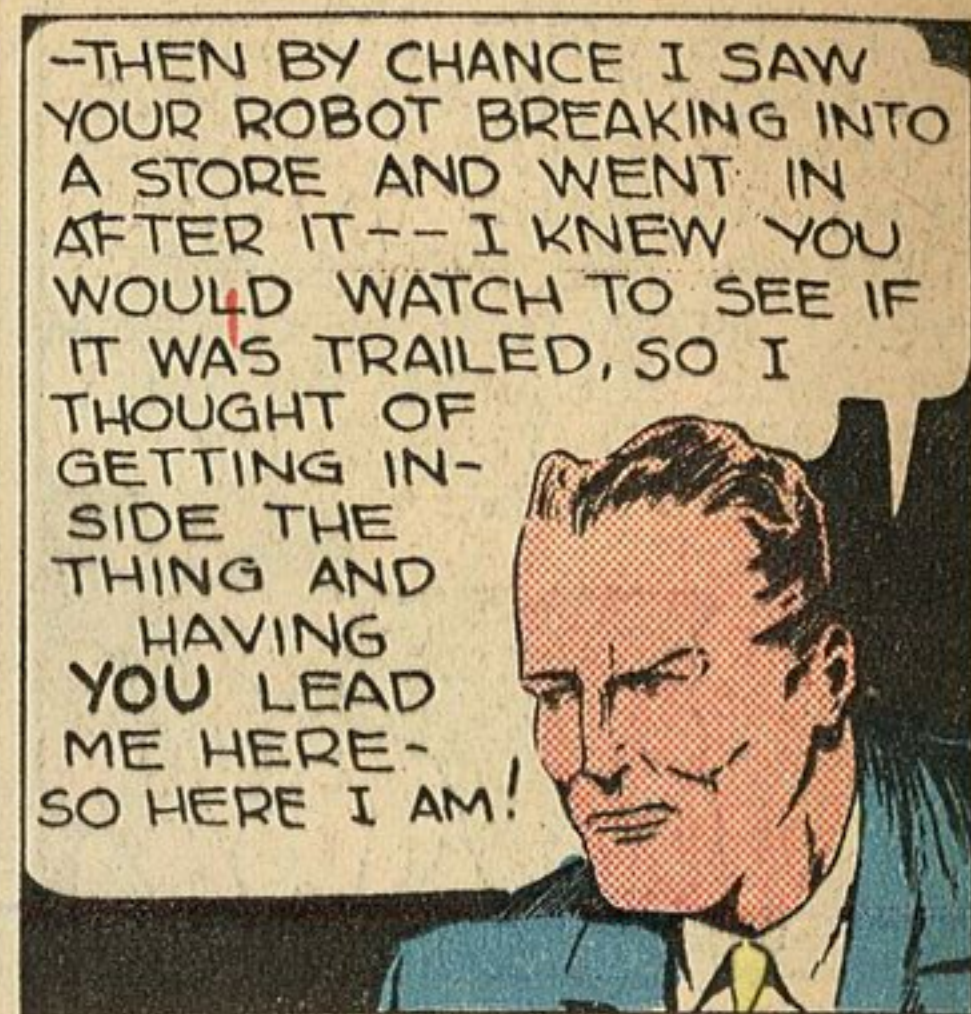
If I am able, I will add to this note.

Signed
Hr VonThorp

P.S
I was hit from behind --- they left me for dead --- the gang's name is







DAN AND THE GANG GO TO BAT



WITH

GRIPS

FEATURING THE GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB - BY BEACON FALLS RUBBER FOOTWEAR



BOYS! DO YOU KNOW HOW TO ORGANIZE AN ATHLETIC CLUB?

PITCH AN INSHOOT? -- SHOOT A PUCK? PUT OVER A LEFT JAB? DROP A LOB? BLOCK OUT A TACKLER?

COACH TELLS YOU ALL THESE THINGS AND A THOUSAND OTHERS IN "FLASH" (OFFICIAL GRIPS MAGAZINE.) JOIN NOW! -- GET YOUR CLUB PIN! -- FLASH! BE A MEMBER!



SIZZLING SPEED, SPLIT-SECOND STOPS, COOL AS A BREEZE -- that's what more than 75,000 G. A. C. members say about genuine Grips athletic shoes.

TRAINER Model designed by The HEAD COACH

JOIN THE GRIPS A.C. MAIL NOW - IN ENVELOPE OR PASTE ON PENNY POST CARD

HEAD COACH, GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB, Dept. D-4 Beacon Falls, Conn.

(This request doesn't cost me a cent.)

Dear Coach:

Shoot me complete information on how to join the Grips Athletic Club and become a Junior Champ

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

Give name of store where you buy your shoes.....

STATE.....

AGE.....

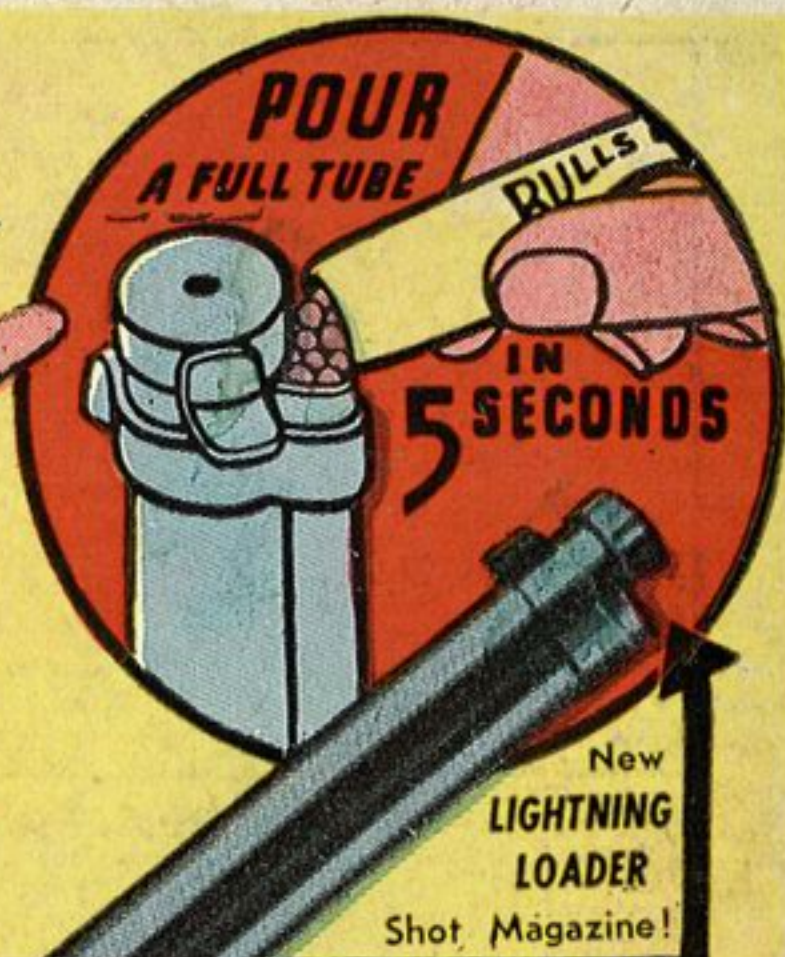
print carefully

If you want extra speedy action, ask about Grips Athletic Club at the dealer who sells genuine Grips canvas shoes in your neighborhood.

JUST OUT

the FASTEST LOADING

AIR RIFLE in HISTORY



Boys! You can pour a full tube of Bulls-Eye Shot into the new DAISY CARBINE in just 5 seconds with this thrilling new LIGHTNING-LOADER Shot Magazine invention! Easy, Quick. No dribbling. Invention included at no extra charge on your new CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle in history!

—and NEW ADJUSTABLE DOUBLE-Notch Rear Sight!

It's adjustable! Raise sight for long range, lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work, large notch for snap-shooting. This new Daisy ADJUSTABLE DOUBLE-Notch Rear Sight—and many other special features—makes Lightning-Loader CARBINE the swiftest air rifle out. Get yours now!



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Carbine

500 SHOT Repeater



Improve your aim! Buy and mount Daisy's Magnifying Telescope Sight on YOUR air rifle! Fits any single-barrel Daisy or King except No. 100. Almost doubles target size. At your Dealers, or from us, complete with Elevation Adjustment, rubber eye-piece, mounting attachment.

\$1.00

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